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THE
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Which have been acted on the

LONDON STAGE.

V O L. III.

CARELESS HUSBAND. *By C. Cibber, Esq;*

CONSCIOUS LOVERS. *By Sir Rich. Steele.*

DRUMMER. *By Joseph Addison, Esq;*

FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL. *By Mr. C.
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L O N D O N,

Printed for T. LOWNDES in Fleet-street.

M DCC LXV.

Where may be had, All Sorts of PLAYS.

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MONACENSIS.



THE
CARELESS HUSBAND.

A
COMEDY.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

*Yet none Sir Fopling Him, or Him can call :
He's Knight o'th' Shire, and represents you all.*

Prol. to Sir Fop.

Qui capit, ille facit.



LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, in the Strand.

MDCCLXV.



PROLOGUE.

OF all the various Vices of the Age,
And Shoals of Fools expos'd upon the Stage,
How few are last but call for Satire's Rage?
What can you think to see our Plays so full
Of Madmen, Coxcombs, and the driveling Fool?
Of Cits, of Sharpers, Rakes and roaring Bullies,
Of Cheats, of Cuckolds, Aldermen and Cullies?
Wou'd not one swear, 'twere taken for a Rule,
That Satire's Rod, in the Dramatick School,
Was only meant for the incorrigible Fool?
As if too Vice and Folly were confin'd
To the vile Scum alone of human Kind,
Creatures a Muse shou'd scorn; such abject Trass
Deserve not Satire's but the Hangman's Lash.
Wretches so far shut out from Sense of Shame,
Newgate or Bedlam only shou'd reclaim;
For Satire ne'er was meant to make wild Monsters tame.
No, Sirs. —

We rather think the Persons fit for Plays,
Are they whose Birth and Education says
They've every Help that shou'd improve Mankind,
Yet still live Slaves to a vile tainted Mind;
Such as in Wit are often seen t'abound,
And yet have some weak Part, where Folly's found:
For Follies sprout, like Weeds, highest in fruitful Ground.
And 'tis observ'd, the Garden of the Mind
To no infestive Weeds so much inclin'd,
As the rank Pride that some from Affectation find.
A Folly too well known to make its Court
With most Success among the better Sort.
Such are the Persons we to-day provide,
And Nature's Fools for once are laid aside.
This is the Ground on which our Play we build;
But in the Structure must to Judgment yield:
And where the Poet fails in Art or Care,
We beg your wonted Mercy to the Player.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Lord Morelove,</i>	<i>Mr. White.</i>
<i>Lord Foppington,</i>	<i>Mr. Woodward.</i>
<i>Sir Charles Easy,</i>	<i>Mr. Ross.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Betty Modish,</i>	<i>Miss Macklin.</i>
<i>Lady Easy,</i>	<i>Mrs. Ward.</i>
<i>Lady Graveairs,</i>	<i>Mrs. Vincent.</i>
<i>Mrs. Edging, Woman to Lady Easy,</i>	<i>Mrs. Green.</i>

S C E N E, W I N D S O R.

THE
CARELESS HUSBAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Easy alone.

L. EASY.

WAS ever Woman's Spirit, by an injurious Husband, broke like mine? A vile, licentious Man! must he bring home his Follies too? Wrong me with my very Servant! O! how tedious a Relief is Patience! and yet in my Condition 'tis the only Remedy: For to reproach him with my Wrongs, is taking on myself the Means of a Redress, bidding Defiance to his Falshood, and naturally but provokes him to undo me. The uneasy Thought of my continual Jealousy may teize him to a fixt Aversion; and hitherto, tho' he neglects, I cannot think he hates me.—It must be so, since I want Power to please him, he never shall upbraid me with an Attempt of making him uneasy—My Eyes and Tongue shall yet be blind and silent to my Wrongs; nor would I have him think my Virtue cou'd suspect him, 'till by some gross, apparent Proof of his misdoing, he forces me to see—and to forgive it.

Enter Edging hastily.

Edg. O Madam!

L. Easy. What's the matter?

Edg. I have the strangest thing to shew your Ladyship—such a Discovery——

L. Easy. You are resolved to make it without much Ceremony, I find; What's the Business, pray?

Edg. The Business, Madam, I have not Patience to tell you

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you, I am out of Breath at the very Thoughts on't, I shall not be able to speak this half Hour.

L. Easy. Not to the Purpose I believe ! but methinks you talk impertinently with a great deal of Ease.

Edg. Nay, Madam, perhaps not so impertinent as your Ladyship thinks ; there's that will speak to the Purpose, I am sure — A base Man — [Gives a Letter.

L. Easy. What's this ? an open Letter ! Whence comes it ?

Edg. Nay, read it, Madam, you'll soon guess — If these are the Tricks of Husbands, keep me a Maid still, say I.

L. Easy [Looking on the Superscription.] To Sir Charles Easy ! Ha ! Too well I know this hateful Hand. — O my Heart ; but I must veil my Jealousy, which 'tis not fit this Creature should suppose I am acquainted with. [Aside.] — This Direction is to your Master, how came you by it ?

Edg. Why, Madam, as my Master was lying down, after he came in from Hunting, he sent me into his Dressing-Room to fetch his Snuff Box out of his Wastecoa-Pocket, and so as I was searching for the Box, Madam, there I found this wicked Letter from a Mistress ; which I had no sooner read, but, I declare it, my very Blood rose at him again, methought I could have torn him and her to pieces.

L. Easy. Intolerable ! This odious thing's jealous of him herself, and wants me to join with her in a Revenge upon him — Sure I am fallen indeed ! But 'twere to make me lower yet, to let her think I understand her. [Aside.

Edg. Nay, pray, Madam, read it, you'll be out of Patience at it.

L. Easy. You are bold, Mistress ; has my indulgence or your Master's good Humour flatter'd you into the Assurance of reading his Letters ? a Liberty I never gave myself — Here — lay it where you had it immediately — shou'd he know of your Sauciness, 'twould not be my Favour cou'd protect you [Exit. *L. Easy.*

Edg. Your Favour ! Marry come up ! Sure I don't depend upon your Favour ! — it's not come to that, I hope — Poor Creature — don't you think I am my Master's Mistress for nothing — you shall find, Madam, I won't be snapt up as I have been — Not but it vexes me to think she shou'd not be as uneasy as I. I am sure he is a base Man to me, and I could cry my Eyes out that she shou'd not think him as bad to her ev'ry Jot. If I am wrong'd, sure she may
very

very well expect it, that is but his Wife — A conceited thing — she need not be so easy neither — I am as handsome as she I hope — Here's my Master — I'll try whether I am to be huff'd by her, or no. [*Walks behind.*]

Enter Sir Charles Easy.

Sir Char. So ! The Day is come again — Life but rises to another Stage, and the same dull Journey is before us — How like Children do we judge of Happiness ! When I was stinted in my Fortune, almost every Thing was a Pleasure to me, because most Things then being out of my reach, I had always the Pleasure of hoping for 'em ; now Fortune's in my Hand, she's as insipid as an old Acquaintance — It's mighty silly, Faith — Just the same thing by my Wife too ; I am told she's extremely handsome — nay, and have heard a great many People say she is certainly the best Woman in the World — why, I don't know but she may, yet I could never find that her Person or good Qualities gave me any Concern — In my Eye the Woman has no more Charms than my Mother.

Edg. Hum ! — he takes no Notice of me yet — I'll let him see, I can take as little Notice of him. [*She walks by him gravely, he turns her about and holds her, she struggles.*]

Pray, Sir.

Sir Char. A pretty pert Air that — I'll humour it — What's the Matter, Child ? Are not you well ? Kiss me, Hussy.

Edg. No, the Duce fetch me, if I do.

Sir Char. Has any thing put thee out of Humour, Love ?

Edg. No, Sir, 'tis not worth my being out of Humour at — tho' if ever you have any thing to say to me again, I'll be burn'd.

Sir Char. Somebody has bely'd me to thee.

Edg. No, Sir, 'tis you have bely'd yourself to me — did not I ask you when you first made a Fool of me, if you would be always constant to me, and did not you say, I might be sure you wou'd ? And here, instead of that, you are going on in your old Intrigue with my Lady *Graveairs*. —

Sir Char. So —

Edg. Beside, don't you suffer my Lady to huff me every Day as if I were her Dog, or had no more concern with you — I declare I won't bear it, and she shan't think to huff me — for ought I know I am as agreeable as she ; and tho' she dares not take any Notice of your Baseness to her,

her, you shan't think to use me so——and so pray take your nasty Letter—I know the Hand well enough——for my part I won't stay in the Family to be abus'd at this rate: I that have refus'd Lords and Dukes for your sake; I'd have you to know, Sir, I have had as many blue and green Ribbons after me, for ought I know, as would have made me a Falbala Apron.

Sir Char. My Lady *Graveairs*! my nasty Letter! and I won't stay in the Family! Death!——I'm in a pretty Condition—What an unlimited Privilege has this Jade got from being a Whore?

Edg. I suppose. Sir, you think to use every Body as you do your Wife.

Sir Char. My Wife, hah! Come hither, Mrs *Edging*; hark you, Drab. [Seizing her by the Shoulder.

Edg. Oh!

Sir Char. When you speak of my Wife, you are to say your Lady, and you are never to speak of your Lady to me in any regard of her being my Wife——for look you, Child, you are not her Strumpet but mine, therefore I only give you leave to be faucy with me——In the next place, you are never to suppose there is any such Person as my Lady *Graveairs*; and lastly, my pretty one, how came you by this Letter?

Edg. It's no matter, perhaps.

Sir Char. Ay, but if you shou'd not tell me quickly, how are you sure I won't take a great Piece of Flesh out of your Shoulder? ——My dear. [Shakes her.

Edg. O lud! O lud! I will tell you, Sir.

Sir Char. Quickly then——

Edg. Oh! I took it out of your Pocket, Sir.

Sir Char. When?

Edg. Oh! this Morning, when you sent me for your Snuff box.

Sir Char. And your Ladyship's pretty Curiosity has look'd it over, I presume——ha—— [Again.

Edg. O lud! dear Sir, don't be angry ——indeed I'll never touch one again.

Sir Char. I don't believe you will, and I'll tell you how you shall be sure you never will.

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir Char. By stedfastly believing, that the next time you offer

offer it, you will have your pretty white Neck twisted behind you.

Edg. Yes, Sir.

[*Curtisying.*

Sir Char. And you will be sure to remember every thing I have said to you ?

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir Char. And now, Child, I was not angry with your Person, but your Follies ; which since I find you are a little sensible of — don't be wholly discourag'd — for I believe I — I shall have Occasion for you again —

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir Char. In the mean time let me hear no more of your Lady, Child.

Edg. No, Sir.

Sir Char. Here she comes, be gone.

Edg. Yes, Sir — Oh ! I was never so frighten'd in my Life.

[*Exit.*

Sir Char. So ! good Discipline makes good Soldiers — It often puzzles me to think, from my own Carelessness, and my Wife's continual good Humour, whether she really knows any thing of the Strength of my Forces — I'll fift her a little.

Enter Lady Easy.

My Dear, how do you do ? You are dress'd very early, to Day, are you going out ?

L. Easy. Only to Church, my Dear.

Sir Char. Is it so late then ?

L. Easy. The Bell has just rung.

Sir Char. Well, Child, how does *Windsor* Air agree with you ? Do you find yourself any better yet ? or have you a Mind to go to *London* again ?

L. Easy. No, indeed, my Dear ; the Air's so very pleasant, that if it were a Place of less Company, I cou'd be content to end my Days here.

Sir Char. Pr'ythee, my Dear, what sort of Company would most please you ?

L. Easy. When Business would permit it, Yours : and in your Absence a sincere Friend, that were truly happy in an honest Husband, to sit a chearful Hour, and talk in mutual Praise of our Condition.

Sir Char. Are you then really very happy, my Dear ?

L. Easy. Why should you question it ? [Smiling on him.

Sir

Sir *Char.* Because I fancy I am not so good to you as I should be.

L. *Easy.* Pshaw.

Sir *Char.* Nay, the Duce take me if I don't really confess myself so bad, that I have often wonder'd how any Woman of your Sense, Rank, and Person, could think it worth her while to have so many useless good Qualities.

L. *Easy.* Fy, my Dear.

Sir *Char.* By my Soul, I'm serious.

L. *Easy.* I can't boast of my good Qualities, nor if I could, do I believe you think 'em useless.

Sir *Char.* Nay, I submit to you——Don't you find 'em so? Do you perceive that I am one Tittle the better Husband for your being so good a Wife?

L. *Easy.* Pshaw! you jest with me.

Sir *Char.* Upon my Life I don't——Tell me truly, was you never jealous of me?

L. *Easy.* Did I ever give you any Sign of it?

Sir *Char.* Um——that's true——but do you really think I never gave you Occasion?

L. *Easy.* That's an odd Question—but suppose you had?

Sir *Char.* Why then, what good has your Virtue done you, since all the good Qualities of it could not keep me to yourself?

L. *Easy.* What Occasion have you given me to suppose I have not kept you to myself?

Sir *Char.* I given you Occasion——Fy! my Dear——you may be sure——I——look you, that is not the Thing, but still a——(Death, what a Blunder have I made)——a still, I say, Madam, you shan't make me believe you have never been jealous of me; not that you ever had any real Cause, but I know Women of your Principles have more Pride than those that have no Principles at all; and where there is Pride, there must be some Jealousy——so that if you are jealous, my Dear, you know you wrong me, and——

L. *Easy.* Why then, upon my Word, my Dear, I don't know that ever I wrong'd you that way in my Life.

Sir *Char.* But suppose I had given a real Cause to be jealous, how would you do then?

L. *Easy.* It must be a very substantial one that makes me jealous.

Sir *Char.* Say it were a substantial one, suppose now I were

were well with a Woman of your own Acquaintance, that under Pretence of frequent Visits to you, should only come to carry on an Affair with me——Suppose now my Lady *Graveairs* and I were great?

L. *Easy*. Wou'd I could not suppose it. [*Aside*.

Sir *Char*. If I come off here I believe I'm pretty safe. [*Aside*.] — Suppose, I say, my Lady and I were so very familiar, that not only yourself, but half the Town should see it?

L. *Easy*. Then I should cry myself sick in some dark Closet, and forget my Tears when you spoke kindly to me.

Sir *Char*. The most convenient Piece of Virtue sure that ever Wife was Mistress of. [*Aside*.

L. *Easy*. But pray, my Dear, did you ever think that I had any ill Thoughts of my Lady *Graveairs*?

Sir *Char*. O fy! Child; only you know she and I us'd to be a little free sometimes, so I had a mind to see if you thought there was any Harm in it; But since I find you very easy, I think myself oblig'd to tell you, that upon my Soul, my Dear, I have so little regard to her Person, that the Duce take me, if I would not as soon have an Affair with my own Woman.

L. *Easy*. Indeed, my Dear, I should as soon suspect you with one as t'other.

Sir *Char*. Poor Dear—should'st thou—give me a Kiss.

L. *Easy*. Pshaw? you don't care to kiss me.

Sir *Char*. By my Soul I do——I wish I may die if I don't think you a very fine Woman.

L. *Easy*. I only wish you wou'd think me a good Wife. [*Kisses her*.] But pray, my Dear, what has made you so strangely inquisitive?

Sir *Char*. Inquisitive—Why—a—I don't know, one's always saying one foolish Thing or another—Toll le roll. [*Sings and talks*.] My Dear, what! are we never to have any Ball here? Toll le roll. I fancy I could recover my Dancing again, if I would but practise. Toll loll loll!

L. *Easy*. This Excess of Carelessness to me excuses half his Vices: If I can make him once think seriously— Time yet may be my Friend.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lord *Morelove* gives his Service——

Sir *Char*. Lord *Morelove*! where is he?

Serv.

Serv. At the Chocolate-House ; he call'd me to him as I went by, and bid me tell your Honour he'll wait upon you presently.

L. Easy. I thought you had not expected him here again this Season, my Dear.

Sir Char. I thought so too, but you see there's no depending upon the Resolution of a Man that's in Love.

L. Easy. Is there a Chair ?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

[*Exit Servant.*]

L. Easy. I suppose Lady Betty Modish has drawn him hither.

Sir Char. Ay, poor Soul, for all his Bravery, I am afraid so.

L. Easy. Well, My Dear, I han't time to ask my Lord how he does now ; you'll excuse me to him, but I hope you'll make him dine with us.

Sir Char. I'll ask him. If you see Lady Betty at Prayers, make her dine too, but don't take any Notice of my Lord's being in Town.

L. Easy. Very well ! if I should not meet her there, I'll call at her Lodgings.

Sir Char. Do so.

L. Easy. My Dear, your Servant. [Exit *L. Easy.*]

Sir Char. My Dear, I'm your's Well ! one way or other this Woman will certainly bring about her Business with me at last ; for tho' she can't make me happy in her own Person, she lets me be so intolerably easy with the Women that can, that she has at least brought me into a fair Way of being as weary of them too.

Enter Servant and Lord Morelove.

Serv. Sir, my Lord's come.

L. Mor. Dear Charles !

Sir Char. My dear Lord ! this is an Happiness undreamt of ; I little thought to have seen you at *Windfor* again this Season ! I concluded of course, that Books and Solitude had secur'd you 'till Winter.

L. Mor. Nay, I did not think of coming myself, but I found myself not very well in *London*, so I thought—a—little Hunting, and this Air——

Sir Char. Ha ! ha ! ha !

L. Mor. What do you laugh at ?

Sir Char. Only because you should not go on with your Story : If you did but see how silly a Man fumbles for an
Excuse,

Excuse, when he's a little ashamed of being in Love, you would not wonder what I laugh at, ha! ha!

L. Mor. Thou art a very happy Fellow——nothing touches thee——always easy——Then you conclude I follow Lady Betty again.

Sir Char. Yes, Faith do I: and to make you easy, my Lord, I cannot see why a Man that can ride fifty Miles after a poor Stag, should be ashamed of running twenty in Chase of a fine Woman, that in all probability will make him so much the better Sport too. [Embracing.

L. Mor. Dear Charles don't flatter my Distemper, I own I still follow her: Do you think her Charms have Power to excuse me to the World?

Sir Char. Ay! ay! a fine Woman's an Excuse for any Thing; we are all forced to be their Fools, before we can be their Favourites.

L. Mor. You are willing to give me hope, but I can't believe she has the least Degree of Inclination for me.

Sir Char. I don't know that—I'm sure her Pride likes you, and that's generally your fine Lady's darling Passion.

L. Mor. Do you suppose if I could grow indifferent, it wou'd touch her?

Sir Char. Sting her to the Heart——Will you take my Advice?

L. Mor. I have no Relief but that. Had I not thee now and then to talk an Hour, my Life were insupportable.

Sir Char. I am sorry for that, my Lord—but mind what I say to you——But hold, first let me know the Particulars of your late Quarrel with her.

L. Mor. Why——about three Weeks ago, when I was last here at Windsor, she had for some Days treated me with a little more Reserve, and another with more Freedom than I found myself easy at.

Sir Char. Who was that other?

L. Mor. One of my Lord Foppington's Gang,——he that sings himself among the Women——What d'ye call him——He won't speak to a Commoner when a Lord's in Company—Startup, that's his Name.

Sir Char. O! I have met him in a Visit—but pray go on.

L. Mor. So, disputing with her about the Conduct of Women, I took the Liberty to tell her how far I thought she err'd in hers; she told me I was rude, and that she would
never

never believe any Man could love a Woman that thought her in the Wrong in any thing she had a Mind to, at least if he dar'd to tell her so—— This provok'd me into her whole Character, with as much Spite and civil Malice, as I have seen her bestow upon a Woman of true Beauty, when the Men first toasted her; so in the middle of my Wisdom, she told me, she desired to be alone, that I would take my odious proud Heart along with me, and trouble her no more—I——bow'd very low, and as I left the Room, vow'd I never wou'd, and that my proud Heart should never be humbled by the Outside of a fine Woman——About an Hour after, I whipp'd into my Chaise for *London*, and have never seen her since.

Sir *Char.* Very well, and how did you find your proud Heart by that Time you got to *Hounslow*?

L. *Mor.* I am almost asham'd to tell you——I found her so much in the Right, that I curs'd my Pride for contradicting her at all, and began to think according to her Maxim, that no Woman could be in the wrong to a Man that she had in her Power.

Sir *Char.* Ha! ha! well, I'll tell you what you shall do. You can see her without trembling, I hope?

L. *Mor.* Not if she receives me well.

Sir *Char.* If she receives you well, you will have no occasion for what I am going to say to you——first, you shall dine with her.

L. *Mor.* How! where! when!

Sir *Char.* Here! here! at two o'clock.

L. *Mor.* Dear *Charles*!

Sir *Char.* My Wife's gone to invite her; when you see her first, be neither too humble nor too stubborn; let her see by the Ease in your Behaviour, you are still pleas'd in being near her, while she is upon reasonable Terms with you. This will either open the Door of an *Eclaircissement* or quite shut it against you——and if she is still resolv'd to keep you out——

L. *Mor.* Nay, if she insults me, then, perhaps, I may recover Pride enough to railly her by an over-acted Submission.

Sir *Char.* Why, you improve, my Lord; this is the very thing I was going to propose to you.

L. *Mor.* Was it, Faith! Hark you, dare you stand by me?

Sir *Char.* Dare I! ay, to my last Drop of Assurance, against

against all the insolent Airs of the proudest Beauty in *Christendom*.

L. Mor. Nay, then Defiance to her — We two —
Thou hast inspir'd me, I find myself as valiant as a flatter'd
Coward.

Sir Char. Courage, my Lord—I'll warrant we beat her.

L. Mor. My Blood stirs at the very thought on't ; I long
to be engag'd.

Sir Char. She'll certainly give Ground, when she once
sees you are thoroughly provok'd.

L. Mor. Dear Charles, thou art a Friend indeed.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Foppington* gives his Service, and if
your Honour's at leisure, he'll wait on you as soon as he's
dress'd.

L. Mor. Lord *Foppington* ! is he in Town ?

Sir Char. Yes — I heard last Night he was come. Give
my Service to his Lordship, and tell him I shall be glad
he'll do me the Honour of his Company here at Dinner.
[Exit Serv.] We may have Occasion for him in our Design
upon Lady *Betty*.

L. Mor. What use can we make of him ?

Sir Char. We'll see when he comes ; at least there's no
Danger in him ; not but I suppose you know he's your
Rival.

L. Mor. Pshaw ! a Coxcomb.

Sir Char. Nay, don't despise him neither—he's able to
give you Advice ; for tho' he's in Love with the same Wo-
man, yet to him she has not Charms enough to give a Mi-
nute's Pain.

L. Mor. Pr'ythee, what Sense has he of Love ?

Sir Char. Faith very near as much as a Man of Sense
ought to have ; I grant you he knows not how to value a
Woman truly deserving, but he has a pretty just Esteem for
most Ladies about Town.

L. Mor. That he follows, I grant you — for he sel-
dom visits any of extraordinary Reputation.

Sir Char. Have a Care, I have seen him at Lady *Betty*
Modish's.

L. Mor. To be laughed at.

Sir Char. Don't be too confident of that, the Women now
begin to laugh With him, not At him : for he really some-
times

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times raillies his own Humour with so much Ease and Pleasantry, that a great many Women begin to think he has no Follies at all, and those he has, have been as much owing to his Youth, and a great Estate, as want of natural Wit: 'Tis true, he's often a Bubble to his Pleasures, but he has always been wisely vain enough to keep himself from being too much the Ladies humble Servant in Love.

L. Mor. There indeed I almost envy him.

Sir Char. The Easiness of his Opinion upon the Sex, will go near to pique you—We must have him.

L. Mor. As you please——but what shall we do with ourselves till Dinner?

Sir Char. What think you of a Party at Piquet?

L. Mor. O! you are too hard for me.

Sir Char. Fy! fy! what! when you play with his Grace?

L. Mor. Upon my honour he gives me three Points.

Sir Char. Does he? why then you shall give me but two——Here, Fellow, get Cards. *Allons.* [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE, Lady Betty Modish's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Betty, and Lady Easy, meeting.

L. Betty. OH! my Dear! I am overjoyed to see you! I am strangely happy to-day; I have just receiv'd my new Scarf from London, and you are most critically come to give me your Opinion of it.

L. Easy. O! your Servant, Madam, I am a very indifferent Judge, you know: What, is it with Sleeves?

L. Bet. O! 'tis impossible to tell you what it is!——'Tis all Extravagance both in Mode and Fancy, my Dear, I believe there's Six Thousand Yards of Edging in it——Then such an enchanting Slope from the Elbow——something so New, so Lively, so Noble, so Coquet and Charming——but you shall see it, my Dear——

L. Easy. Indeed I won't, my Dear; I am resolv'd to mortify you for being so wrongfully fond of a Trifle.

L. Bet. Nay, now, my Dear, you are ill-natur'd.

L. Easy. Why truly, I'm half angry to see a Woman of your Sense, so warmly concerned in the Care of her Outside;

side ; for when we have taken our best Pains about it, 'tis the Beauty of the Mind alone that gives us lasting Value.

L. *Bet.* Ah ! my Dear, my Dear ! you have been a married Woman to a fine Purpose indeed, that know so little of the Taste of Mankind : Take my Word, a new Fashion upon a fine Woman, is often a greater Proof of her Value, than you are aware of.

L. *Easy.* That I can't comprehend, for you see among the Men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new Fashion. Those of the first Sense are always the last that come into 'em ?

L. *Bet.* That is, because the only Merit of a Man is his Sense ; but doubtless the greatest Value of a Woman is her Beauty ; an homely Woman at the Head of a Fashion, would not be allowed in it by the Men, and consequently not follow'd by the Women : so that to be successful in one's Fancy, is an evident Sign of one's being admir'd, and I always take Admiration for the best Proof of Beauty, and Beauty certainly is the Source of Power, as Power in all Creatures is the Height of Happiness.

L. *Easy.* At this Rate you would rather be thought Beautiful than Good.

L. *Bet.* As I had rather Command than Obey : The wisest homely Woman can't make a Man of Sense of a Fool, but the veriest Fool of a Beauty shall make an Ass of a Statesman ; so that in short, I can't see a Woman of Spirit has any Business in this World but to dress — and make the Men like her.

L. *Easy.* Do you suppose this is a Principle the Men of Sense will admire you for ?

L. *Bet.* I do suppose, that when I suffer any Man to like my Person, he shan't dare to find Fault with my Principle.

L. *Easy.* But Men of Sense are not so easily humbled.

L. *Bet.* The easiest of any ; one has Ten thousand times the Trouble with a Coxcomb.

L. *Easy.* Nay, that may be ; for I have seen you throw away more good Humour in hopes of a *Tendresse* from my Lord *Foppington*, who loves all Women alike, than would have made my Lord *Morelove* perfectly happy, who loves only you.

L. *Bet.* The Men of Sense, my Dear, make the best Fools in the World : their Sincerity and good Breeding
throws

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throws them sointirely into one's Power, and gives one such an agreeable Thirst of using them ill, to shew that Power—'tis impossible not to quench it.

L. *Easy*. But methinks, my Lord *Morelove's* Manner to you might move any Woman to a kinder Sense of his Merit.

L. *Bet*. Ay ! but would it not be hard, my Dear, for a poor weak Woman to have a Man of his Quality and Reputation in her Power, and not let the World see him there ? Wou'd any Creature sit new-dress'd all Day in her Closet ? Cou'd you bear to have a sweet-fancy'd Suit, and never shew it at the Play, or the Drawing-room ?

L. *Easy*. But one wou'd not ride in't, methinks, or harass it out, when there's no occasion.

L. *Bet*. Pooh ! my Lord *Morelove's* a meer *Indian* Damask, one can't wear him out ; o' my Conscience I must give him to my Woman at last, I begin to be known by him : Had not I best leave him off, my Dear ? for (poor Soul) I believe I have a little fretted him of late.

L. *Easy*. Now 'tis to me amazing, how a Man of his Spirit can bear to be us'd like a Dog for four or five Years together——but nothing's a Wonder in Love ; yet pray when you found you cou'd not like him at first, why did you ever encourage him ?

L. *Bet*. Why, what wou'd you have one do ? for my part, I cou'd no more choose a Man by my Eye, than a Shoe ; one must draw them on a little to see if they are right to one's Foot.

L. *Easy*. But I'd no more fool on with a Man I cou'd not like, than I'd wear a Shoe that pinch'd me.

L. *Bet*. Ay, but then a poor Wretch tells one, he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a Trifle, as a Pair of Shoes or an Heart, upon a Fellow's Hands again.

L. *Easy*. Well ! I confess you are very happily distinguish'd among most Women of Fortune, to have a Man of my Lord *Morelove's* Sense and Quality so long and honourably in Love with you : For now-a-days one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a Man of Quality in Love with the Woman he wou'd marry : To be in Love now, is only having a Design upon a Woman, a modish way of declaring War against her Virtue, which they generally attack first, by toasting up her Vanity.

L. *Bet*.

L. *Bet.* Ay, but the World knows, that is not the Case between my Lord and me.

L. *Easy.* Therefore I think you happy.

L. *Bet.* Now I don't see it, I'll swear I'm better pleas'd to know there are a great many foolish Fellows of Quality, that take Occasion to toast me frequently.

L. *Easy.* I vow I shou'd not thank any Gentleman for toasting me, and I have often wonder'd how a Woman of your Spirit cou'd bear a great many other Freedoms I have seen some Men take with you.

L. *Bet.* As how, my Dear ? come pr'ythee be free with me, for you must know, I love dearly to hear my Faults—Who is't you have observ'd to be too free with me ?

L. *Easy.* Why, there's my Lord *Foppington* ; cou'd any Woman but you bear to see him with a respectful Fleeer stare full in her Face, draw up his Breath and cry——Gad, you're handsome ?

L. *Bet.* My Dear, fine Fruit will have Flies about it, but poor things, they do it no harm : For if you observe, People are generally most apt to choose that the Flies have been busy with, ha ! ha !

L. *Easy.* But my Lord *Foppington*'s married, and one wou'd not fool with him for his Lady's sake ; it may make her uneasy, and——

L. *Bet.* Poor Creature, her Pride indeed makes her carry it off without taking any notice of it to me ; tho' I know she hates me in her Heart, and I can't endure malicious People, so I us'd to dine with her once a Week, purely to give her Disorder ; if you had but seen when my Lord and I fool'd a little, the Creature look'd so ugly.

L. *Easy.* But I should not think my Reputation safe ; my Lord *Foppington*'s a Man that talks often of his Amours, but seldom speaks of Favours that are refus'd him.

L. *Bet.* Pshaw ; will any thing a Man says make a Woman less agreeable ? Will his talking spoil one's Complexion, or put one's Hair out of order ? —and for Reputation, look you, my Dear, take it for a Rule, that as amongst the lower Rank of People, no Woman wants Beauty that has Fortune ; so amongst People of Fortune, no Woman wants Virtue that has Beauty : But an Estate and Beauty join'd, are of an unlimited, nay, a Power Pontifical, make one not only Absolute, but Infallible. —A fine Woman's never in
the

the Wrong, or if we were, 'tis not the Strength of a poor Creature's Reason that can unfetter him—O! how I love to hear a Wretch curse himself for loving on, or now and then coming out with a——

“ Yet for the Plague of Human Race,

“ This Devil has an Angel's Face.”

L. *Easy*. At this Rate, I don't see you allow Reputation to be at all essential to a fine Woman.

L. *Bet*. Just as much, as Honour to a great Man. Indeed my Dear, that Jewel Reputation is a very fanciful Business! one shall not see an homely Creature in Town, but wears it in her Mouth as monstrously as the *Indians* do Bobs at their Lips, and it really becomes them just alike.

L. *Easy*. Have a care, my Dear, of trusting too far to Power alone: For nothing is more ridiculous than the Fall of Pride; and Woman's Pride at best may be suspected to be more a Distrust, than a real Contempt of Mankind: For when we have said all we can, a deserving Husband is certainly our best Happiness; and I don't question but my Lord *Morelove*'s Merit, in a little time, will make you think so too; for whatever Airs you give yourself to the World, I'm sure your Heart don't want Good-nature.

L. *Bet*. You are mistaken, I am very ill natured, tho' your good Humour won't let you see it.

L. *Easy*. Then to give me a Proof on't, let me see you refuse to go immediately and dine with me, after I have promis'd Sir *Charles* to bring you.

L. *Bet*. Pray don't ask me.

L. *Easy*. Why?

L. *Bet*. Because to let you see I hate Good-nature, I'll go without asking, that you mayn't have the Malice to say I did you a Favour.

L. *Easy*. Thou art a mad Creature. [Ex. Arm in Arm.

The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

Lord Morelove and Sir Charles at Picquet.

Sir Char. COME, my Lord, one single Game for the
Tout, and so have done.

L. *Mor*. No hang 'em, I have enough of 'em? ill Cards are the dullest Company in the World—How much is it?

Sir Char. Three Parties.

L. *Mor*.

L. Mor. Fifteen Pound——very well.

[While L. Mor. counts out his Money, a Servant gives Sir Charles a Letter, which he reads to himself.

Sir Char. [to the Servant] Give my Service, say I have Company dines with me, if I have time I'll call there in the Afternoon—ha ! ha ! ha ! [Exit Serv.

L. Mor. What's the Matter——there——

[Paying the Money.

Sir Char. The old Affair —— my Lady Graveairs.

L. Mor. O ! Pr'ythee how does that go on ?

Sir Char. As agreeably as a Chancery Suit : For now it's come to the intolerable Plague of my not being able to get rid on't ; as you may see —— [Giving the Letter.

L. Mor. [Reads.] “ Your Behaviour since I came to
“ *Windſor*, has convinc'd me of your Villainy without
“ my being surpris'd, or angry at it: I desire you
“ would let me see you at my Lodgings immediately,
“ where I shall have a better Opportunity to convince
“ you, that I never can, or positively will be as I have
“ been. Yours, &c.

A very whimsical Letter ! —Faith, I think she has hard Luck with you ; if a Man were oblig'd to have a Mistress, her Person and Condition seem to be cut out for the Ease of a Lover : For she's a young, handsome, wild, well-jointured Widow—But what's your Quarrel ?

Sir Char. Nothing—she sees the Coolness happens to be first on my Side, and her Business with me now, I suppose, is to convince me, how heartily she's vex'd, that she was not beforehand with me.

L. Mor. Her Pride and your Indifference must occasion a pleasant Scene sure ; what do ye intend to do ?

Sir Char. Treat her with a cold familiar Air, till I pique her to forbid me her Sight, and then take her at her Word.

L. Mor. Very gallant and provoking. [Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington—— [Exit.

Sir Char. O——now, my Lord if you have a mind to be let into the Mystery of making Love without Pain—here's one that's a Master of the Art, and shall declaim to you——

Enter Lord Foppington.

My dear Lord Foppington !

L. Fop. My dear Agreeable ! *Que je t'embrasse ! Pardi ! Ill y a cent Ans que je ne t'ay veu*——my Lord, I am your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant.

L. Mor.

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L. Mor. My Lord, I kiss your Hands — I hope we shall have you here some time ; you seem to have laid in a Stock of Health to be in at the Diversions of the Place — You look extremely well.

L. Fop. To see one's Friends look so, my Lord, may easily give a *Vermeile* to one's Complexion.

Sir Char. Lovers in hope, my Lord, always have a visible *Brillant* in their Eyes and Air.

L. Fop. What dost thou mean, *Charles* ?

Sir Char. Come, come, confess what really brought you to *Windsor*, now you have no Business there ?

L. Fop. Why two Hours, and six of the best Nags in Christendom, or the Devil drive me.

L. Mor. You make haste, my Lord.

L. Fop. My Lord, I always fly when I pursue — But they are well kept indeed — I love to have Creatures go as I bid 'em ; you have seen 'em, *Charles*, but so has all the World ; *Foppington's* Long-tails are known in every Road in *England*.

Sir Char. Well, my Lord, but how came they to bring you this Road ? You don't use to take these irregular Jaunts without some Design in your Head of having more than nothing to do.

L. Fop. Pshaw ! Pox ! pr'ythee, *Charles*, thou know'st I am a Fellow *sans consequence*, be where I will.

Sir Char. Nay, nay, this is too much among Friends, my Lord ; come, come, — we must have it, your real Business here ?

L. Fop. Why then, *Entre Nous*, there is a certain *Fille de Joye* about the Court here that loves winning at Cards better than all the fine Things I have been able to say to her, — so I have brought an odd Thousand Bill in my Pocket that I design *Tête à Tête*, to play off with her at Piquet, or so ; and now the Business is out.

Sir Char. Ah ! and a very good Business too, my Lord.

L. Fop. If it be well done, *Charles* —

Sir Char. That's as you manage your Cards, my Lord.

L. Mor. This must be a Woman of Consequence by the Value you set upon her Favours.

Sir Char. O ! nothing's above the Price of a fine Woman.

L. Fop. Nay, look you, Gentlemen, the Price may not happen to be altogether so high neither — For I fancy I know

know enough of the Game, to make it but an even Bett I get her for nothing.

L. *Mor.* How so, my Lord?

L. *Fop.* Because, if she happen to lose a good Sum to me, I shall buy her with her own Money.

L. *Mor.* That's new, I confess.

L. *Fop.* You know, *Charles*, 'tis not impossible but I may be five hundred Pounds deep with her—then Bills may fall short, and the Devil's in't if I want Assurance to ask her to pay me some way or other.

Sir *Char.* And a Man must be a Churl indeed, that won't take a Lady's Personal Security; hah! hah! hah!

L. *Fop.* Heh! heh! heh! thou art a Devil, *Charles*.

L. *Mor.* Death! how happy is this Coxcomb? [*Aside*]

L. *Fop.* But to tell you the Truth, Gentlemen,—I had another pressing Temptation that brought me hither which was——my Wife.

L. *Mor.* That's kind indeed, my Lady has been here this Month, she'll be glad to see you.

L. *Fop.* That I don't know; for I design this Afternoon to send her to *London*.

L. *Mor.* What! the same Day you come, my Lord? that would be cruel.

L. *Fop.* Ay, but it will be mighty convenient, for she is positively of no manner of Use in my amours.

L. *Mor.* That's your Fault, the Town thinks her a very deserving Woman.

L. *Fop.* If she were a Woman of the Town, perhaps I shou'd think so too; but she happens to be my Wife, and when a Wife is once given to deserve more than her Husband's Inclinations can pay, in my Mind she has no Merit at all.

L. *Mor.* She's extremely well-bred, and of a very prudent Conduct.

L. *Fop.* Um——ay——the Woman's proud enough.

L. *Mor.* Add to this, all the World allows her handsome.

L. *Fop.* The World's extremely civil, my Lord; and I should take it as a Favour done to me, if they could find an Expedient to unmarry the poor Woman from the only Man in the World that can't think her handsome.

L. *Mor.* I believe there are a great many in the World that are sorry 'tis not in their Power to unmarry her.

L. *Fop.* I am a great many in the World's very humble
B
Servant,

Servant, and whenever they find 'tis in their Power, their high and mighty Wisdoms may command me at a quarter of an Hour's Warning.

L. *Mor.* Pray, my Lord, what did you marry for?

L. *Fop.* To pay my Debts at Play, and disinherit my younger Brother.

L. *Mor.* But there are some Things due to a Wife.

L. *Fop.* And there are some Debts I don't care to pay—to both which I plead Husband, and my Lord.

L. *Mor.* If I should do so, I shou'd expect to have my own Coach stopt in the Street, and to meet my Wife with the Windows up in a Hackney.

L. *Fop.* Then wou'd I put in Bail, and order a separate Maintenance.

L. *Mor.* So pay double the Sum of the Debt, and be married for nothing.

L. *Fop.* Now I think deferring a Dun, and getting rid of one's Wife, are two the most agreeable Sweets in the Liberties of an *English* Subject.

L. *Mor.* If I were married, I wou'd as soon part from my Estate, as my Wife.

L. *Fop.* Now I wou'd not, Sun burn me if I wou'd.

L. *Mor.* Death! but since you are thus indifferent, my Lord, why would you needs marry a Woman of so much Merit? Cou'd not you have laid out your Spleen upon some ill-natur'd Shrew, that wanted the Plague of an ill Husband, and have let her alone to some plain, honest Man of Quality that wou'd have deserv'd her.

L. *Fop.* Why faith, my Lord, that might have been consider'd; but I really grew so passionately fond of her Fortune, that, Curse catch me, I was quite blind to the rest of her good Qualities: For to tell you the Truth, if it had been possible the old Put of a Peer cou'd have tofs'd me in t'other five Thousand for 'em, by my Consent, she shou'd have relinquish'd her Merit and Virtues to any of her younger Sisters.

Sir *Char.* Ay, ay, my Lord, Virtues in a Wife are good for nothing but to make her proud, and put the World in mind of her Husband's Faults.

L. *Fop.* Right, *Charles*: And strike me blind, but the Women of Virtue are now grown such Idiots in Love, they expect of a Man, just as they do of a Coach-horse, that one's Appetite, like t'other's Flesh, should increase by Feeding.

Sir

Sir *Char.* Right, my Lord, and don't confider, that *Tout-jours Chapons Bouilles* will never do with an *English* Stomach:

L. *Fop.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! To tell you the Truth, *Charles*, I have known fo much of that fort of Eating, that I now think, for an hearty Meal, no Wild Fowl in *Europe* is comparable to a joint of *Banstead* Mutton.

L. *Mor.* How do you mean ?

L. *Fop.* Why, that for my Part, I had rather have a plain Slice of my Wife's Woman, than my Guts full of e'er an *Ortolan* Dutchefs in *Chriftendom*.

L. *Mor.* But I thought, my Lord, your chief Buſinefs now at *Windsor* had been your Deſign upon a Woman of Quality.

L. *Fop.* That's true, my Lord, tho' I don't think your fine Lady the beſt Diſh myſelf, yet a man of Quality can't be without ſuch Things at his Table.

L. *Mor.* O ! then you only deſire the Reputation of an Affair with her.

L. *Fop.* I think the Reputation is the moſt inviting Part of an Amour with moſt Women of Quality.

L. *Mor.* Why ſo, my Lord ?

L. *Fop.* Why, who the Devil would run through all the Degrees of Form and Ceremony, that lead one up to the laſt Favour, if it were not for the Reputation of underſtanding the neareſt Way to get over the Difficulty ?

L. *Mor.* But, my Lord, does not the Reputation of your being ſo general an Undertaker frighten the Women from engaging with you ? For they ſay, no Man can love but one at a Time.

L. *Fop.* That's juſt one more than ever I came up to : For, ſtop my Breath, if ever I lov'd one in my Life.

L. *Mor.* How do you get 'em then ?

L. *Fop.* Why, ſometimes as they get other People : I drefs, and let them get me ; or, if that won't do, as I got my Title, I buy 'em.

L. *Mor.* But how can you, that profeſs Indifference, think it worth your while to come ſo often up to the Price of a Woman of Quality ?

L. *Fop.* Becauſe you muſt know, my Lord, that moſt of them begin now to come down to Reaſon ; I mean thoſe that are to be had, for ſome die Fools ; But with the wiſer Sort, 'tis not of late ſo very expenſive ; now and then a *Partie Quarrie*, a Jaunt or two in a Hack to an *Indian* Houſe,

a little *China*, an odd Thing for a Gown, or so, and in three Days after you meet her at the Conveniency of trying it *Chez Mademoiselle D'Epingle*.

Sir *Char.* Ay, ay, my Lord, and when you are there, you know, what between a little Chat, a Dish of Tea, *Mademoiselle's* good Humour, and a *Petit Chanson*, or two, the Devil's in't if a Man can't fool away the Time, 'till he sees how it looks upon her by Candle-light.

L. *Fop.* Heh ! heh ! well said, *Charles*, I'gad I fancy thee and I have unlac'd many a Reputation there——Your great Lady is as soon undress'd as her Woman.

L. *Mor.* I could never find it so——the Shame or Scandal of a Repulse always made me afraid of attempting a Woman of Condition.

Sir *Char.* Ha ! ha ! I'gad, my Lord, you deserve to be ill us'd, your Modesty's enough to spoil any Woman in the World ; but my Lord and I understand the Sex a little better, we see plainly that Women are only cold, as some Men are brave, from the Modesty or Fear of those that attack 'em.

L. *Fop.* Right, *Charles*——a Man should no more give up his Heart to a Woman, than his Sword to a Bully ; they are both as insolent as the Devil after it.

Sir *Char.* How do you like that, my Lord ?

[*Aside to L. Mor.*

L. *Mor.* Faith I envy him——But, my Lord, suppose your Inclination should stumble upon a Woman truly virtuous, would not a severe Repulse from such an one put you strangely out of Countenance ?

L. *Fop.* Not at all, my Lord——for if a Man don't mind a Box o' the Ear in a fair Struggle with a fresh Country Girl, why the Duce should he be concern'd at an impertinent Frown for an Attack upon a Woman of Quality ?

L. *Mor.* Then you have no Notion of a Lady's Cruelty ?

L. *Fop.* Ha ! ha ! let me Blood, if I think there's a greater Jest in Nature. I am ready to crack my Guts with laughing to see a senseless Flirt, because the Creature happens to have a little Pride that she calls Virtue about her, give herself all the insolent Airs of Resentment and Disdain to an honest Fellow, that all the while does not care three Pinches of Snuff if she and her Virtue were to run with their last Favours through the first Regiment of Guards——
Ha ! ha !——it puts me in mind of an Affair of mine, so impertinent——

L. *Mr.*

L. *Mor.* O ! that's impossible, my Lord — pray let's hear it.

L. *Fop.* Why I happen'd once to be very well in a certain Man of Quality's Family, and his Wife lik'd me.

L. *Mor.* How do you know she lik'd you ?

L. *Fop.* Why from the very Moment I told her I lik'd her, she never durst trust herself at the End of a Room with me.

L. *Mor.* That might be her not liking you.

L. *Fop.* My Lord — Women of Quality don't use to speak the Thing plain — but to satisfy you I did not want Encouragement, I never came there in my Life, but she did immediately smile, and borrow my Snuff box.

L. *Mor.* She lik'd your Snuff at least — Well, but how did she use you ?

L. *Fop.* By all that's infamous she jilted me.

L. *Mor.* How ? Jilt you ?

L. *Fop.* Ay, Death's Curse, she jilted me.

L. *Mor.* Pray let's hear.

L. *Fop.* For when I was pretty well convinc'd she had a Mind to me, I one Day made her a Hint of an Appointment : Upon which, with an insolent Frown in her Face (that made her look as ugly as the Devil) she told me, that if ever I came thither again, her Lord should know that she had forbidden me the House before ; — Did you ever hear of such a Slut ?

Sir *Char.* Intolerable !

L. *Mor.* But how did her Answer agree with you ?

L. *Fop.* O, passionately well ! for I star'd full in her Face, and burst out a laughing ; at which she turn'd upon her Heel, and gave a Crack with her Fan like a Coach-whip, and bridled out of the Room with the Air and Complexion of an incens'd Turkey-Cock.

[*A Servant whispers Sir Charles.*

L. *Mor.* What did you then ?

L. *Fop.* I — look'd after her, gap'd, threw up the Sash, and fell a finging out of the Window — so that you see, my Lord, while a Man is not in Love, there's no great Affliction in missing one's way to a Woman.

Sir *Char.* Ay, ay, you talk this very well, my Lord ; but now let's see how you dare behave yourself upon Action

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—Dinner's serv'd, and the Ladies stay for us—There's one within has been too hard for as brisk a Man as yourself.

L. *Mor.* I guess who you mean—Have a care, my Lord, she'll prove your Courage for you.

L. *Fop.* Will she ! then she's an undone Creature. For let me tell you, Gentlemen, Courage is the whole Mystery of making Love, and of more Use than Conduct is in War ; for the bravest Fellow in *Europe* may beat his Brains out against the stubborn Walls of a Town—But

—“ Women, born to be controll'd,
“ Stoop to the Forward, and the Bold.”

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The S C E N E continues.

Enter Lord Morelove and Sir Charles.

L. *Mor.* SO ! Did not I bear up bravely ?

Sir *Char.* Admirably ! with the best bred Insolence in Nature, you insulted like a Woman of Quality when her Country-bred Husband's jealous of her in the wrong Place.

L. *Mor.* Ha ! ha ! Did you observe, when I first came into the Room, how carelessly she brush'd her Eyes over me, and when the Company saluted me, stood all the while with her Face to the Window ? ha ! ha !

Sir *Char.* What astonish'd Airs she gave herself, when you ask'd her, what made her so grave upon her old Friends ?

L. *Mor.* And whenever I offer'd any Thing in Talk, what affected Care she took to direct her observations of it to a third Person ?

Sir *Char.* I observed she did not eat above the Rump of a Pigeon all Dinner Time.

L. *Mor.* And how she colour'd when I told her, her Ladyship had lost her Stomach ?

Sir *Char.* If you keep your Temper she's undone.

L. *Mor.* Provided she sticks to her Pride, I believe I may.

Sir *Char.* Ay ! never fear her ; I warrant in the Humour she is in, she would as soon part with her Sense of Feeling.

L. *Mor.* Well ! what's to be done next ?

Sir *Char.* Only observe her Motions ; for by her Behaviour

viour at Dinner, I am sure she designs to gall you with my Lord *Foppington* : If so, you must even stand her Fire, and then play my Lady *Graveairs* upon her, whom I'll immediately pique and prepare for your Purpose.

L. *Mor.* I understand you — the properest Woman in the World too, for she'll certainly encourage the least Offer from me, in hopes of revenging her Sights upon you.

Sir *Char.* Right ; and the very Encouragement she gives you, at the same Time will give me a Pretence to widen the Breach of my Quarrel to her.

L. *Mor.* Besides, *Charles*, I own I am fond of any Attempt that will forward a Misunderstanding there, for your Lady's sake : A Woman so truly good in her Nature, ought to have something more from a Man, than bare Occasions to prove her Goodness.

Sir *Char.* Why then, upon Honour, my Lord, to give you Proof that I am positively the best Husband in the World, my Wife — never yet found me out.

L. *Mor.* That may be her being the best Wife in the World : She, may be, won't find you out.

Sir *Char.* Nay, if she won't tell a Man of his Faults, when she sees 'em, how the Duce should he mend 'em ? but however, you see I am going to leave 'em off as fast as I can.

L. *Mor.* Being tir'd of a Woman is indeed a pretty tolerable Assurance of a Man's not designing to fool on with her—Here she comes, and if I don't mistake, brimful of Reproaches—You can't take her in a better Time—I'll leave you.

Enter Lady Graveairs.

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant, is the Company broke up, pray ?

L. *Gra.* No, my Lord, they are just talking of Basset ! my Lord *Foppington* has a Mind to tally, if your Lordship would encourage the Table.

L. *Mor.* O Madam, with all my Heart ! But Sir *Charles* I know, is hard to be got to it ; I'll leave your Ladyship to prevail with him. [Exit L. Morelove.]

Sir Charles and Lady Graveairs salute coldly, and trifle some Time before they speak.

L. *Gra.* Sir *Charles*, I sent you a Note this Morning—

Sir *Char.* Yes, Madam, but there were some Passages I did

did not expect from your Ladyship ; you seem'd to tax me with Things that——

L. Grav. Look you, Sir, 'tis not at all material, whether I tax'd you with any Thing or no : I don't in the least desire to hear you clear yourself ; upon my Word, you may be very easy as to that Matter ; for my Part, I am mighty well satisfy'd, Things are as they are ; all I have to say to you is, that you need not give yourself the Trouble to call at my Lodgings this Afternoon, if you should have Time, as you were pleas'd to send me Word—— and so your Servant, Sir, that's all—— [Going.

Sir Char. Hold, Madam.

L. Grav. Look you, *Sir Charles*, 'tis not your calling me back that will signify any Thing, I can assure you.

Sir Char. Why this extraordinary Haste, Madam ?

L. Grav. In short, *Sir Charles*, I have taken a great many Things from you of late, that you know I have often told you I would positively bear no longer.—— But I see Things are in vain, and the more People strive to oblige People, the less they are thank'd for it : And since there must be an End of one's Ridiculousness one Time or other, I don't see any Time so proper as the present, and therefore, Sir, I desire you'd think of Things accordingly——your Servant——

[Going, he holds her.

Sir Char. Nay, Madam, let's start fair, however ; you ought at least to stay 'till I'm as ready as your Ladyship ; and then—— if we must part——

Affectedly { Adieu ye silent Grotts, and shady Groves ;
Ye soft Amusements of our growing Loves ;
Adieu ye whisper'd Sighs that fann'd the Fire,
And all the thrilling Joys of young Desire.

L. Grav. O mighty well, Sir : I am very glad we are at last come to a right Understanding, the only Way I have long wish'd for ; not but I'd have you to know, I see your Design thro' all your painted Ease of Resignation : I know you'd give your Soul to make me uneasy now.

Sir Char. O fy, Madam, upon my Word, I would not make you uneasy, if it were in my Power.

L. Grav. O dear Sir, you need not take such Care, upon my Word ; you'll find I can part with you without the least Disorder—— I'll try at least, and so once more, and for ever, Sir, your Servant : Not but you must give me Leave to

to tell you, as my last Thought of you too, that I do think—
you are a Villain ——— [Exit hastily.

Sir Char. O your very humble Servant, Madam ———
[Bowing low.

What a charming Quality is a Woman's Pride, that's strong
enough to refuse a Man her Favours, when he's weary of
'em ——— Ah ! [Lady Graveairs returns.

L. Grav. Look you, Sir Charles ——— don't presume
upon the Easiness of my Temper : For to convince you that
I am positively in earnest in this Matter, I desire you would
let me have what Letters you have had of mine since you
came to *Windsor*, and I expect you'll return the rest, as I
will yours, as soon as we come to *London*.

Sir Char. Upon my Faith, Madam, I never keep any ;
I always put Snuff in 'em, and so they wear out.

L. Grav. Sir Charles, I must have 'em, for positively I
won't stir without 'em.

Sir Char. Ha ! then I must be civil, I see. [Aside.
Perhaps, Madam, I have no Mind to part with them ——— or
you.

L. Grav. Look you, Sir, all those sort of Things are in
vain, now there's an End of every Thing between us — If you
say you won't give 'em, I must 'en get 'em as well as I can.

Sir Char. Hah ! that won't do then, I find. [Aside.

L. Grav. Who's there ? Mrs. Edging — Your keeping a
Letter, Sir, won't keep me, I'll assure you.

Enter Edging.

Edg. Did your Ladyship call me, Madam ?

L. Grav. Ay, Child, pray do me the Favour to fetch my
Scarf out of the Dinning-Room.

Edg. Yes, Madam ———

Sir Char. O ! then there's Hope again. [Aside.

Edg. Ha ! she looks as if my Master had quarrell'd with
her ; I hope she's going away in a Huff — she shan't stay
for her Scarf, I warrant her — This is pure.

[Aside. Exit smiling.

L. Grav. Pray, Sir Charles, before I go, give me Leave
now, after all, to ask you — why you have us'd me thus ?

Sir Char. What is it you call Usage, Madam ?

L. Grav. Why then, since you will have it, how comes it
you have been so grossly careless and neglectful of me of late ?
Only tell me seriously wherein I have deserv'd this.

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Sir *Char.* Why then, seriously, Madam——

Re-enter Edging with a Scarf.

We are interrupted——

Edg. Here's your Ladyship's Scarf, Madam.

L. *Grav.* Thank you, Mrs. *Edging*——O law! pray will you let some Body get me a Chair to the Door.

Edg. Humh! She might have told me that before, if she had been in such haste to go—— [Exit.

L. *Grav.* Now, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Then seriously, I say, I am of late grown so very lazy in my Pleasures, that I am from henceforth resolv'd to follow no Pleasure that arises above the Degree of Amusement——and that Woman that expects I should make her my Business; why——like my Business, is then in a fair way of being forgot:—When once she comes to Reproach me with Vows, and Usage, and Stuff——I had as lief hear her talk of Bills, Bonds and Ejectments; her Passion becomes as troublesome as a Law-suit, and I would as soon converse with my Solicitor——In short, I shall never care Six-pence for any Woman that won't be obedient.——

L. *Grav.* I'll swear, Sir, you have a very free way of treating People; I am glad I am so well acquainted with your Principles however——and you'd have me obedient?

Sir *Char.* Why not? my Wife's so, and I think she has as much Pretence to be proud as your Ladyship.

L. *Grav.* Lard! is there no Chair to be had, I wonder?

Enter Edging.

Edg. Here's a Chair, Madam.

L. *Grav.* 'Tis very well, Mrs. *Edging*: Pray will you let some Body get me a Glass of fair Water.

Edg. Humh! her Huff's almost over, I suppose——I see he's a Villain still. [Exit.

L. *Grav.* Well that was the prettiest Fancy about Obedience sure that ever was! Certainly a Woman of Condition must be infinitely happy under the Dominion of so generous a Lover! But how came you to forget kicking and whipping all this while? Methinks you should not have left so fashionable an Article out of your Scheme of Government.

Sir *Char.* Um! No, there is too much Trouble in that, though I have known 'em of admirable Use in the Reformation of some humourful Gentlewomen.

L. *Grav.* But one Thing more and I have done——Pray what

what Degree of Spirit must the Lady have, that is to make herself happy under so much Freedom, Order and Tranquility?

Sir Char. O! she must at least have as much Spirit as your Ladyship, or she'd give me no Pleasure in breaking it.

L. Grav. No; that would be troublesome—You had better take one that's broken to your Hand, ————— there are such Souls to be hir'd, I believe; Things that will rub your Temples in an Evening 'till you fall fast asleep in their Laps. Creatures too that think their Wages their Reward; I fancy, at last, that will be the best Method for the lazy Passion of a marry'd Man, that has outliv'd his any other Sense of Gratification.

Sir Char. Look you, Madam—I have lov'd you very well a great while; now you wou'd have me love you better and longer, which is not in my Power to do, and I don't think there's any Plague upon Earth like a Dun that comes for more Money than one's ever likely to be able to pay.

L. Grav. A Dun! do you take me for a Dun, Sir? do I come a Dunning to you? [Walks in a Heat.]

Sir Char. H't! don't expose yourself—here's Company —————

L. Grav. I care not—A Dun! You shall see, Sir, I can revenge an Affront, tho' I despise the Wretch that offers it—A Dun! Oh! I could die with laughing at the Fancy. [Exit.]

Sir Char. So! she's in admirable Order—Here comes my Lord, and I'm afraid in the very Nick of his Occasion for her.

Enter Lord Morelove.

L. Mor. O Charles! Undone again! all's lost and ruin'd.

Sir Char. What's the matter now?

L. Mor. I have been playing the Fool yonder even to Contempt, my senseless Jealousy has confess'd a Weakness I never shall forgive myself—She has insulted on it to that Degree too—I can't bear the Thought—O Charles! this Devil still is Mistress on my Heart, and I could dash my Brains to think how grossly too I have let her know it.

Sir Char. Ah! how it would tickle her if she saw you in this Condition: Ha! ha! ha!

L. Mor. Pr'ythee don't torture me: Think of some present Ease, or I shall burst —————

Sir Char. Well, well, let's hear, pray—what has she done to you? ha! ha!

L. Mor

L. Mor. Why ever since I left you she treated me with so much Coolness and ill Nature, and that thing of a Lord with so much laughing Ease, such an acquainted, such a spiteful Familiarity, that at the last she saw and triumph'd in my Uneasiness.

Sir Char. Well ! and so you left the Room in a Pet ? ha !

L. Mor. O worse, worse still ! for at last, with half Shame and Anger in my Looks, I thrust myself between my Lord and her, press'd her by the Hand, and in a Whisper trembling begg'd her in Pity of herself and me to shew her good Humour only where she knew it was truly valued ; at which she broke from me with a cold Smile, sat her down by the Peer, whisper'd him, and burst into a loud Laughter in my Face.

Sir Char. Ha ! ha ! then would I have given fifty Pound to have seen your Face : Why, what, in the Name of Common Sense, had you to do with Humility ? Will you never have enough on't ? Death ! 'twas setting a lighted Match to Gunpowder to blow yourself up.

L. Mor. I see my Folly now, *Charles* — but what shall I do with the Remains of Life that she has left me ?

Sir Char. O throw it at her Feet by all means, put on your Tragedy Face, catch fast hold of her Petticoat, whip out your Handkerchief, and in point Blank Verse, desire her one way or other, to make an End of the Business.

[*In a whining Tone.*]

L. Mor. What a Fool dost thou make me ?

Sir Char. I only shew you, as you come out of her Hands, my Lord.

L. Mor. How contemptibly have I behav'd myself ?

Sir Char. That's according as you bear her Behaviour.

L. Mor. Bear it ! no : I thank thee, *Charles* — thou hast wak'd me now ; and if I bear it — What have you done with my Lady *Graveairs* ?

Sir Char. Your Business, I believe — She's ready for you, she's just gone down Stairs, and if you don't make haste after her, I expect her back again with a Knife or a Pistol, presently.

L. Mor. I'll go this Minute.

Sir Char. No, stay a little, here comes my Lord : We'll see what we can get out of him first.

L. Mor. Methinks I now could laugh at her.

Enter

Enter Lord Foppington.

L. Fop. Nay, pr'ythee, Sir Charles, let's have a little of thee—We have been so *Cahagrins* without thee, that, stop my Breath, the Ladies are gone half a sleep to Church for want of thy Company.

Sir Char. That's hard indeed, while your Lordship was among 'em : Is Lady Betty gone too ?

L. Fop. She was just upon the Wing—But I caught her by the Snuff-Box, and She pretends to stay to see if I'll give it her again, or no.

L. Mor. Death ! tis that I gave her, and the only Present she ever would receive from me——Ask him how he came by it ? [*Aside to Sir Charles.*]

Sir Char. Pr'ythee don't be uneasy——Did she give it you, my Lord ?

L. Fop. Faith Charles, I can't say she did, or she did not, but we were playing the Fool, and I took it——*a la*——Pshaw ! I can't tell thee in *French* neither, but *Horace* touches it to a Nicety—'twas *Pignus direptum malè pertinaci*.

L. Mor. So ! but I must bear it —— if your Lordship has a Mind to the Box, I'll stand by you in keeping of it.

L. Fop. My Lord, I am passionately oblig'd to you, but I am afraid I cannot answer your hazarding so much of the Lady's Favour.

L. Mor. Not at all, my Lord : 'Tis possible I may not have the same Regard to her Frown that your Lordship has.

L. Fop. That's a Bite, I am sure—he'd give a Joint of his little Finger to be as well with her as I am. [*Aside.*]
But here she comes ! Charles, stand by me——Must not a Man be a vain Coxcomb now, to think this Creature followed one ?

Sir Char. Nothing so plain, my Lord.

L. Fop. Flattering Devil !

Enter Lady Betty.

L. Bet. Pshaw ! my Lord Foppington ! Pr'ythee don't play the Fool now, but give me my Snuff Box——Sir Charles, help me to take it from him.

Sir Char. You know I hate Trouble, Madam.

L. Bet. Pooh ! You'll make me stay till Prayers are half over now.

L. Fop. If you'll promise me not to go to Church, I'll give it you.

L. Bet.

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L. *Bet.* I'll promise nothing at all, for positively I will have it. *[Struggling with him.]*

L. *Fop.* Then comparatively I won't part with it, ha ! ha ! *[Struggles with her.]*

L. *Bet.* O you Devil ! you have kill'd my Arm ! Oh ! Well——if you'll let me have it, I'll give you a better.

L. *Mor.* O *Charles* ! that has a view of distant Kindness in it. *[Aside to Sir Charles.]*

L. *Fop.* Nay, now I keep it superlatively——I find there's a secret Value in it.

L. *Bet.* O dismal ! upon my Word, I am only ashamed to give it you : Do you think I wou'd offer such an odious fancy'd Thing to any Body I had the least Value for ?

Sir *Char.* Now it comes a little nearer, methinks it does not seem to be any Kindness at all.

[Aside to Lord Morelove.]

L. *Fop.* Why, really, Madam, upon second View, it has not extremely the Mode of a Lady's Utensil : Are you sure it never held any thing but Snuff ?

L. *Bet.* O ! you Monster !

L. *Fop.* Nay, I only ask, because it seems to me to have very much the Air and Fancy of Monsieur *Smokandrot's* Tobacco-box.

L. *Mor.* I can bear no more.

Sir *Char.* Why, don't then ; I'll step into the Company, and return to your Relief immediately. *[Exit.]*

L. *Mor.* *[To L. Bet.]* Come, Madam, will your Ladyship give me leave to end the Difference——Since the Slightness of the Thing may let you bestow it without any Mark of Favour, shall I beg it of your Ladyship ?

L. *Fop.* O my Lord, no Body sooner—I beg you give it my Lord.

[Looking earnestly on L. Fop. who smiling gives it to L. Mor. and then bows gravely to her.]

L. *Mor.* Only to have the Honour of restoring it to your Lordship ; and if there be any other Trifle of mine, your Lordship has a Fancy to, tho' it were a Mistress, I don't know any Person in the World that has so good a Claim to my Resignation.

L. *Fop.* O my Lord, this Generosity will distract me.

L. *Mor.* My Lord, I do you but common Justice : But from your Conversation, I had never known the true Value
of

of the Sex ; You positively understand 'em the best of any Man breathing, therefore I think every one of common Prudence ought to resign to you.

L. *Fop*. Then positively your Lordship's the most obliging Person in the World, for I'm sure your Judgment can never like any Woman that is not the finest Creature in the Universe. [*Bowing to L. Betty.*

L. *Mor*. O ! your Lordship does me too much Honour, I have the worst Judgment in the World, no Man has been more deceiv'd in it.

L. *Fop*. Then your Lordship, I presume, has been apt to choose in a Mask, or by Candle-light.

L. *Mor*. In a Mask indeed, my Lord, and of all Masks the most dangerous.

L. *Fop*. Pray what's that, my Lord ?

L. *Mor*. A bare Face.

L. *Fop*. Your Lordship will pardon me, if I don't so readily comprehend how a Woman's bare Face can hide her Face.

L. *Mor*. It often hides her Heart, my Lord, and therefore I think it sometimes a more dangerous Mask than a Piece of Velvet : That's rather a Mark than a Disguise of an ill Woman : But the Mischiefs skulking behind a beauteous Form, give no Warning ; they are always Sure, Fatal, and Innumerable.

L. *Bet*. O barbarous Aspersions ! my Lord *Foppington*, have you nothing to say for the poor Women ?

L. *Fop*. I must confess, Madam, nothing of this Nature ever happened in my Course of Amours : I always judge the Beauteous Form of a Woman to be the most agreeable Part of her Composition, and when once a Lady does me the Honour to toss that into my Arms, I think myself obliged in Good-nature, not to quarrel about the rest of her Equipage.

L. *Bet*. Why ay, my Lord, there's some good Humour in that now.

L. *Mor*. He's happy in a plain *English* Stomach, Madam, I could recommend a Dish that's perfectly to your Lordship's Goust, where Beauty is the only Sauce to it.

L. *Bet*. So !

L. *Fop*. My Lord, when my Wine's right, I never care it should be Zested.

L. *Mor*. I know some Ladies would thank you for that Opinion.

L. *Bet*.

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L. Bet. My Lord *Morelove's* really grown such a Churl to the Women, I don't only think he is not, but can't conceive how he ever could be in Love.

L. Mor. Upon my Word, Madam, I once thought I was. [Smiling.]

L. Bet. Fy ! fy ! how could you think so ? I fancy now you had only a Mind to domineer over some poor Creature, and so you thought you were in Love ; ha ! ha !

L. Mor. The Lady I lov'd, Madam, grew so unfortunate in her Conduct, that she at last brought me to treat her with the same Indifference and Civility as I now pay your Ladyship.

L. Bet. And ten to one, just at that time she never thought you such tolerable Company.

L. Mor. That I can't say, Madam, for at that time she grew so affected, there was no judging of her Thoughts at all. [Mimicking her.]

L. Bet. What, and so you left the poor Lady ? O you inconstant Creature !

L. Mor. No, Madam, to have lov'd her on had been Inconstancy ; for she was never two Hours together the same Woman. [L. Bet. and L. Mor. seem to talk.]

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] Ha ! ha ! ha ! I see he has a Mind to abuse her ; so I'll ev'n give him an Opportunity of doing his Business with her at once for ever——My Lord, I perceive your Lordship's going to be good Company to the Lady, and for her sake I don't think it good Manners in me to disturb you——

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Char. My Lord *Foppington* !

L. Fop. O *Charles* ! I was just wanting thee ——Hark thee——I have three thousand Secrets for thee——I have made such Discoveries ! to tell thee all in one Word ——*Morelove's* as jealous of me as the Devil ! he ! he ! he !

Sir Char. Is't possible ? has she given him any Occasion ?

L. Fop. Only railly'd him to Death upon my Account ; she told me within, just now, she'd use him like a Dog, and begg'd me to draw off for an Opportunity.

Sir Char. O ! keep in while the Scent lies, and she's your own, my Lord.

L. Fop. I can't tell that, *Charles*, but I'm sure she's fairly unharbour'd, and when once I throw off my Inclinations,

tions, I usually follow 'em 'till the Game has enough on't ; and between thee and I she's pretty well blown too, she can't stand long, I believe, for, Curse catch me, if I have not rid down half a Thousand Pound after her already.

Sir *Char.* What do you mean ?

L. *Fop.* I have lost Five hundred to her at Piquet since Dinner.

Sir *Char.* You are a fortunate Man, faith ; you are resolved not to be thrown out, I see.

L. *Fop.* Hang it ! What should a Man come out for, if he does not keep up to the Sport ?

Sir *Char.* Well push'd, my Lord.

L. *Fop.* *Tayo !* have at her —————

Sir *Char.* Down ! down, my Lord—ah—'ware Hanches.

L. *Fop.* Ah ! *Charles* [*Embracing him.*] Pr'ythee let's observe a little, there's a foolish Cur, now I have run her to a Stand, has a Mind to be at her by himself, and thou shalt see she won't stir out of her way for him.

[*They stand aside.*]

L. *Mor.* Ha ! ha ! Your Ladyship is very grave of a sudden, you look as if your Lover had insolently recover'd his common Senses.

L. *Bet.* And your Lordship is so very gay, and unlike yourself, one wou'd swear you were just come from the Pleasure of making your Mistress afraid of you.

L. *Mor.* No faith, quite contrary—for do you know, Madam, I have just found out, that upon your Account I have made myself one of the most ridiculous Puppies upon the Face of the Earth—I have upon my faith ! — nay and so extravagantly such——ha ! ha ! ha ! that it's at last become a Jest even to myself ; and I can't help laughing at it for the Soul of me ; ha ! ha ! ha !

L. *Bet.* I want to cure him of that Laugh now. [*Aside.* My Lord, since you are so generous, I'll tell you another Secret : Do you know too, that I still find (spite of all your great Wisdom, and my contemptible Qualities, as you are pleas'd now and then to call them :) Do you know, I say, that I see under all this, you still love me with the same helpless Passion ; and can your vast Foresight imagine I won't use you accordingly, for these extraordinary Airs you are pleased to give yourself ?

L. *Mor.* O by all means, Madam, 'tis fit you should and
I ex-

I expect it, whenever it is in [your Power———Confusion !

[*Aside.*

L. *Bet.* My Lord, you have talk'd to me this half Hour, without confessing Pain. [*Pauses and affects to Gape.*] only remember it.

L. *Mor.* Hell and Tortures !

L. *Bet.* What did you say, my Lord ?

L. *Mor.* Fire and Furies !

L. *Bet.* Ha ! ha ! he's disorder'd——Now I am easy——My Lord *Foppington*, have you a Mind to your Revenge at Piquet ?

L. *Fop.* I have always a Mind to an Opportunity of entertaining your Ladyship, Madam.

[*L. Betty coquets with L. Fop.*

L. *Mor.* O *Charles*——The insolence of this Woman might furnish out a thousand Devils.

Sir *Char.* And your Temper is enough to furnish out a thousand such Women——Come away——I have business for you upon the Terras.

L. *Mor.* Let me but speak one Word to her——

Sir *Char.* Not a Syllable—the Tongue's a Weapon you'll always have the worst at : For I see you have no Guard, and she carries a devilish Edge.

L. *Bet.* My Lord, don't let any thing I've said frighten you away ; for if you have the least Inclination to stay and rail, you know the old Conditions ; 'tis but your asking me Pardon next Day, and you may give your Passion any Liberty you think fit.

L. *Mor.* Daggers and Death !

Sir *Char.* Are you mad ?

L. *Mor.* Let me speak to her now, or I shall burst——

Sir *Char.* Upon Condition you'll speak no more of her to me, my Lord, do as you please.

L. *Mor.* Pr'ythee pardon me—I know not what to do.

Sir *Char.* Come along—I'll set you to work I warrant you—Nay, nay, none of your parting Ogles—Will you go ?

L. *Mor.* Yes——and I hope for ever——

[*Exit Sir Char. pulling away L. Mor.*

L. *Fop.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! Did ever mortal Monster set up for a Lover with such unfortunate Qualifications ?

L. *Bet.* Indeed, my Lord *Morelove* has something strangely singular in his Manner.

L. *Fop.*

L. Fop. I thought I should have burst to see the Creature pretend to railly, and give himself the Airs of one of Us— But, run me through, Madam, your Ladyship push'd like a Fencing-Master, that last Thrust was a *Coup de Grace*, I believe—I'm afraid his Honour will hardly meet your Ladyship in haste again.

L. Bet. Not unless his Second, Sir Charles, keeps him better in Practice, perhaps—— Well, the Humour of this Creature has done me signal Service to Day, I must keep it up for fear of a second Engagement. [*Aside.*]

L. Fop. Never was poor Wit so foil'd at his own Weapon sure.

L. Bet. Wit? Had he ever any Pretence to it?

L. Fop. Ha! ha! he has not much in Love, I think, though he wears the Reputation of a very pretty young Fellow, among some sort of People; but, strike me stupid, if ever I cou'd discover common Sense in all the Progress of his Amours: He expects a Woman should like him for endeavouring to convince her, that she has not one good Quality belonging to the whole Composition of her Soul and Body.

L. Bet. That, I suppose, is only in a modest Hope, that she'll mend her Faults, to qualify herself for his vast Merit, ha! ha!

L. Fop. Poor *Morelove*, I see she can't endure him. [*Aside.*]

L. Bet. Or if one really had all those Faults, he does not consider, that Sincerity in Love is as much out of Fashion as sweet Snuff; no Body takes it now.

L. Fop. O! no Mortal, Madam, unless it be here and there a Squire, that's making his lawful Court to the Cherry-cheek Charms of my Lord Bishop's great fat Daughter in the Country.

L. Bet. O what a surfeiting Couple has he put together—— [*Throwing her Hand carelessly upon his.*]

L. Fop. Fond of me by all that's tender—— Poor Fool, I'll give thee ease immediately. [*Aside.*]—— But, Madam, you were pleas'd just now to offer me my Revenge at Piquet—— Now here's no Body within, and I think we can't make use of a better Opportunity.

L. Bet. O! no: Not now, my Lord!—— I have a Favour I would fain beg of you first.

L. Fop. But Time, Madam, is very precious in this Place, and I shall not easily forgive myself if I don't take him by the Forelock.

L. Bet.

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L. *Bet.* But I have a great mind to have a little more Sport with my Lord *Morelove* first, and would fain beg your Assistance.

L. *Fop.* O! with all my Heart; and, upon second Thoughts, I don't know but piquing a Rival in public may be as good Sport, as being well with a Mistress in private: For, after all, the Pleasure of a fine Woman is like that of her own Virtue, not so much in the thing, as the Reputation of having it. [*Aside*].—Well, Madam, but how can I serve you in this Affair?

L. *Bet.* Why, methought, as my Lord *Morelove* went out, he shew'd a stern resentment in his Look, that seem'd to threaten me with Rebellion, and downright Defiance: Now I have a great Fancy, that you and I should follow him to the Terrass, and laugh at his Resolution before he has time to put it in Practice.

L. *Fop.* And so punish his Fault before he commits it! ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* Nay, we won't give him time, if his Courage should fail, to repent it.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! let me Blood, if I don't long to be at it, ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* O! 'twill be such Diversion to see him bite his Lips, and broil within, only with seeing us ready to split our Sides in laughing at nothing! ha! ha!

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! I see the Creature does really like me, [*Aside.*] And then, Madam, to hear him hum a broken piece of a Tune, in Affectation of his not minding us—'twill be so foolish when we know he loves us to Death all the while, ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* And if at last his sage Mouth shou'd open in surly Contradiction of our Humour, then will we, in pure Opposition to his, immediately fall foul upon every thing that is not Gallant and Fashionable; Constancy shall be the Mark of Age and Uglinefs, Virtue a Jest, we'll railly Discretion out of Doors, lay Gravity at our Feet, and only Love, free Love, Disorder, Liberty, and Pleasure be our standing Principles.

L. *Fop.* Madam, you transport me: For if ever I was obliged to Nature for any one tolerable Qualification, 'twas positively the Talent of being exuberantly pleasant upon this Subject—I am impatient—my Fancy's upon the Wing already—let's fly to him.

L. *Bet.*

L. *Bet.* No, no ; stay 'till I am just got out, our going together won't be so proper.

L. *Fop.* As your Ladyship pleases, Madam—— But when this Affair is over, you won't forget that I have a certain Revenge due.

L. *Bet.* Ay ! ay ! after Supper I am for you——Nay, you shan't stir a Step, my Lord——

[*Seeing her to the Door.*

L. *Fop.* Only to tell you, you have fix'd me yours to the last Existence of my Soul's eternal Entity.——

L. *Bet.* O, your Servant. [Exit.

L. *Fop.* Ha ! ha ! stark mad for me, by all that's handsome ! poor *Morelove* ! That a Fellow who has ever been abroad, should think a Woman of her Spirit is to be taken by a regular Siege, when the surest Way is to whisper the Governor.—How can a Coxcomb give himself the Fatigue of Bombarding a Woman's Understanding, when he may with so much Ease make a Friend of her Constitution—— I'll see if I can shew him a little *French* Play with Lady Betty——let me see——Ay, I'll make an end of it the old way, get her into Piquet at her own Lodgings——not mind one Tittle of my Play, give her every Game before she's half up, that she may judge of the Strength of my Inclination by my haste of losing up to her Price ; then of a sudden, with a familiar Leer cry——Rat Piquet——sweep Counters, Cards and Money all upon the Floor, & *donc*——*L'Affaire est faite.* [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Castle Terrass.*

Enter Lady Betty, and Lady Easy.

L. *Easy.* MY Dear, you really talk to me as if I were your Lover, and not your Friend ; or else I am so dull, that by all you've said I can't make the least Guess at your real Thoughts——Can you be serious for a Moment ?

L. *Bet.* Not easily : But I would do more to oblige you.

L. *Easy.* Then pray deal ingenuously, and tell me without Reserve, are you sure you don't love my Lord *Morelove* ?

L. *Bet.* Then seriously——I think not——But because

cause I won't be positive, you shall judge by the worst of my Symptoms——First, I own I like his Conversation, his Person has neither Fault, nor Beauty——well enough—I don't remember I ever secretly wish'd myself married to him, or ——that I ever seriously resolv'd against it.

L. *Easy*. Well, so far you are tolerably safe: —— But come—as to his Manner of addressing to you, what Effect has that had?

L. *Bet*. I am not a little pleas'd to observe few Men follow a Woman with the same Fatigue and Spirit that he does me——am more pleas'd when he lets me use him ill; and if ever I have a favourable Thought of him, 'tis when I see he can't bear that Usage.

L. *Easy*. Have a Care, that last is a dangerous Symptom —— he pleases your Pride, I find.

L. *Bet*. Oh! perfectly: in that——I own no Mortal ever can come up to him.

L. *Easy*. But now, my Dear! now comes the main Point——Jealousy! are you sure you have never been touch'd with it? Tell me that with a safe Conscience, and then I pronounce you clear.

L. *Bet*. Nay, then I defy him; for positively I was never jealous in my Life.

L. *Bet*. How, Madam! have you never been stirr'd enough, to think a Woman strangely forward for being a little familiar in Talk with him? Or are you sure his Gallantry to another never gave you the least Disorder? Were you never, upon no Accident, in an Apprehension of losing him?

L. *Bet*. Hah! Why, Madam—Bless me!—wh—wh—why sure you don't call this Jealousy, my Dear?

L. *Easy*. Nay, nay, that is not the Business—Have you ever felt any Thing of this Nature, Madam?

L. *Bet*. Lord! don't be so hasty, my Dear—any Thing of this Nature——O Lud! I swear I don't like it: Dear Creature, bring me off here; for I am half frightened out of my Wits.

L. *Easy*. Nay, if you can't railly upon't, our Wound is not over deep, I'm afraid.

L. *Bet*. Well, that's comfortably said, however.

L. *Easy*. But come to the Point——how far have you been jealous?

L. *Bet*.

L. *Bet.* Why——O bleſs me ! He gave the Muſick one Night to my Lady *Languiſh* here upon the Terrafs : and (tho ſhe and I were very good Friends) I remember I cou'd not ſpeak to her in a Week for't—Oh !

L. *Easy.* Nay, now you may laugh if you can ; for, take my Word, the Marks are upon you—But come—what elſe ?

L. *Bet.* O nothing elſe, upon my Word, my Dear !

L. *Easy.* Well, one Word more, and then I give Sentence : Suppoſe you were heartily convinc'd, that he actually follow'd another Woman ?

L. *Bet.* But, pray, my Dear, what Occaſion is there to ſuppoſe any ſuch thing at all ?

L. *Easy.* Guilty upon my Honour.

L. *Bet.* Pſhaw ! I defy him to ſay, that ever I own'd any Inclination for him.

L. *Easy.* No, but you have given him terrible Leave to gueſs it.

L. *Bet.* If ever you ſee us meet again, you'll have but little Reaſon to think ſo, I can aſſure you.

L. *Easy.* That I ſhall ſee preſently ; for here comes Sir *Charles*, and I'm ſure my Lord can't be far off.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir *Char.* Servant Lady *Betty*——my Dear, how do you do.

L. *Easy.* At your Service, my Dear——But pray what have you done with my Lord *Morelove* ?

L. *Bet.* Ay, Sir *Charles*, pray how does your Pupil do ? Have you any Hopes of him ? Is he docible ?

Sir *Char.* Well, Madam, to confeſs your Triumph over me, as well as him, I own my Hopes of him are loſt. I offer'd what I cou'd to his inſtruction, but he's incorrigibly yours, and undone——and the News, I preſume, does not diſpleaſe your Ladyſhip.

L. *Bet.* Fy, fy, Sir *Charles*, you diſparage your Friend, I am afraid you don't take Pains with him.

Sir *Char.* Ha ! I fancy, Lady *Betty*, your Good-nature won't let you ſleep a Nights : Don't you love dearly to hurt People ?

L. *Bet.* O ! your Servant ; then without a Jeſt, the Man is ſo unfortunate in his want of Patience, that let me die, if I don't often pity him.

Sir *Char.* Ha ! Strange Goodneſs——O that I were your Lover for a Month or two.

L. *Bet*

L. *Bet.* What then !

Sir *Char.* I wou'd make that pretty Heart's Blood of yours ake in a Fortnight.

L. *Bet.* Hugh — I should hate you, your Assurance wou'd make your Address intolerable.

Sir *Char.* I believe it wou'd, for I'd never address you at all.

L. *Bet.* O ! you Clown you !

[*Hitting him with her Fan.*]

Sir *Char.* Why, what to do ? to feed a diseas'd Pride that's eternally breaking out in the Affectation of an ill Nature that — in my Conscience I believe is but Affectation.

L. *Bet.* You, nor your Friend have no great Reason to complain of my Fondness, I believe. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sir *Char.* [*Looking earnestly on her.*] Thou insolent Creature ! How can you make a Jest of a Man, whose whole Life's but one continued Torment from your want of common Gratitude ?

L. *Bet.* Torment ! for my Part, I really believe him as easy as you are.

Sir *Char.* Poor intolerable Affectation ! You know the contrary, you know him blindly yours, you know your Power, and the whole Pleasure of your Life's the poor and low abuse of it.

L. *Bet.* Pray how do I abuse it — If I have any Power.

Sir *Char.* You drive him to Extremes that make him mad, then punish him for acting against his Reason : You've almost turn'd his Brain, his common Judgment fails him ; he's now, at this very Moment, driven by his Despair upon a Project, in hopes to free him from your Power, that I am sensible, and so must any one be that has his Sense, of course must ruin him with you, for ever ; and should he now suspect I offer'd but a Hint of it to you, and in Contempt of his Design, I know he'd call my Life to answer it : But I have no regard to Men in Madness, I rather choose for once to trust in your Good-nature, in hopes the Man, whom your unwary Beauty had made miserable, your Generosity wou'd scorn to make ridiculous.

L. *Bet.* Sir *Charles*, you charge me very home, I never had it in my Inclination to make any thing ridiculous that did not deserve it. Pray, what is this Business you think so extravagant in him ?

Sir *Char.*

Sir Char. Something so absurdly rash and bold, you'll hardly forgive ev'n me that tell it you.

L. Bet. O fy! If it be a fault, *Sir Charles*, I shall consider it as His, not yours. Pray what is it?

L. Easy. I long to know, methinks.

Sir Char. You may be sure he did not want my Disquisitions from it.

L. Bet. Let's hear it?

Sir Char. Why this Man, whom I have known to love you with such Excess of generous Desire, whom I have heard in his ecstatic Praises on your Beauty talk, 'till from the soft Heat of his distilling Thoughts the Tears have fall'n —

L. Bet. O! *Sir Charles*. — [Blushing.]

Sir Char. Nay, grudge not, since 'tis past, to hear what was (tho' you contemned it) once his Merit: But now I own that Merit ought to be forgotten.

L. Bet. Pray, Sir, be plain?

Sir Char. This Man, I say, whose unhappy Passion has so ill succeeded with you, at last has forfeited all his Hopes (into which, pardon me, I confess my Friendship had lately flattered him) his hopes of even deserving now your lowest Pity or Regard.

L. Bet. You amaze me — For I can't suppose his utmost Malice dares assault my Reputation—and what—

Sir Char. No, but he maliciously presumes the World will do it for him; and indeed he has taken no unlikely Means to make 'em busy with their Tongues: For he is this Moment upon the open Terrass, in the highest Publick Gallantry with my Lady *Graveairs*. And to convince the World and me, he said, he was not that tame Lover we fancied him, he'd venture to give her Musick to-night: nay, I heard him, before my Face, speak to one of the Hautboys to engage the rest, and desired they would all take their Directions only from my Lady *Graveairs*.

L. Bet. My Lady *Graveairs*! truly I think my Lord's very much in the right on't—for my Part, *Sir Charles*, I don't see any Thing in this that's so very ridiculous, nor indeed that ought to make me think either the better or worse of him for't.

Sir Char. Pshaw! Pshaw! Madam, you and I know 'tis not in his Power to renounce you; this is but the
C poor

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poor disguise of a resenting Passion vainly ruffled to a Storm, which the least gentle Look from you can reconcile at Will, and laugh into a Calm again.

L. Bet. Indeed, *Sir Charles*, I shan't give myself that Trouble, I believe.

Sir Char. So I told him, Madam; Are not all your complaints, said I, already owing to her Pride, and can you suppose this publick Defiance of it (which you know you can't make good too) won't incense her more against you? — That's what I'd have, said he, starting wildly, I care not what becomes of me, so I but live to see her piqued at it.

L. Bet. Upon my Word, I fancy my Lord will find himself mistaken—I shan't be piqued I believe—I must first have a Value for the Thing I lose, before it piques me: Piqued! ha! ha! ha! [Disordered.]

Sir Char. Madam, you've said the very Thing I urg'd to him; I know her Temper so well, said I, that tho' she doted on you, if you once stood out against her, she'd sooner burst than shew the least Motion of Uneasiness.

L. Bet. I can assure you, *Sir Charles*, my Lord won't find himself deceived in your Opinion—Piqued!

Sir Char. She has it, [Aside.]

L. Easy. Alas, poor Woman! how little do our Passions make us?

L. Bet. Not but I wou'd advise him to have a little Regard to my Reputation in this Business; I wou'd have have him take heed of publickly affronting me.

Sir Char. Right, Madam, that's what I strictly warn'd him of; for among Friends, whenever the World sees him follow another Woman, the malicious Tea-tables will be very apt to be free with your Ladyship.

L. Bet. I'd have him consider that, methinks.

Sir Char. But alas! Madam, 'tis not in his power to think with Reason, his mad Resentment has destroy'd ev'n his Principles of common Honesty: He considers nothing but a senseless proud Revenge, which in his Fit of Lunacy 'tis impossible that either Threats or Danger can dissuade him from.

L. Bet. What! does he defy me, threaten me! then he shall see, that I have Passions too, and know, as well as he,

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He, to stir my Heart against any Pride that dares insult me. Does he suppose I fear him? Fear the little Malice of a slighted Passion, that my own Scorn has stung into a despised Resentment! Fear him! O! it provokes me to think he dare have such a Thought!

L. *Easy*. Dear Creature, don't disorder yourself so.

L. *Bet*. Let me but live to see him once more within my Power, and I'll forgive the rest of Fortune.

L. *Easy*. My Dear, I am afraid you have provoked her a little too far.

Sir *Char*. Oh! not at all—You shall see—I'll sweeten her, and she'll cool like a dish of tea.

L. *Bet*. I may see him with his complaining Face again——

Sir *Char*. I am sorry, Madam, you so wrongly judge of what I've told you; I was in Hopes to have stirr'd your Pity, not your Anger; I little thought your Generosity wou'd punish him for Faults, which you yourself resolv'd he should commit——Yonder he comes, and all the World with him; Might I advise you, Madam, you shou'd not resent the Thing at all——I wou'd not so much as stay too see him in his Fault; nay, I'd be the last that heard of it: Nothing can sting him more or so justly punish his Folly, as your utter Neglect of it.

L. *Easy*. Come, dear Creature, be persuaded, and go home with me; indeed it will shew more Indifference to avoid him.

L. *Bet*. No, Madam, I'll oblige his vanity for once, and stay to let him see how strangely he has piqued me.

Sir *Char*. [*Afide*] O not at all to speak of; you had as good part with a little of that Pride of yours, or I shall yet make it a very troublesome Companion to you.

[*Goes from them, and whispers Lord Morelove.*]

Enter Lord Foppington; a little after, Lord Morelove, and Lady Graveairs.

L. *Fop*. Ladies, your Servant—O! we have wanted you beyond Reparation—such Diversion.

L. *Bet*. Well! my Lord! have you seen my Lord *Morelove*.

L. *Fop*. Seen him!——ha! ha! ha!——O, I have such Things to tell you, Madam——you'll die——

L. *Bet.* O pray let's hear 'em, I was never in a better Humour to receive them.

L. *Fop.* Hark you. [*They whisper.*]

L. *Mor.* So, she's engag'd already. [*To Sir Charles.*]

Sir *Char.* So much the better; make but a just advantage of my Success, and she's undone.

L. *Fop.* }
L. *Bet.* } Ha! ha! ha!

Sir *Char.* You see already what ridiculous Pains she's taking to stir your Jealousy, and cover her own.

L. *Fop.* }
L. *Bet.* } Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mor.* O never fear me; for, upon my Word, it now appears ridiculous even to me.

Sir *Cha.* And hark you—— [*Whispers L. Mor.*]

L. *Bet.* And so the Widow was as full of Airs as his Lordship?

Sir *Char.* Only observe that, and 'tis impossible you can fail. [*Aside.*]

L. *Mor.* Dear *Charles*, you have convinced me, and I thank you.

L. *Grav.* My Lord *Morelove*! What, do you leave us?

L. *Mor.* Ten thousand Pardons, Madam, I was but just——

L. *Grav.* Nay, nay, no Excuses, my Lord, so you will but let us have you again.

Sir *Char.* [*Aside to L. Grav.*] I see you have good Humour, Madam, when you like your Company.

L. *Grav.* And you I see, for all your mighty Thirst of Dominion, cou'd stoop to be obedient, if one thought it worth one's while to make you so.

Sir *Char.* Ha! Power would make her an admirable Tyrant. [*Aside.*]

L. *Easy.* [*Observing Sir Charles and L. Graveairs*] So! there's another Couple have quarrell'd too I find—— Those Airs to my Lord *Morelove*, look as if design'd to recover Sir *Charles* into Jealousy: I'll endeavour to join the Company, and it may be, that will let me into the Secret. [*Aside.*] My Lord *Foppington*, I vow this is very uncomplaisant, to engross so agreeable a Part of the Company to yourself.

Sir

Sir *Char.* Nay, my Lord, this is not fair indeed, to enter into Secrets among Friends!—Ladies, what say you? I think we ought to declare against it.

L. *Bet.* Well, Ladies, I ought only to ask your Pardon: My Lord's excusable, for I wou'd haul him into a Corner.

L. *Fop.* I swear 'tis very hard, ho! I observe, two People of extreme Condition can no sooner grow particular, but the Multitude of both Sexes are immediately up, and think their Properties invaded——

L. *Bet.* Odious multitude——

L. *Fop.* Perish the *Canaille*.

L. *Grav.* O, my Lord, we Women have all Reason to be jealous of Lady *Betty Modish's* Power.

L. *Mor.* [*To Lady Betty.*] As the Men, Madam, all have of my Lord *Foppington*; beside, Favourites of great Merit discourage those of an inferior Class for their Prince's Service; He has already lost you one of your Retinue, Madam.

L. *Bet.* Not at all, my Lord, he has only made room for another: One must sometimes make Vacancies, or there could be no Preferments.

L. *Easy.* Ha! ha! Ladies Favours, my Lord, like Places at Court, are not always held for Life, you know.

L. *Bet.* No, indeed! if they were, the poor fine Women wou'd be always us'd like their Wives, and no more minded than the Business of the Nation.

L. *Easy.* Have a care, Madam, an undeserving Favourite has been the Ruin of many a Prince's Empire.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! Upon my Soul, Lady *Betty*, we must grow more discreet; for positively if we go on at this rate, we shall have the World throw you under the Scandal of Constancy; and I shall have all the Swords of Condition at my Throat for a Monopolist.

L. *Mor.* O! there's no great fear of that, my Lord, tho' the Men of Sense give it over, there will be always some idle Fellows vain enough to believe their Merit may succeed as well as your Lordship's.

L. *Bet.* Or if they shou'd not, My Lord, Cast-Lovers you know, need not fear being long out of Employment, while there are so many well-disposed People in the World——There are generally neglected Wives, Stale
C 3 Maids

Maids, or Charitable Widows always ready to relieve the Necessities of a disappointed Passion—— and, by the way, Hark you, Sir *Charles*.

L. Mor. [*Aside*] So! she's stirr'd I see; for all her Pains to hide it—— she wou'd hardly have glanc'd an Affront at a Woman she was not piqued at.

L. Grav. [*Aside.*] That Wit was thrown at me, I suppose; but I'll return it.

L. Bet. [*Softly to Sir Charles*] Pray, how come you all this while to trust your Mistress so easily?

Sir Char. One is not so apt, Madam, to be alarm'd at the Liberties of an old Acquaintance, as perhaps your Ladyship ought to be at the Resentment of an hard-us'd, honourable Lover.

L. Bet. Suppose I were alarm'd, how does that make you easy?

Sir Char. Come, come, be wise at last; my trusting them together, may easily convince you, that (as I told you before) I know his Addresses to her are only outward, and 'twill be your Fault now, if you let him go on 'till the World thinks him in earnest; and a Thousand busy Tongues are set upon malicious inquiries into your Reputation.

L. Bet. Why, Sir *Charles*, do you suppose, while he behaves himself as he does, that I won't convince him of my Indifference?

Sir Char. But hear me, Madam——

L. Grav. [*Aside.*] The Air of that Whisper looks as if the Lady had a Mind to be making her Peace again; and 'tis possible, his Worship's being so busy in the Matter too, may proceed as much from his Jealousy of my Lord with me, as Friendship to her, at least I fancy so; therefore I'm resolv'd to keep her still piqued and prevent it, tho' it be only to gall him. —— Sir *Charles*, that is not fair to take a Privilege you just now declar'd against in my Lord *Foppington*.

L. Mor. Well observ'd, Madam.

L. Grav. Beside, it looks so affected to whisper, when every body guesses the Secret.

L. Mor. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet.

L. *Bet.* O! Madam, your Pardon in particular: But 'tis possible you may be mistaken: The Secrets of People that have any Regard to their Actions, are not so soon guess'd, as theirs that have made a Confident of the whole Town.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Grav.* A *Coquette* in her affected Airs of Disdain to a revolted Lover, I'm afraid must exceed your Ladyship in Prudence, not to let the World see at the same time, she'd give her Eyes to make her Peace with him: Ha! ha!

L. *Mor.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* 'Twould be a Mortification indeed if it were in the Power of a fading Widow's Charms to prevent it; and the Man must be miserably reduc'd sure, that cou'd bear to live burried in Wollen, or take up with the Motherly Comforts of a Swan-skin Petticoat. Ha! ha!

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Grav.* Widows, it seems, are not so squeamish to their Interest, they know their own Minds, and take the Man they like, tho' it happens to be one, that a forward vain Girl has disoblig'd, and is pining to be Friends with.

L. *Mor.* Nay, tho' it happens to be one, that confesses he once was fond of a Piece of Folly, and afterwards ashamed on't.

L. *Bet.* Nay, my Lord, there's no standing against two of you.

L. *Fop.* No, Faith, that's odds at Tennis, my Lord: Not but if your Ladyship pleases, I'll endeavour to keep your Back-hand a little: Tho' upon my Soul you may safely set me up at the Line: For, knock me down, if ever I saw a Rest of Wit better play'd, than that last, in my Life——What say you, Madam, shall we engage?

L. *Bet.* As you please, my Lord.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! *Allons! Tout de Bons Jours milor.*

L. *Mor.* O pardon me, Sir, I shall never think myself in any thing a Match for the Lady.

L. *Fop.* To you, Madam.

L. *Bet.* That's much, my Lord, when the World knows you have been so many Years teasing me to play the Fool with you.

L. *Fop.* Ah! *Bien Joue*, Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mor.* At that Game, I confess your Ladyship has chosen a much properer Person to improve your Hand with.

L. *Fop.* To me, Madam——My Lord, I presume whoever the Lady thinks fit to play the Fool with, will at least be able to give as much Envy as the wise Person that had not Wit enough to keep well with her when he was so.

L. *Grav.* O! my Lord! Both Parties must needs be greatly happy; for I dare swear, neither will have any Rivals to disturb 'em.

L. *Mor.* Ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* None that will disturb 'em, I dare swear.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mor.*

L. *Grav.* } Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.*

Sir *Char.* I don't know, Gentlefolks——but you are all in extreme good Humour, methinks, I hope there's none of it affected.

L. *Easy.* I shou'd be loth to answer for any but my Lord *Foppington*. [Aside.]

L. *Bet.* Mine is not, I'll swear.

L. *Mor.* Nor mine, I'm sure.

L. *Grav.* Mine's sincere, depend upon't.

L. *Fop.* And may the eternal Frowns of the whole Sex doubly demme, if mine is not.

L. *Easy.* Well, good People, I am mighty glad to hear it. You have all perform'd extremely well: But if you please, you shall ev'n give over your Wit now, while it is well.

L. *Bet.* [To herself] Now I see his Humour, I'll stand it out, if I were sure to die for't.

Sir *Char.* You shou'd not have proceeded so far with my Lord *Foppington*, after what I had told you. [Aside to L. *Bet.*

L. *Bet.*

L. *Bet.* Pray, Sir *Charles*, give me leave to understand myself a little.

Sir *Char.* Your pardon, Madam, I thought a right Understanding wou'd have been for both your Interests and Reputation.

L. *Bet.* For his perhaps.

Sir *Char.* Nay then, Madam, it's time for me to take care of my Friend.

L. *Bet.* I never in the least doubted your Friendship to him in any thing that was to shew yourself my Enemy.

Sir *Char.* Since I see, Madam, you have so ungrateful a Sense of my Lord *Morelove's* Merit, and my Service, I shall never be ashamed of using my Power henceforth to keep him entirely out of your Ladyship's.

L. *Bet.* Was ever any thing so insolent! I could find in my Heart to run the Hazard of a downright Compliance, if it were only to convince him, that my Power, perhaps, is not inferior to his. [To herself.]

L. *Easy.* My Lord *Foppington*, I think you generally lead the Company upon these Occasions. Pray will you think of some prettier sort of Diversion for us, than Parties and Whispers?

L. *Fop.* What say you, Ladies, shall we step and see what's done at the Basset-table?

L. *Bet.* With all my Heart; Lady *Easy*——

L. *Easy.* I think 'tis the best thing we can do, and because we won't part to Night, you shall all Sup where you Din'd—What say you, my Lord?

L. *Mor.* Your Ladyship may be sure of me, Madam.

L. *Fop.* Ay! ay! we'll all come.

L. *Easy.* Then pray let's change Parties a little. My Lord *Foppington*, you shall squire me.

L. *Fop.* O! you do me Honour, Madam.

L. *Bet.* My Lord *Morelove*, pray let me speak with you?

L. *Mor.* Me, Madam?

L. *Bet.* If you please, my Lord.

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L. Mor. Ha! That Look shot through me! what can this mean? [Aside]

L. Bet. This is no proper Place to tell you what it is, but there is one thing I'd fain be truly answer'd in: I suppose you'll be at my Lady *Easy's* by and by, and if you'll give me leave there——

L. Mor. If you please to do me that Honour, Madam, I shall certainly be there.

L. Bet. That's all, my Lord.

L. Mor. Is not your Ladyship for walking?

L. Bet. If your Lordship dares venture with me.

L. Mor. O! Madam! [Taking her hand.] How my Heart dances, what heav'nly Musick's in her Voice, when softned into Kindness. [Aside]

L. Bet. Ha! his Hand trembles—Sir Charles may be mistaken.

L. Fop. My Lady *Graveairs*, you won't let Sir Charles leave us?

L. Grav. No, my Lord, we'll follow you—— stay a little. [To Sir Charles.]

Sir Char. I thought your Ladyship design'd to follow 'em.

L. Grav. Perhaps I'd speak with you.

Sir Char. But, Madam, consider, we shall certainly be observ'd.

L. Grav. Lord Sir! If you think it such a Favour.

Sir Char. Is she gone! let her go, &c. [Exit hastily]

[Exit singing]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE continues.

Enter Sir Charles, and Lord Morelove

Sir Char. COME a little this way—— my Lady *Graveairs* had an Eye upon me as I stole off, and I'm apprehensive will make use of any Opportunity to talk with me.

L. Mor.

L. Mor. O! we are petty safe here——well: you were speaking of Lady Betty.

Sir Char. Ay, my Lord—I say, notwithstanding all this sudden Change of her Behaviour, I wou'd not have you yet be too secure of her: For, between you and I, since, I told you, I have profess'd myself an open Enemy to her Power with you, 'tis not impossible but this new Air of good Humour may very much proceed from a little Woman's Pride, of convincing me you are not yet out of her Power.

L. Mor. Not unlikely. But still, can we make no advantage of it?

Sir Char. That's what I have been thinking of——look you—Death! my Lady Graveairs!

L. Mor. Ha! She will have Audience, I find.

Sir Char. There's no avoiding her—the Truth is, I have ow'd her a little Good-nature a great while—I see there is but one way of getting rid of her—I must ev'n appoint her a Day of Payment at last. If you'll step into my Lodgings, my Lord, I'll just give her an Answer, and be with you in a Moment.

L. Mor. Very well, I'll stay there for you.

[Exit L. Morelove.

Enter Lady Graveairs on the other Side.

L. Grav. Sir Charles!

Sir. Char. Come, come, no more of these reproachful Look's; you'll find, Madam, I have deserv'd better of you than your Jealousy imagines——Is it a fault to be tender of your Reputation?——fy, fy——This may be a proper time to talk, and of my contriving too—you see I just now shook off my Lord Morelove on purpose.

L. Grav. May I believe you?

Sir Char. Still doubting my Fidelity, and mistaking my Discretion for want of Good-nature.

L. Grav. Don't think me troublesome——For I confess 'tis Death to think of parting with you: Since the World sees, for you I have neglected Friends and Reputation, have stood the little Insults of disdainful Prudes, that envy'd me perhaps your Friendship; have borne the freezing
Looks

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Looks of near and general Acquaintance ——— Since this is so ——— don't let 'em ridicule me too, and say my foolish Vanity undid me; don't let 'em point at me as a cast Mistress.

Sir Char. You wrong me to suppose the Thought; you'll have better of me when we meet: when shall you be at leisure?

L. Grav. I confess, I would see you once again; if what I have more to say prove ineffectual, perhaps it may convince me then, 'tis my Interest to part with you ——— Can you come to Night?

Sir Char. You know we have Company, and I'm afraid they'll stay too late ——— Can't it be before Supper? ——— What's o'clock now?

L. Grav. It's almost Six.

Sir Char. At seven then be sure of me, 'till when I'd have you go back to the Ladies to avoid Suspicion, and about that time have the Vapours.

L. Grav. May I depend upon you? [Exit.

Sir Char. Depend on every thing ——— A very troublesome Business this ——— send me once fairly rid on't — if ever I'm caught in an *Honourable* Affair again! ——— A Debt now that a little ready Civility, and away, would satisfy, a Man might bear with; but to have a Rent-Charge upon one's Good-nature, with an unconscionable long Scroll of Arrears too, that would eat out the Profits of the best Estate in Christendom ——— ah ——— intolerable! Well! I'll ev'n to my Lord, and shake off the Thoughts on't. [Exit.

The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

Enter Sir Charles, and Lord Morelove

L. Mor. **C***Charles!* you have transported me! you have made my Part in the Scene so very easy too, 'tis impossible I should fail in it.

Sir Char. That's what I consider'd; for now the more
you

you throw yourself into her Power, the more I shall be able to force her into yours.

L. Mor. After all (begging the Ladies Pardon) your fine Women, like Bullies, are only stout when they know their Men: a Man of an honest Courage may fright 'em into any thing! Well, I am fully instructed, and will about it instantly—Won't you go along with me?

Sir Char. That may not be so proper;—besides, I have a little Business upon my Hands.

L. Mor. O! your Servant, Sir——Good by to you—you shan't stir.

Sir Char. My Lord, your Servant———[*Exit. L. Mor.* So! now to dispose of myself, 'till 'tis time to think of my Lady *Graveairs*——Umph! I have no great Maw to that Business, methinks—I don't find myself in Humour enough to come up to the Civil Things that are usually expected in the making up of an old Quarrel—[*Edging crosses the Stage.*] There goes a warmer Temptation by half;——Ha! into my Wife's Bedchamber too———I question if the Jade has any great Business there!——I have a Fancy she has only a mind to be taking the Opportunity of no Body's being at home, to make her Peace with me———let me see———ay, I shall have time enough to go to her Ladyship afterwards———Besides, I want a little Sleep, I find———Your young Fops may talk of their Women of Quality——but to me now, there's a strange agreeable Convenience in a Creature one is not oblig'd to say much to upon these Occasions. [Going.

Enter Edging.

Edg. Did you call me, Sir?

Sir Char. Ha! all's Right———[*Aside*]———Yes Madam, I did call you. [Sits down.

Edg. What wou'd you please to have, Sir?

Sir Char. Have! Why, I wou'd have you grow a good Girl, and know when you are well us'd, Hussy.

Edg. Sir, I don't complain of any thing, not I.

Sir Char. Well, don't be uneasy——I am not angry with you now———Come and kiss me.

Edg. Lard, Sir!

Sir Char.

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Sir *Char.* Don't be a Fool now — come hither.

Edg. Pshaw ————— [Goes to him.]

Sir *Char.* No wry Face — so — fit down. I won't have you look grave neither, let me see you smile, you Jade you.

Edg. Ha! ha! [Laughs and blushes.]

Sir *Char.* Ah, you melting Rogue.

Edg. Come don't you be at your Tricks now — Lard! can't you sit still and talk with one! I am sure there's ten times more Love in that, and fifty times the Satisfaction, People may say what they will.

Sir *Char.* Well! now you're good, you shall have your own way — — I am going to lie down in the next Room; and, since you love a little Chat, come and throw my Night-Gown over me, and you shall talk me to sleep. [Exit Sir Charles.]

Edg. Yes, Sir — for all his way, I see he likes me still. [Exit after him.]

The SCENE changes to the Terrace.

Enter Lady Betty, Lady Easy, and Lord Morelove.

L. *Mor.* **N**A Y, Madam, there you are too severe upon him; for bating now and then a little Vanity, my Lord *Foppington* does not want Wit sometimes to make him a very tolerable Woman's Man.

L. *Bet.* But such eternal Vanity grows tiresome.

L. *Easy.* Come, if he were not so loose in his Morals, Vanity methinks might be easily excus'd, considering how much 'tis in fashion: For pray observe what's half the Conversation of most of the fine young People about Town, but a perpetual Affectation of appearing foremost in the Knowledge of Manners, new Modes, and Scandal? and in that I don't see any Body comes up to him.

L. *Mor.* Nor I indeed — and here he comes — Pray, Madam, let's have a little more of him; no body shews him to more Advantage than your Ladyship.

L. *Betty*

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L. *Bet.* Nay, with all my Heart; you'll second me, my Lord.

L. *Mor.* Upon Occasion, Madam——

L. *Easy.* Engaging upon Parties, my Lord?

[*Aside and smiling to L. Mor.*

Enter Lord Foppington.

L. *Fop.* So, Ladies! what's the Affair now?

L. *Bet.* Why you were, my Lord! I was allowing you a great many good Qualities, but Lady *Easy* says you are a perfect Hypocrite: and that whatever Airs you give yourself to the Women, she's confident you value no Woman in the World equal to your own Lady.

L. *Fop.* You see, Madam, how I am scandaliz'd upon your Account. But it's so natural for a Prude to be malicious, when a Man endeavours to be well with any Body but herself; did you never observe she was piqu'd at that before? Ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* I'll swear you are a provoking Creature.

L. *Fop.* Let's be more familiar upon't, and give her Disorder! Ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Fop.* Stap my Breath, but Lady *Easy* is an admirable Discoverer——Mariage is indeed a prodigious Security of one's Inclination: A Man's likely to take a World of Pains in an Employment, where he can't be turn'd out for his Idleness.

L. *Bet.* I vow, my Lord, that's vastly generous to all the fine Women, you are for giving them a Despotick Power in Love, I see, to reward and punish as they think fit.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! Right, Madam, what signifies Beauty without Power? And a fine Woman when she's married makes as a ridiculous a Figure, as a beaten General marching out of a Garrison.

L. *Easy.* I'm afraid, Lady *Betty*, the greatest Danger in your Use of Power, would be from a too heedless Liberality: you would more mind the Man than his Merit.

L. *Fop.* Piqued again, by all that's fretful——Well, certainly to give Envy is a Pleasure inexpressible.

[*To Lady Betty.*

L. *Bet.*

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L. *Bet.* Ha! ha!

L. *Easy.* Does not she show him well, my Lord?

[*Aside to L. Mor.*

L. *Mor.* Perfectly, and me to myself — For now I almost blush to think I ever was uneasy at him.

[*To Lady Easy.*

L. *Fop.* Lady *Easy*, I ask ten thousand Pardons, I'm afraid I am rude all this while.

L. *Easy.* O not at all, my Lord, you are always good Company, when you please: not but in some things, indeed, you are apt to be like other fine gentlemen, a little too loose in your Principles.

L. *Fop.* O, Madam, never to the Offence of the Ladies, I agree in any Community with them! no body is a more constant Churchman, when the fine Women are there.

L. *Easy.* O fy, my Lord, you ought not to go for their sakes at all. And I wonder, you that are for being such a good Husband of your Virtues, are not afraid of bringing your Prudence into a Lampoon or a Play.

L. *Bet.* Lampoons and Plays, Madam, are only things to be laugh'd at.

L. *Fop.* Odso! Ladies, the Court's coming home, I see, shall not we make our Bows?

L. *Bet.* O! by all means.

L. *Easy.* Lady *Betty*, I must leave you: For I'm oblig'd to write Letters, and I know you won't give me Time after Supper.

L. *Bet.* Well, my Dear, I'll make a short Visit and be with you.

[*Exit Lady Easy.*

Pray what's become of my Lady *Graveairs*?

L. *Mor.* Oh, I believe she's gone home, Madam, she seem'd not to be very well.

L. *Fop.* And where's Sir *Charles*, my Lord?

L. *Mor.* I left him at his own Lodgings.

L. *Bet.* He's upon some Ramble, I'm afraid.

L. *Fop.* Nay, as for that matter, a Man may ramble at home sometimes — But here come the Chaises, we must make a little more haste, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Easy, and a Servant.

L. Easy. **I**S your Master come home?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

L. Easy. Where is he?

Serv. I believe, Madam, he's laid down to sleep.

L. Easy. Where's Edging? Bid her get me some Wax and Paper — stay, it's no matter, now I think on it — there's some above upon my Toilet. *[Exeunt severally.]*

The SCENE opens and discovers Sir Charles without his Periwig, and Edging by him, both asleep in two easy Chairs.

Then Enter Lady Easy, who starts and trembles, some time unable to speak.

L. Easy. **H**A!

Protect me, Virtue, Patience, Reason!

Teach me to bear this killing Sight, or let

Me think my dreaming Senses are deceiv'd!

For sure a Sight like this, might raise the Arm

Of Duty, ev'n to the Breast of Love! At least

I'll throw this Vizer of my Patience off:

Now wake him in his Guilt,

And barefac'd front him with my Wrongs.

I'll talk to him till he blushes, nay till he —

Frowns on me, perhaps — and then

I'm lost again — The Ease of a few Tears

Is all that's left to me —

And Duty too forbids me to insult,

When I have vow'd Obedience — Perhaps

The Fault's in me, and Nature has not form'd

Me with the Thousand little Requisites

That warm the Heart to Love —

Somewhere

Somewhere there is a Fault——

But Heav'n best knows what both of us deserve :

Ha ! Bare-headed, and in so sound a Sleep !

Who knows, while thus expos'd to th' unwholsome Air,

But Heav'n offended may o'ertake his Crime,

And, in some languishing Distemper, leave him

A severe Example of its violated Laws——

Forbid it Mercy, and forbid it Love.

This may prevent it.

[Takes a Steinkirk off her Neck, and lays it gently on his Head.]

And if he shou'd wake offended at my too busy Care, let my heart-breaking Patience, Duty, and my fond Affection plead my Pardon. *[Exit.]*

[After she has been out some Time, a Bell rings ; Edging wakes and stirs Sir Charles.]

Edg. Oh !

Sir Char. How now ! what's the matter ?

Edg. O ! Bless my Soul, my Lady's come home.

Sir Char. Go, go then. *[Bell rings.]*

Edg. O lud ! My Heads in such a Condition too. *[Runs to the Glass]* I am coming, Madam — O lud ! here's no Powder neither —— Here, Madam. *[Exit.]*

Sir Char. How now ? *[Feeling the Steinkirk upon his Head.]* What's this ? How came it here ? *[Puts on his Wig.]* Did not I see my Wife wear this to Day ? —— Death ! she can't have been here, sure——It could not be Jealousy that brought her home —— for my coming was accidental —— so too, I fear, might hers. —— How careless have I been ? —— not so secure the Door neither —— —'Twas foolish —— It must be so ! She certainly has seen me here sleeping with her Woman : —— If so, how low an Hypocrite to her must that Sight have prov'd me ? —— The Thought has made me despicable ev'n to myself —— Now I reflect, this has not been the first of her Discoveries —— How contemptible a Figure must I have made to her ? —— A Crowd of recollected Circumstances confirms me now, she has been long acquainted with my Follies, and yet with what amazing Prudence has she borne the secret Pangs of injur'd

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jur'd Love, and wore an everlasting Smile to me? This asks a little Thinking — something should be done — I'll see her instantly, and be resolv'd from her Behaviour.

[Exit.

The SCENE changes to another Room.

Enter Lady Easy, and Edging.

L. Easy. **W**HERE have you been, Edging?
Edg. Been, Madam! I—I—I—I came as soon as I hard you ring, Madam.

L. Easy. How Guilt confounds her! but she's below my Thought—Fetch my last new Scarf hither—I have a mind to alter it a little — make haste.

Edg. Yes, Madam, ————— I see she does not suspect any thing. [Exit.

L. Easy. Heigh ho! [Sitting down.] I had forgot—but I'm unfit for writing now——'Twas an hard Conflict——yet it's a Joy to think it over: A secret Pride, to tell my Heart my Conduct has been just — How low are vicious Minds that offer Injuries, how much superior Innocence that bears 'em—Still there's a Pleasure ev'n in the Melancholy of a quiet Conscience—Away my Fears, it is not yet impossible———for while his Human Nature is not quite shook off, I ought not to despair.

Re-enter Edging with a Scarf.

Edg. Here's the Scarf, Madam.

L. Easy. So, sit down there—and, let me see — here — Rip off all that Silver.

Edg. Indeed, I always thought it would become your Ladyship better without it—But now suppose, Madam, you carry'd another Row of Gold round the Scollops, and then you take and lay this Silver plain all along the Gathers, and your Ladyship will perfectly see, it will give the Thing ten Thousand Times another Air.

L. Easy. Pry'thee don't be impertinent, do as I bid you.

Edg.

Edg. Nay, Madam, with all my Heart, your Ladyship may do as you please.

L. Easy. This Creature grows so confident, and I dare not part with her, lest he should think it Jealousy. [*Aside.*

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Char. So, my Dear! What, at work! how are you employ'd, pray?

L. Easy. I was thinking to alter this Scarf, here.

Sir Char. What's amiss? methinks it's very pretty.

Edg. Yes, Sir, it's pretty enough for that matter, but my Lady has a mind it should be proper too.

Sir Char. Indeed!

L. Easy. I fancy plain Gold and black would become me better.

Sir Char. That's a grave Thought, my Dear.

Edg. O dear Sir, not at all, my Lady's much in the Right; I am sure, as it is, it's fit for nothing but a Girl.

Sir Char. Leave the Room.

Edg. Lord, Sir! I can't stir—I must stay to—

Sir Char. Go— [*Angrily.*

Edg. [*Throwing down the Work hastily, and crying, aside.*] If ever I speak to him again, I'll be burn'd.

[*Exit Edging.*

Sir Char. Sit still, my Dear,—I came to talk with you—and which you well may wonder at, what I have to say is of Importance too, but 'tis in order to my hereafter always talking kindly to you.

L. Easy. Your Words were never disobliging, nor can I charge you with a Look that ever had the Appearance of unkind.

Sir Char. The perpetual Spring of your good Humour, lets me draw no Merit from what I have appear'd to be, which makes me curious now to know your Thoughts of what I really am: And never having ask'd you this before, it puzzles me; nor can I (my strange Negligence consider'd) reconcile to Reason, your first Thoughts of venturing upon Marriage with me.

L. Easy. I never thought it such a Hazard.

Sir Char. How cou'd a Woman of your Restraint in Principles, Sedateness, Sense, and tender Disposition, propose

pose to lead an happy Life with one (now I reflect) that hardly took an Hour's Pains, ev'n before Marriage, to appear but what I am: A loose unheeded Wretch, absent in all I do, civil, and as often rude without Design, unseasonably thoughtful, easy to a fault, and in my best of Praise, but carelessly good-natur'd? How shall I reconcile your Temper with having made so strange a Choice?

L. Easy. Your own Words may answer you——Your having never seem'd to be, but what you really were; and thro' that Carelessness of Temper there still shone forth to me an undefining Honesty, I always doubted of in smoother Faces: Thus while I saw you took least pains to win me, you pleas'd and woo'd me most: Nay, I have thought, that such a Temper could never be deliberately unkind: Or, at the worst, I knew that Errors from want of Thinking might be borne; at least, when probably one Moment's serious Thought would end 'em: These were my worst of Fears, and these, when weigh'd by growing Love against my solid Hopes, were nothing.

Sir Char. My Dear, your Understanding startles me, and justly calls my own in question: I blush to think I've worn so bright a Jewel in my Bosom, and till this Hour, have scarce been curious once to look upon its Lustre.

L. Easy. You set too high a Value on the common Qualities of an easy Wife.

Sir Char. Virtues, like Benefits, are double, when conceal'd: And I confess, I yet suspect you of an higher Value far, than I have spoke you.

L. Easy. I understand you not.

Sir Char. I'll speak more plainly to you—be free and tell me——Where did you leave this handkerchief?

L. Easy. Ha!

Sir Char. What is't you start at? You hear the Question?

L. Easy. What shall I say? my Fears confound me.

Sir Char. Be not concerned, my Dear, be easy in the Truth, and tell me.

L. Easy. I cannot speak—and I could wish you'd not oblige me to it——'tis the only Thing I ever yet refus'd

fus'd you — and tho' I want Reason for my Will, let me not answer you.

Sir Char. Your Will then be a Reason, and since I see you are so generously tender of reproaching me, 'tis fit I shou'd be easy in my Gratitude, and make what ought to be my Shame, my Joy; let me be therefore pleas'd to tell you now, your wondrous Conduct has wak'd me to a Sense of your Disquiet past, and Resolution never to disturb it more——And (not that I offer it as a Merit, but yet in blind Compliance to my Will) let me beg you would immediately discharge your Woman.

L. Easy. Alas! I think not of her—O, my Dear, distract me not with this Excess of Goodness. [Weeping.]

Sir Char. Nay, praise me not, lest I reflect how little I have deserv'd it—I see you're in Pain to give me this Confusion——Come, I will not shock your Softness by my untimely Blush for what is past, but rather sooth you to a Pleasure at my Sense of Joy, for my recover'd Happiness to come. Give then to my new-born Love, what Name you please, it cannot, shall not be too kind: O! it cannot be too soft for what my Soul swells up with Emulation to deserve——Receive me then entire at last, and take what yet no Woman ever truly had, my conquer'd Heart.

L. Easy. O the soft Treasure! O the dear Reward of long-desiring Love——Now I am blest indeed to see you kind without the Expence of pain in being so, to make you mine with Easiness: Thus! thus to have you mine is something more than Happiness, 'tis double Life, and Madness of abounding Joy. But 'twas a Pain intolerable to give you a Confusion.

Sir Char. O thou engaging Virtue! But I'm too slow in doing Justice to thy Love: I know thy Softness will refuse me; but remember I insist upon it——let thy Woman be discharg'd this minute.

L. Easy. No, my Dear, think me not so low in Faith, to fear that after what you've said, 'twill ever be in her Power to do me future Injury: When I can conveniently provide for her, I'll think on't: But to discharge her now, might let her guess at the Occasion; and methinks I
wou'd

wou'd have our Difference, like our Endearments, be equally a Secret to our Servants.

Sir *Char.* Still my superior every way——be it as you have better thought——Well, my Dear, now I'll confess a Thing that was not in your Power to accuse me of; to be short, I own this Creature is not the only one I have been to blame with.

L. *Easy.* I know she is not, and was always less concern'd to find it so, for Constancy in Errors might have been fatal to me.

Sir *Char.* What is't you know, my Dear? [*Surpris'd.*

L. *Easy.* Come, I am not afraid to accuse you now——my Lady *Graveairs*.——Your Carelessness, my Dear, let all the World know it, and it would have been hard indeed, had it been only to me a Secret.

Sir *Char.* My Dear, I'll ask no more Questions, for fear of being more ridiculous; I do confess, I thought my Discretion there had been a Master-piece——How contemptible must I have look'd all this while?

L. *Easy.* You shan't say so.

Sir *Char.* Well, to let you see I had some Shame, as well as Nature in me, I had writ this to my Lady *Graveairs* upon my first discovering that you knew I had wrong'd you: Read it.

L. *Easy.* [*Reads.*] “Something has happen'd, that prevents the Visit I intended you; and I could gladly wish, you never wou'd reproach me if I tell you, 'tis utterly inconvenient that I should ever see you more.

This indeed was more than I had merited.

Enter a Servant.

Sir *Char.* Who's there? Here ————Step with this to my Lady *Graveairs*.

[*Seals the Letter, and gives it to the Servant.*

Serv. Yes, Sir——Madam, my Lady Betty's come.

L. *Easy.* I'll wait on her.

Sir *Char.* My Dear, I'm thinking there may be other Things my Negligence may have wrong'd you in: Is there any Part or Circumstance in your Fortune that I can change or yet make easier to you?

L. *Easy.*

L. Easy, None, my Dear, your Good-nature never stinted me in that; and now, methinks, I have less Occasion there than ever.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Morelove*'s come.

Sir Char. I am coming——I think I told you of the Design we had laid against Lady *Betty*.

L. Easy. You did, and I shou'd be pleas'd to be myself concern'd in it.

Sir Char. I believe we may employ you: I know he waits for me with Impatience. But, my Dear, won't you think me tasteless to the Joy you've given me, to suffer at this Time any Concern but you t'employ my Thoughts?

L. Easy. Seasons must be obey'd; and since I know your Friend's Happiness depending, I cou'd not taste my own, shou'd you neglect it.

Sir Char. Thou easy Sweetness——O! what a Waste on thy neglected Love, has my unthinking Brain committed? But Time and future Thrift of Tendernefs shall yet repair it all. The Hours will come when this soft gliding Stream that swells my Heart, uninterrupted shall renew its Course——

And like the Ocean after Ebb, shall move
With constant Force of due returning Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE changes to another Room.

And then Re-enter Lady Easy and Lady Betty.

L. Bet. **Y**ou've been in Tears, my Dear, and yet you look pleas'd too.

L. Easy. You'll pardon me, if I can't let you into Circumstances: But be satisfied, *Sir Charles* has made me happy, ev'n to a Pain of Joy.

L. Bet. Indeed I'm truly glad of it, tho' I am sorry to find that any one who has Generosity enough to do you Justice, shou'd unprovok'd be so great an Enemy to me.

L. Easy.

L. Easy. Sir Charles your Enemy!

L. Bet. My Dear, you'll pardon me if I always thought him so, but now I am convinc'd of it.

L. Easy. In what pray? I can't think you'll find him so.

L. Bet. O! Madam, it has been his whole Business of late to make an utter Breach between my Lord Morelove and me.

L. Easy. That may be owing to your Usage of my Lord: perhaps he thought it would not disoblige you; I am confident you are mistaken in him.

L. Bet. O! I don't use to be out in Things of this Nature, I can see well enough: But I shall be able to tell you more when I have talk'd with my Lord.

L. Easy. Here he comes; and because you shall talk with him——No Excuses——for positively I will leave you together.

L. Bet. Indeed, my Dear, I desire you will stay then; for I know you think now, that I have a Mind to——
to——

L. Easy. To——to——ha! ha! ha!

[Going.]

L. Bet. Well! remember this.

Enter Lord Morelove.

L. Mor. I hope I don't fright you away, Madam?

L. Easy. Not at all, my Lord; but I must beg your Pardon for a Moment; I'll wait upon you immediately.

[Exit.]

L. Bet. My Lady *Easy* gone?

L. Mor. Perhaps, Madam, in Friendship to you; she thinks I may have deserv'd the Coldness you of late have shewn me, and was willing to give you this Opportunity to convince me, you have not done it without just Grounds and Reason.

L. Bet. How handsomely does he reproach me? But I can't bear that he should think I know it——[Aside.] My Lord, whatever has pass'd between you and me, I dare swear that could not be her Thoughts at this Time: For when two People have appear'd profess'd Enemies,
D she

she can't but think one will as little care to give, as t'other to receive a Justification of their Actions.

L. Mor. Passion indeed often does repeated Injuries on both Sides, but I don't remember in my Heat of Error I ever yet profess'd myself your Enemy.

L. Bet. My Lord, I shall be very free with you——I confess I do think now I have not a greater Enemy in the World.

L. Mor. If having long loved you, to my own Disquiet, be injurious, I am contented then to stand the foremost of your Enemies.

L. Bet. O! my Lord, there's no great Fear of your being my Enemy that way, I dare say——

L. Mor. There's no other Way my Heart can bear to offend you now, and I foresee in that it will persist to my Undoing.

L. Bet. Fy, fy, my Lord, we know where your Heart is well enough.

L. Mor. My Conduct has indeed deserv'd this Scorn, and therefore 'tis but just I should submit to your Resentment, and beg (tho' I'm assur'd in vain) for Pardon.

[*Kneels.*]

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Char. How, my Lord!

[*L. Mor. rises.*]

L. Bet. Ha! He here? This was unlucky.

[*Aside.*]

L. Mor. O pity my Confusion!

To L. Betty.

Sir Char. I am sorry to see you can so soon forget yourself: methinks the Insult you have borne from that Lady, by this Time, shou'd have warn'd you into a Disgust of her regardless Principles.

L. Mor. Hold, *Sir Charles!* While you and I are Friends, I desire you would speak with Honour of this Lady—'Tis sufficient I have no Complaint against her, and——

L. Bet. My Lord, I beg you wou'd resent this thing no farther: An Injury like this, is better punish'd with our Contempt; apparent Malice shou'd only be laugh'd at.

Sir Char. Ha! ha! the old Recourse. Offers of any Hopes to delude him from his Resentment; and then you are sure to keep your Word with him.

L. Bet. *Sir Charles*, to let you know how far I am above your little Spleen, my Lord, your Hand from this Hour—

Sir Char. Pshaw! pshaw! All Design! all Pique! meer Artifice, and disappointed Woman.

L. Bet. Look you, Sir, not that I doubt my Lord's Opinion of me; yet—

Sir Char. Look you, Madam, in short, your Word has been too often taken, to let you make up Quarrels, as you used to do, with a soft Look, and a fair Promise you never intended to keep.

L. Bet. Was ever such an Insolence? he won't give me leave to speak.

L. Mor. *Sir Charles!*

L. Bet. No pray, my Lord, have Patience; and since his Malice seems to grow particular, I dare his worst, and urge him to the Proof on't: Pray, Sir, wherein can you charge me with Breach of Promise to my Lord?

Sir Char. Death, you won't deny it? How often, to piece up a Quarrel, have you appointed him to visit you alone; and tho' you have promis'd to see no other Company the whole Day, when he was come, he has found you among the Laugh of noisy Fops, Coquets, and Coxcombs, dissolutely gay, while your full Eyes ran o'er with Transport of their Flattery, and your own vain Power of pleasing? How often, I say, have you been known to throw away, at least, four Hours of your good Humour upon such Wretches; and the Minute they were gone, grew only dull to him, sunk into a distasteful Spleen, complain'd you had talk'd yourself into the Head-ach, and then indulg'd upon the dear Delight of seeing him in Pain: And by that time you had stretch'd, and gap'd him heartily out of Patience, of a sudden most importantly remember you had out-sat your Appointment with my Lady *Fiddle-faddle*; and immediately order your Coach to the Park.

L. *Bet.* Yet, Sir, have you done?

Sir *Char.* No——tho' this might serve to shew the Nature of your Principles: But the noble Conquest you have gain'd at last over defeated Sense of Reputation too, has made your Fame immortal.

L. *Mor.* How, Sir?

L. *Bet.* My Reputation?

Sir *Char.* Ay, Madam, your Reputation—my Lord, if I advance a Falshood, then resent it——I say, your Reputation——'t has been your Life's whole Pride of late to be the common Toast of every publick Table, vain even in the infamous Addresses of a married Man, my Lord *Foppington*; let that be reconcil'd with Reputation, I'll now shake Hands with Shame, and bow me to the low Contempt which you deserve from him; not but I suppose you'll yet endeavour to recover him. Now you find ill Usage in danger of losing your Conquest, 'tis possible you'll stop at nothing to preserve it.

L. *Bet.* Sir *Charles*——

[*Walks disordered, and he after her.*]

Sir *Char.* I know your Vanity is so voracious, 'twill ev'n wound itself to feed itself; offer him a Blank, perhaps to fill up with Hopes of what Nature he pleases, and part even with your Pride to keep him.

L. *Bet.* Sir *Charles*, I have not deserv'd this of you.

[*Bursting into Tears.*]

Sir *Char.* Ah! True Woman, drop him a soft dissembling Tear, and then his just Resentment must be hush'd of Course.

L. *Mor.* O *Charles*! I can bear no more, those Tears are too reproaching.

Sir *Char.* Hift, for your Life! [*Aside and then aloud.*]
My Lord, if you believe her, you're undone; the very next Sight of my Lord *Foppington*, would make her yet forswear all that she can promise.

L. *Bet.* My Lord *Foppington*! Is that the mighty Crime that must condemn me then? You know I us'd him but as a Tool of my Resentment, which you yourself, by a pretended Friendship to us both, most artfully provok'd me to——

L. *Mor.*

L. *Mr.* Hold, I conjure you, Madam, I want not this Conviction.

L. *Bet.* Send for him this Minute, and you and he shall both be Witnesses of the Contempt and Detestation I have for any forward Hopes his Vanity may have given him, or your Malice would insinuate.

Sir *Char.* Death! you would as soon eat Fire, as soon part with your Luxurious Taste of Bolly, as dare to own the half of this before his Face, or any one, that would make you blush to deny it to—Here comes my Wife, now we shall see——Ha! and my Lord *Foppington* with her——Now! now, we shall see this mighty Proof of your sincerity———Now! my Lord, you'll have a Warning sure, and henceforth know me for your Friend indeed———

Enter Lady Easy, and Lord Foppington.

L. *Easy.* In Tears, my Dear! what's the matter?

L. *Bet.* O, my Dear, all I told you's true; Sir *Charles* has shewn himself so inveterably my Enemy, that if I believ'd I deserv'd but half his Hate, 'twould make me hate myself.

L. *Fop.* Hark you, *Charles*, pry'thee what is this Business?

Sir *Char.* Why yours, my Lord, for ought I know—I have made such a Breach betwixt 'em——I can't promise much for the Courage of a Woman; but if hers holds, I am sure it's wide enough, you may enter ten a-breast, my Lord.

L. *Fop.* Say'st thou so, *Charles*? then I hold Six to Four I am the first Man in the Town.

L. *Easy.* Sure there must be some Mistake in this; I hope he has not made my Lord your Enemy.

L. *Bet.* I know not what he has done.

L. *Mor.* Far be that Thought! Alas! I am too much in fear myself, that what I have this Day committed, advis'd by his mistaken Friendship, may have done my Love irreparable Prejudice.

L. *Bet.* No, my Lord, since I perceive his little Arts have not prevailed upon your Good-nature to my Prejudice, I am bound in Gratitude, in Duty to myself, and to the Confession you have made, my Lord, to acknowledge now, I have been to blame too.

L. *Mor.* Ha! is't possible, can you own so much? O my transported Heart!

L. *Bet.* He says I have taken Pleasure in seeing you uneasy—I own it—but 'twas when that Uneasiness I thought proceeded from your Love; and if you did love——'twill not be much to pardon it.

L. *Mor.* O let my Soul thus bending to your Power, adore this soft descending Goodness.

L. *Bet.* And since the giddy Woman's Sights I have shewn you too often, have been publick, 'tis fit at last the Amends and Reparation shou'd be so: Therefore what I offered to Sir *Charles*, I now repeat before this Company, my utter Detestation of any past or future Gallantry, that has or shall be offer'd by me, to your Uneasiness.

L. *Mor.* O be less generous, or teach me to deserve it——Now blush, Sir *Charles*, at your injurious Accusation.

L. *Fop.* Hah! *Pardi voila quelque Chose d'Extraordinaire.*

L. *Bet.* As for my Lord *Foppington*, I owe him Thanks for having been so friendly an Instrument of our Reconciliation; for tho' in the little outward Gallantry I receiv'd from him, I did not immediately trust him with my Design in it, yet I have a better Opinion of his Understanding, than to suppose he cou'd mistake it.

L. *Fop.* I am struck dumb with the Deliberation of her Assurance; and do not positively remember, that the *Non-Clarence* of my Temper ever had so bright an Occasion to shew itself before.

L. *Bet.* My Lord, I hope you'll pardon the Freedom I have taken with you.

L. *Fop.* O, Madam, don't be under the Confusion of an Apology upon my Account; for in Cases of this Nature, I am never disappointed, but when I find a Lady of
the

the same Mind two Hours together — Madam, I have lost a thousand fine Women in my time; but never had the ill Manners to be out of Humour with any one for refusing me, since I was born.

L. *Bet.* My Lord, that's a very prudent Temper.

L. *Fop.* Madam, to convince you that I am in an universal Peace with Mankind, since you own I have so far contributed to your Happiness, give me leave to have the Honour of compleating it, by joining your Hand where you have already offer'd up your Inclination.

L. *Bet.* My Lord, that's a Favour I can't refuse you.

L. *Mor.* Generous indeed, my Lord.

[L. *Fop.* joins their hands.

L. *Fop.* And flap my Breath, if ever I was better pleas'd since my first Entrance into human Nature.

Sir *Char.* How now, my Lord! what! throw up the Cards before you have lost the Game?

L. *Fop.* Look you, *Charles*, 'tis true, I did design to have played with her alone: But he that will keep well with the Ladies, must sometimes be content to make one at a Pool with 'em: and since I know I must engage her in my Turn, I don't see any great Odds in letting him take the first Game with her.

Sir *Char.* Wisely consider'd, my Lord.

L. *Bet.* And now, Sir *Charles* —

Sir *Char.* And now, Madam, I'll save you the Trouble of a long Speech; and, in one word, confess that every Thing that I have done in regard to you this Day was purely artificial — I saw there was no way to secure you to my Lord *Morelove*, but by alarming your Pride with the Danger of losing him: And since the Success must have by this Time convinc'd you, that in Love nothing is more ridiculous than an over acted Aversion; I am sure you won't take it ill, if we at last congratulate your Good-nature, by heartily laughing at the Fright we had put you in: Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Easy.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.*

80 THE CARELESS HUSBAND.

L. *Bet.* Why——well I declare it now, I hate you worse than ever.

Sir *Char.* Ha! ha! ha! And was it afraid they wou'd take away it's Love from it———Poor Lady *Betty!* ha! ha!

L. *Easy.* My Dear, I beg your Pardon; but it's impossible not to laugh when one's so heartily pleas'd.

L. *Fop.* Really, Madam, I am afraid the Humour of the Company will draw me into your Displeasure too; but if I were to expire this Moment, my last Breath wou'd positively go out with a Laugh. Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* Nay, I have deserv'd it all, that's the Truth on't—but I hope, my Lord, you were not in this Design against me.

L. *Mor.* As a Proof, Madam, I am inclin'd never to deceive you more,—I do confess I had my share in't.

L. *Bet.* You do, my Lord——then I declare 'twas a Design, one or other——the best carried on, that ever I knew in my Life; and (to my Shame own it) for ought I know, the only thing that could have prevail'd upon my Temper: 'Twas a foolish Pride that has cost me many a bitten Lip to support it—I wish we don't both repent, my Lord.

L. *Mor.* Don't you repent without me, and we never shall.

Sir *Char.* Well, Madam, now the worst that the World can say of your past Conduct, is that my Lord had Constancy, and you have try'd it.

Sir Charles comes forward with Lady Easy.

Sir *Char.* Now, my Dear, I find my Happiness grow fast upon me; in all my past Experience of the Sex, I found, even among the better Sort, so much of Folly, Pride, Malice, Passion, an irresolute Desire, that I concluded thee but of the foremost Rank, and therefore scarce worthy my Concern; but thou hast stirr'd me with so severe a Proof of thy exalted Virtue, it gives me
Wonder

THE CARELESS HUSBAND. 81

Wonder equal to my Love———If then the unkindly
Thought of what I have been, hereafter should intrude
upon thy growing Quiet, let this Reflection teach thee to
be easy.

*Thy Wrongs when Greatest, most thy Virtue prov'd ;
And from that Virtue found, I blust'rd and truly lov'd*

Exeunt.

THE

THE EPILOGUE.

*Conquest and Freedom are at length our own,
 False Fears of Slav'ry no more are shown;
 Nor dread of paying Tribute to a foreign Throne.
 All Stations now the Fruits of Conquest share,
 Except (if small with great Things may compare)
 Th' Opprest Condition of the Lab'ring Player.
 We're still in Fears (as you of late in France)
 Of the Despotick Power of Song, and Dance:
 For while Subscription, like a Tyrant, reigns,
 Nature's neglected, and the Stage in Chains,
 And English Actors Slaves to swell the Frenchman's
 Gains.*

*Like Æsop's Crow, the poor out-witted Stage,
 That liv'd on wholesome Plays i' th' latter Age,
 Deluded once to sing, ev'n justly serv'd,
 Let fall her Cheese to the Fox Mouth, and starv'd:
 O that our Judgment, as your Courage has
 Your Fame extended, wou'd assert our Cause,
 That nothing English might submit to foreign Laws.
 If we but live to see that joyful Day,
 Then of the English Stage, reviv'd we may,
 As of your Honour now, with proper Application, say.*

*So when the Gallick Fox by Fraud of Peace,
 Had lull'd the British Lion into Ease,
 And saw that Sleep compos'd his couchant Head,
 He bids him wake, and see himself betray'd
 In Toils of treacherous Politicks around him laid:*

Sherw.

EPILOGUE.

*Shews him how one close Hour of Gallick Thought
Retook those Towns for which he Years had fought.
At this th' indignant Savage rolls his fiery Eyes,
Dauntless, tho' blushing at the base Surprise,
Pauses a while——But finds Delays are vain:
Compell'd to fight, he shakes his shaggy Mane;
He grinds his dreadful Pangs; and stalks to Blenheim's
Plain.*

*There with erected Crest, and horrid Roar,
He furious plunges on through Streams of Gore,
And dyes with false Bavarian Blood the Purple Danube's
Shore.*

*In one pulst Battle frees the destin'd Slaves;
Revives old English Honour, and an Empire saves.*

FINIS.

APPENDIX

There is a great deal of evidence to show that the
people of the South are not in the habit of
reading the Bible, and that they are not
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It is a sad state of things, and it is
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THE
Conscious LOVERS,
A
COMEDY:

Written by

Sir RICHARD STEELE,

*Illud Genus Narrationis, quod in Personis positum est, debet
habere Sermonis Festivitatem, Animorum Dissimilitudinem,
Gravitatem, Lenitatem, Spem, Metum, Suspicionem, Desi-
derium, Dissimulationem, Misericordiam, Rerum Varietates,
Fortunæ Commutationem, Insperatum Incommodum, Subitam
Lætitiā, Jucundum, Exitum Rerum.*

Cic. Rhetor. ad Herenn. Lib. 1.

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G. KEARSLEY, T. LOWNDS, and W. NICOLL.

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G. Kearsley, T. Lowndes, and W. Nicol



T O T H E
K I N G.

May it please your Majesty,

AFTER having aspired to the Highest and most Laudable Ambition, that of following the Cause of Liberty, I should not have humbly petition'd Your Majesty for a Direction of the Theatre, had I not believ'd Success in that Province an Happiness much to be wish'd by an Honest Man, and highly conducing to the Prosperity of the Commonwealth. It is in this View I lay before Your Majesty a Comedy, which the Audience, in justice to themselves, has supported and encouraged, and is the Prelude of what, by Your Majesty's Influence and Favour, may be attempted in future Representations.

The Imperial Mantle, the Royal Vestment, and the shining Diadem are what strike ordinary Minds: But your Majesty's Native Goodness, Your Passion for Justice, and her constant Assessor, Mercy, is what continually surrounds You, in the View of intelligent Spirits, and gives Hopes to the Suppliant, who sees he has more than succeeded in giving Your Majesty an Opportunity of doing Good. Our King is above the Greatness of Royalty, and every Act of His Will which makes another Man happy, has ten times more Charms in it, than one that makes Himself appear rais'd above the Condition of others; but even this carries Unhappiness with it; for Calm Dominion, Equal Grandeur and Familiar Great-

DEDICATION.

ness, do not easily affect the Imagination of the Vulgar, who cannot see Power but in Terror; and as Fear moves mean Spirits, and love prompts Great ones to obey, the Insinuations of Malecontents are directed accordingly; and the unhappy People are insnar'd from Want of Reflection, into Disrespectful Ideas of their Gracious and Amiable Sovereign; and then only begin to apprehend the Greatness of their Master, when they have incurr'd his Displeasure.

As Your Majesty was invited to the Throne of a Willing People, for their own Sakes, and has ever enjoy'd it with Contempt of the Ostentation of it, we beseech You to Protect us who revere Your Title as we love Your Person. 'Tis to be a Savage to be a Rebel, and they who have fallen from You have not so much forfeited their Allegiance, as lost their Humanity. And therefore, if it were only to preserve myself from the Imputation of being amongst the Insensible and Abandon'd, I would beg Permission in the most publick Manner possible to profess myself, with the utmost Sincerity and Zeal,

S I R E,

Your M A J E S T Y ' S

Most Devoted Subject

and Servant,

R I C H A R D S T E E L E.

The PREFACE.

THIS Comedy has been receiv'd with universal Acceptance, for it was in every Part excellently perform'd, and there needs no other Applause of the Actors, but that they excell'd according to the Dignity and Difficulty of the Character they represented. But this great Favour done to the Work in Acting, renders the Expectation still the greater from the Author, to keep up the Spirit in the Representation of the Closet, or any other Circumstance of the Reader, whether alone or in Company: To which I can only say, that it must be remember'd a Play is to be Seen, and is made to be Represented with the Advantage of Action, nor can appear but with half the Spirit, without it; for the greatest Effect of a Play in reading is to excite the Reader to go see it; and when he does so, it is then a Play has the Effect of Example and Precept.

The chief Design of this was to be an innocent Performance, and the Audience have abundantly shew'd how ready they are to support what is visibly intended that Way; nor do I make any Difficulty to acknowledge, that the whole was writ for the Sake of the Scene of the fourth Act, wherein Mr. *Bevil* evades the Quarrel with his Friend; and hope it may have some Effect upon the *Goths* and *Vandals* that frequent the Theatres, or a more polite Audience may supply their Absence.

But this Incident, and the Case of the Father and Daughter are esteem'd by some People no Subjects of Comedy but I cannot be of their Mind: for any Thing that has its Foundation in Happiness and Success, must be allow'd to be the Object of Comedy: and sure it must be an Improvement of it, to introduce a Joy too exquisite for Laughter, that can have no Spring but in Delight, which in the Case of this young Lady. I must therefore contend, that the Tears which were shed on that Occasion flow'd from Reason and good Sense, and that Men ought not to be laugh'd at for weeping, till we are come to a more clear Notion of what is to be imputed to the Hardness of the Head, and the Softness of the Heart: and I

The P R E F A C E.

think it was very politely said of Mr. *Wilks* to one who told him there was a *General* weeping for *Indiana*, I'll warrant he'll fight ne'er the worse for that. To be apt to give way to the Impressions of Humanity is the Excellence of a right Disposition, and the natural Working of a well-turn'd Spirit. But as I have suffer'd by Criticks who are got no further than to enquire whether they ought to be pleas'd or not, I would willingly find them properer Matter for their Employment, and revive here a Song which was omitted for want of a Performer, and design'd for the Entertainment of *Indiana*; Sig. *Carbonelli* instead of it play'd on the Fiddle, and it is for want of a Singer that such advantageous Things are said of an Instrument which were design'd for a Voice. The Song is the Distress of a Love-sick Maid, and may be a fit Entertainment for some small Criticks to examine whether the Passion is just, or the Distress Male or Female.

*From Place to Place forlorn I go,
With downcast Eyes a silent shade;
Forbidding to declare my Woe;
To speak, till spoken to, afraid.*

*My inward Pangs, my secret Grief,
My soft consenting Looks betray:
He loves, but gives me no Relief:
Why speaks not he who may?*

It remains to say a Word concerning *Terence*, and I am extremely surpriz'd to find what Mr. *Gibber* told me prove a Truth, that what I valued myself so much upon, the Translation of him, should be imputed to me as a Reproach. Mr. *Gibber*'s Zeal for the Work, his Care and Application in instructing the Actors, and altering the Disposition of the Scenes, when I was, through Sickness, unable to cultivate such Things myself, has been a very obliging Favour and Friendship to me. For this Reason, I was very hardly perswaded to throw away *Terence*'s celebrated Funeral, and take only the bare Authority of the young Man's Character, and how I have work'd it into an *Englishman*, and made Use of the same Circumstance, of discovering a Daughter, when we least hoped for one, is humbly submitted to the Learned Reader.

P R O-

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. *WELSTED*.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

TO win your Hearts, and to secure your Praise,
The Comic-Writers strive by various Ways:

By subtil Stratagems they act their Game,
And leave untry'd no Avenue to Fame.

One writes the Spouse a beating from his Wife;
And says, each Stroke was copy'd from the Life.

Some fix all Wit and Humour in Grimace,
And make a Livelibood of Pinkey's Face:

Here, One gay Shew and costly Habits tries,
Confiding to the Judgment of your Eyes:

Another smuts his Scene (a cunning Shaver)
Sure of the Rakes and of the Wenches Favour.

Oft' have these Arts prevail'd; and one may guess,
If practis'd o'er again, would find Success.

But the bold Sage, the Poet of To-night,

By new and desperate Rules resolv'd to Write;

Fain would he give more just Applauses Rise,

And please by Wit that scorns the Aids of Vice:

The Praise he seeks, from worthier Motives springs,

Such Praise, as Praise to those that give, it brings.

Your Aid, most humbly sought, then Britons lend,

And Lib'ral Mirth, like Lib'ral Men, defend:

No more let Ribaldry, with Licence writ,

Usurp the Name of Eloquence or Wit;

No more let lawless Farce uncensur'd go,

The lewd dull Gleanings of a Smithfield show.

'Tis yours, with Breeding to refine the Age,

To Chasten Wit, and Moralize the Stage.

Ye Modest, Wise and Good, ye Fair, ye Brave,

To-night the Champion of your Virtues save,

Redeem from long Contempt the Comic Name,

And judge Politely for your Country's Fame.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir John Bevil,	Mr. Mills.
Mr. Sealand,	Mr. Williams.
Bevil jun. in Love with Indiana,	Mr. Booth.
Myrtle, in Love with Lucinda,	Mr. Wilks.
Cimberton, a Coxcomb,	Mr. Griffin.
Humphrey, an old Servant to Sir John,	Mr. Shepard.
Tom, Servant to Bevil jun.	Mr. Cibber.
Daniel, a Country Boy, Servant to Indiana,	Mr. Theo. Cibber.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Sealand, second Wife to Sealand,	Mrs. Moore.
Isabella, Sister to Sealand,	Mrs. Thurmond.
Indiana, Sealand's Daughter by his first Wife,	Mrs. Oldfield.
Lucinda, Sealand's Daughter by his second Wife,	Mrs. Booth.
Phillis, Maid to Lucinda,	Mrs. Younger.

S C E N E, L O N D O N.



T H E



THE
CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir John Bevil's House.*

Enter Sir John Bevil and Humphrey.

Sir JOHN BEVIL.

HAVE you order'd that I should not be interrupted while I am dressing?

Humph. Yes, Sir: I believ'd you had something of Moment to say to me.

Sir J. Bev. Let me see. *Humphrey*; I think it is now full forty Years since I first took thee, to be about my Self.

Humph. I thank you, Sir, it has been an easy forty Years; and I have pass'd 'em without much Sicknefs, Care, or Labour.

Sir J. Bev. Thou hast a brave Constitution; you are a Year or two older than I am, Sirrah.

Humph. You have ever been of that Mind, Sir.

Sir

12 The CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Sir J. Bev. You Knave, you know it; I took thee, for thy Gravity and Sobriety, in my wild Years.

Humph. Ah, Sir! our Manners were formed from our different Fortunes, not our different Age. Wealth gave a Loose to your Youth, and Poverty put a Restraint upon mine.

Sir J. Bev. Well, *Humphrey*, you know I have been a kind Master to you; I have us'd you for the ingenuous Nature I observ'd in you from the Beginning, more like an humble Friend than a Servant.

Humph. I humbly beg you'll be so tender of me, as to explain your Commands, Sir, without any farther Preparation.

Sir J. Bev. I'll tell thee then. In the first Place, this Wedding of my Son's, in all Probability, [shut the Door] will never be at all.

Humph. How, Sir! not at all? for what Reason is it carried on in Appearance?

Sir J. Bev. Honest *Humphrey*, have Patience; and I'll tell thee all in Order. I have myself, in some Part of my Life, lived (indeed) with Freedom, but, I hope, without Reproach: Now, I thought Liberty would be as little injurious to my Son; therefore, as soon as he grew towards Man, I indulg'd him in living after his own Manner: I know not how, otherwise to judge of his Inclination; for what can be concluded from a Behaviour under Restraint and Fear? But what charms me above all Expression is, that my Son has never, in the least Action, the most distant Hint or Word, valued himself upon that great Estate of his Mother's, which, according to our Marriage Settlement, he has had ever since he came to Age.

Humph. No, Sir; on the contrary, he seems afraid of appearing to enjoy it, before you, or any belonging to you — He is as dependant and resign'd to your Will, as if he had not a Farthing but what must come from your immediate Bounty — You have ever acted like a good and generous Father, and he like an obedient and grateful Son.

Sir J. Bev. Nay, his Carriage is so easy to all, with whom he converses, that he is never assuming. never
prefers

prefers himself to others, nor ever is guilty of that rough Sincerity which a Man is not called to, and certainly disoblige most of his Acquaintance; to be short, *Humphrey*, his Reputation was so fair in the World, that old *Sealand*, the great *India* Merchant, has offer'd his only Daughter, and sole Heiress to that vast Estate of his, as a Wife for him; you may be sure I made no Difficulties, the Match was agreed on, and this very Day named for the Wedding.

Humph What hinders the Proceeding!

Sir J. Bev. Don't interrupt me. You know I was last *Thursday* at the Masquerade; my Son, you may remember, soon found us out — He knew his Grandfather's Habit, which I then wore; and tho' it was the Mode, in the last Age, yet the Maskers, you know, follow'd us as if we had been the most monstrous Figures in that whole Assembly.

Humph. I remember indeed, a young Man of Quality in the Habit of a Clown, that was particularly troublesome.

Sir J. Bev. Right — He was too much what he seem'd to be. You remember how impertinently he follow'd, and teized us, and wou'd know who we were.

Humph. I know he has a Mind to come into that Particular. [*Aside.*

Sir J. Bev. Ay, he followed us, till the Gentleman who led the Lady in the *Indian* Mantle, presented that gay Creature to the Rustick, and bid him (like *Cymon* in the Fable) grow polite, by falling in Love, and let that worthy old Gentleman alone, meaning me: The Clown was not reform'd, but rudely persisted, and offer'd to force off my Mask; with that the Gentleman throwing off his own, appeared to be my Son, and in his Concern for me, tore off that of the Nobleman; at this they seized each other; the Company call'd the Guards; and in the Surprize, the Lady swoon'd away: Upon which my Son quitted his Adversary, and had now no Care but of the Lady, — when raising her in his Arms, Art thou gone, cry'd he, for ever — forbid it, Heav'n! — She revives at his known Voice, — and
with

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with the most familiar tho' modest Gesture hangs in Safety over his Shoulders weeping, but wept as in the Arms of one, before whom she could give herself a Loose, were she not under Observation; while she hides her Face in his Neck, he carefully conveys her from the Company.

Humph I have observed this Accident has dwelt upon you very strongly.

Sir J. Bev. Her uncommon Air, her noble Modesty, the Dignity of her Person, and the Occasion itself drew the whole Assembly together; and I soon heard it buzz'd about she was the adopted Daughter of a famous Sea-Officer, who had served in *France* Now this unexpected and publick Discovery of my Son's so deep Concern for her——

Humph. Was what, I suppose, alarm'd Mr. *Sealand*, in behalf of his Daughter, to break off the Match.

Sir J. Bev. You are right——He came to me Yesterday, and said, he thought himself disengaged from the Bargain; being credibly informed my Son was already marry'd, or worse to the Lady at the Masquerade. I palliated Matters, and insisted on our Agreement; but we parted with little less than a direct Breach between us.

Humph. Well, Sir; and what Notice have you taken of all this to my young Master?

Sir J. Bev. That's what I wanted to debate with you——I have said nothing to him yet——But look you, *Humphrey*——if there is so much in this Amour of his, that he denies upon my Summons to marry, I have Cause enough to be offended; and then by my insisting upon his marrying To day, I shall know how far he is engag'd to this Lady in Masquerade, and from thence only, shall be able to take my Measures in the mean Time I would have you find out how far that Rogue his Man is let into his Secret——He, I know, will play Tricks as much to cross me, as to serve his Master.

Humph. Why do you think so of him, Sir? I believe he is no worse than I was for you, at your Son's Age.

Sir

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Sir J. Bev. I see it in the Rascal's Looks. But I have dwelt on these Things too long; I'll go to my Son immediately, and while I'm gone, your part is to convince his Rogue *Tom* that I am in earnest. I'll leave him to you. [Exit Sir John Bevil.]

Humph. Well, tho' this Father and Son live as well together as possible, yet their Fear of giving each other Pain, is attended with constant mutual Uneasiness. I'm sure I have enough to do to be honest, and yet keep well with them both: But they know I love 'em, and that makes the Task less painful however. —
Oh, here's the Prince of poor Coxcombs, the Representative of all the better fed than taught. —
Ho! ho! *Tom*, whither so gay and so airy this Morning?

Enter Tom, Singing.

Tom. Sir, we Servants of single Gentlemen are another kind of People, than you domestick ordinary Drudges that do Business: We are rais'd above you: The Pleasures of Board Wages, Tavern Dinners, and many a clear Gain; Vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

Humph. Thou hast Follies and Vices enough for a Man of Ten thousand a Year, tho' 'tis but as t other Day that I sent for you to Town, to put you into Mr. *Sealand's* Family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young Master, who is too gentle for training such a rude Thing as you were into proper Obedience —
You then pull'd off your Hat to every one you met in the Street, like a bashful great awkward Cub as you were. But your great Oaken Cudgel, when you were a Booby, became you much better than that dangling Stick at your Button, now you are a Fop. That's fit for nothing, except it hangs there to be ready for your Master's Hand when you are impertinent.

Tom. Uncle *Humphrey*, you know my Master scorns to strike his Servants. You talk as if the World was now, just as it was when my old Master and you were in your Youth — When you went to Dinner be-
cause

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cause it was so much a Clock, when the great Blow was given in the Hall at the Pantry-door, and all the Family came out of their Holes, in such strange Dresses and formal Faces, as you see in the Pictures in our long Gallery in the Country.

Humph Why, you wild Rogue!

Tom. You could not fall to your Dinner till a formal Fellow, in a black Gown, said something over the Meat, as if the Cook had not made it ready enough.

Humph Sirrah, who do you prate after?——Despising Men of sacred Characters! I hope you never heard my good young Master talk so like a Profligate.

Tom. Sir, I say you put upon me, when I first came to Town, about being orderly, and the Doctrine of wearing Shams, to make Linen last clean a Fortnight, keeping my Clothes fresh, and wearing a Frock within Doors.

Humph. Sirrah, I gave you those Lessons because I suppos'd, at that Time, your Master and you might have din'd at home every Day, and cost you nothing; then you might have made a good Family Servant. But the Gang you have frequented since, at Chocolate-Houses and Taverns, in a continual round of Noise and Extravagance——

Tom I don't know what you heavy Inmates call Noise and Extravagance: but we Gentlemen, who are well fed, and cut a Figure, Sir, think it a fine Life, and that we must be very pretty Fellows who are kept only to be looked at.

Humph Very well, Sir,———I hope the Fashion of being lewd and extravagant, despising of Decency and Order, is almost at an End, since it is arrived at Persons of your Quality.

Tom Master *Humbrey*, Ha! ha! you were an unhappy Lad to be sent up to Town in such queer Days as you were: Why now, Sir, the Lacquies are the Men of Pleasure of the Age; the Top Gamesters; and many a lac'd Coat about Town, have had their Education in our Party-colour'd Regiment,———We are false Lovers; have a Taste of Musick, Poetry, Billet-

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Billet-doux, Dress, Politicks; ruin Damsels; and when we are weary of this lewd Town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our Masters Wigs and Linen, and marry Fortunes.

Humph. Hey day!

Tom. Nay, Sir, our Order is carry'd up to the highest Dignities and Distinctions; step but into the *Painted Chamber*——and by our Titles you'd take us all for Men of Quality——then again come down to the *Court of Requests*, and you shall see us all laying our broken Heads together for the Good of the Nation: and tho' we never carry a Question *Nemine Contradicente*, yet this I can say with a safe Conscience, (and I wish every Gentleman of our Cloth could lay his Hand upon his Heart and say the same) that I never took so much as a single Mug of Beer for my Vote in all my Life.

Humph. Sirrah, there is no enduring your Extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer. I wanted to see you, to enquire how Things go with your Master, as far as you understand them; I suppose he knows he is to be married To-day.

Tom. Ay, Sir, he knows it, and is dress'd as gay as the Sun; but, between you and I, my Dear, he has a very heavy Heart under all that Gaiety. As soon as he was dress'd I retir'd, but overheard him Sigh in the most heavy Manner. He walk'd thoughtfully to and fro in the Room, then went into his Closet; when he came out, he gave me this for his Mistress, whose Maid you know——

Humph. Is passionately fond of your fine Person.

Tom. The poor Fool is so tender, and loves to hear me talk of the World, and the Plays, Opera's, and *Ridotto's*, for the Winter; the Parks and *Belisize*, for our Summer Diversions; and Lard! says she, you are so wild——but you have a world of Humour.

Humph. Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your Master's Letter to Mrs. *Lucinda*, as he order'd you?

Tom. Because Mrs. *Lucinda* is not so easily come at as you think for.

Humph.

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Humph. Not easily come at? Why, Sirrah, are not her Father and my old Master agreed that she and Mr. *Bevil* are to be one Flesh before To-morrow Morning?

Tom. Its no Matter for that; her Mother, it seems, Mrs. *Sealand*, has not agreed to it; and you must know, Mr. *Humphrey*, that in that Family the grey Mare is the better Horse.

Humph. What dost thou mean?

Tom. In one Word, Mrs. *Sealand* pretends to have a Will of her own, and has provided a Relation of her's, a stiff, starch'd Philosopher, and a wise Fool, for her Daughter; for which Reason, for these ten Days past, she has suffer'd no Message nor Letter from my Master to come near her.

Humph. And where had you this Intelligence?

Tom. From a foolish fond Soul that can keep nothing from me—One that will deliver this Letter too, if she is rightly manag'd.

Humph. What! her pretty Hand-maid, Mrs. *Phillis*?

Tom. Even she, Sir; this is the very Hour, you know she usually comes hither, under a Pretence of a Visit to our House keeper forsooth, but in reality to have a Glance at——

Humph. Your sweet Face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing else in Nature; you must know, I love to fret, and play with the little Wanton.——

Hump. Play with the little Wanton! What will this World come to!

Tom. I met her this Morning, in a new Manteau and Petticoat, not a bit the worse for her Lady's wearing; and she has always new Thoughts and new Airs with new Clothes——then she never fails to steal some Glance or Gesture from every Visitant at their House; and is indeed the whole Town of Coquettes at second Hand.—But here she comes; in one Motion she speaks and describes herself better than all the Words in the World can.

Humph. Then I hope, dear Sir, when your own Affair is over, you will be so good as to mind your Master's with her.

Tom.

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Tom. Dear *Humphrey*, you know my Master is my Friend, and those are People I never forget. ———

Humph. Sauciness itself! but I'll leave you to do your best for him. [Exit.]

Enter Phillis.

Phil. Oh, Mr. *Thomas*, is Mrs. *Sugar-key* at home? —Lard, one is almost ashamed to pass along the Streets. The Town is quite empty, and no body of Fashion left in it; and the ordinary People do so stare to see any Thing (dress'd like a Woman of Condition) as it were on the same Floor with them pass by. Alas! Alas! it is a sad Thing to walk. O Fortune! Fortune!

Tom. What! a sad Thing to walk? Why, Madam *Phillis*, do you wish yourself lame?

Phil. No, Mr. *Thomas*, but I wish I were generally carry'd in a Coach or Chair, and of a Fortune neither to stand nor go, but to totter, or slide, to be short-sighted, or stare, to flee in the Face, to look distant, to observe, to overlook, yet all become me; and, if I was rich, I could twine and loll as well as the best of them. Oh, *Tom!* *Tom!* is it not a pity that you should be so great a Coxcomb, and I so great a Coquette, and yet be such poor Devils as we are?

Tom. Mrs. *Phillis*, I am your humble Servant for that ———

Phil. Yes, Mr. *Thomas* I know how much you are my humble Servant, and know what you said to Mrs. *Judy*, upon seeing her in one of her Lady's Cast Mantles; That any one would have thought her the Lady, and that she had ordered the other to wear it till it sat easy—for now only it was becoming:—To my Lady it was only a Covering, to Mrs. *Judy* it was a Habit. This you said after some Body or other. Oh, *Tom!* *Tom!* thou art as false and as base, as the best Gentleman of them all: but, you Wretch, talk to me no more on the old odious Subject. Don't, I say.

Tom. I know not how to resist your Commands, Madam. [In a submissive Tone, retiring.]

Phil. Commands about parting are grown mighty easy to you of late.

Tom.

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Tom. O, I have her; I have nettled and put her into the right Temper to be wrought upon, and set a prating. [*Aside.*]—Why truly, to be plain with you, Mrs. *Phillis*, I can take little Comfort of late in frequenting your House.

Phil. Pray, Mr. *Thomas*, what is it all of a sudden offends your Nicety at our House?

Tom. I don't care to speak Particulars, but I dislike the Whole.

Phil. I thank you, Sir, I am a Part of that Whole.

Tom. Mistake me not, good *Phillis*.

Phil. Good *Phillis*! Saucy enough. But however—

Tom. I say it is, that thou art a Part, which gives me Pain for the Disposition of the Whole. You must know, Madam, to be serious, I am a Man, at the Bottom, of prodigious nice Honour. You are too much expos'd to Company at our House. To be plain, I don't like so many, that would be your Mistress's Lovers, whispering to you.

Phil. Don't think to put that upon me. You say this because I wrung you to the Heart, when I touch'd your guilty Conscience about *Judy*.

Tom. Ah *Phillis*! *Phillis*! if you but knew my Heart!

Phil. I know too much on't.

Tom. Nay then poor *Crispo's* Fate and mine are one—
Therefore give me Leave to say, or sing at least, as he does upon the same Occasion——

[*Se vedette, &c. [sings.]*]

Phil. What, do you think I'm to be fobb'd off with a Song? I don't question but you have sung the same to Mrs. *Judy* too.

Tom. Don't disparage your Charms, good *Phillis*, with Jealousy of so worthless an Object; besides, she is a poor Hussy, and if you doubt the Sincerity of my Love, you will allow me true to my Interest. You are a Fortune, *Phillis*——

Phil. What would the Fop be at now? In good Time indeed, you shall be setting up for a Fortune!

Tom. Dear Mrs. *Phillis*, you have such a Spirit that we shall never be dull in Marriage, when we come together.
But

But I tell you, you are a Fortune, and you have an Estate in my Hands. [*He pulls out a Purse, she eyes it.*]

Phil. What Pretence have I to what is in your Hands, Mr. Thomas?

Tom. As thus: there are Hours, you know, when a Lady is neither pleas'd nor displeas'd, neither sick or well, when she lolls or loiters, when she is without Desires, from having more of every Thing than she knows what to do with.

Phil. Well, what then?

Tom. When she has not Life enough to keep her bright Eyes quite open to look at her own dear Image in the Glafs.

Phil. Explain thyself, and don't be so fond of thy own prating

Tom. There are also prosperous and good-natured Moments, as when a Knot or a Patch is happily fix'd; when the Complexion particularly flourishes.

Phil. Well, what then? I have not Patience!

Tom. Why then—or on the like Occasions—we Servants who have Skill to know how to time Business, see when such a pretty folded Thing as this [*shows a Letter*] may be presented, laid, or dropp'd, as best suits the present Humour. And, Madam, because it is a long wearisome Journey to run through all the several Stages of a Lady's Temper, my Master, who is the most reasonable Man in the World, presents you this to bear your Charges on the Road. [*Gives her the Purse.*]

Phil. Now you think me a corrupt Hussey.

Tom. Oh fy, I only think you'll take the Letter.

Phil. Nay, I know you do, but I know my own Innocence; I take it for my Mistress's Sake.

Tom. I know it my pretty one, I know it.

Phil. Yes, I say I do it because I would not have my Mistress deluded by one who gives no Proof of his Passion; but I'll talk more of this, as you see me on my Way home———No, *Tom*, I assure thee; I take this Trash of thy Master's not for the Value of the Thing, but as it convinces me he has a true Respect for my Mistress. I remember a Verse to the Purpose.

They

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They may be false who languish and complain,
But they who part with Money never feign. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Bevil junior's Lodgings.

Bevil junior, reading.

Bev. jun. These moral Writers practise Virtue after Death: This charming Vision of *Mirza*! such an Author consulted in a Morning, sets the Spirits for the Vicissitudes of the Day, better than the Glass does a Man's Person; but what a Day have I to go thro'! to put on an easy Look with an aking Heart.—If this Lady my Father urges me to marry should not refuse me, my Dilemma is unsupportable. But why should I fear it? is not she in equal Distress with me? has not the Letter I have sent her this Morning, confess my Inclination to another? Nay, have I not moral Assurances of her Engagements too, to my Friend *Myrtle*? It's impossible but she must give in to it: For, sure to be deny'd is a Favour any Man may pretend to. It must be so—Well then, with the Assurance of being rejected, I think I may confidently say to my Father, I am ready to marry her—Then let me resolve upon (what I am not very good at, tho' it is) an honest Dissimulation.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir *John Bevil*, Sir, is in the next Room.

Bev. jun. Duncie! why did you not bring him in?

Tom. I told him, Sir, you were in your Closet.

Bev. jun. I thought you had known, Sir, it was my Duty to see my Father any where,

[*Going himself to the Door.*]

Tom. The Devil's in my Master! he has always more Wit than I have. [*Aside.*]

Bevil jun. introducing Sir John.

Bev. jun. Sir, you are the most gallant, the most com-

complaisant of all Parents—Sure 'tis not a Compliment to say these Lodgings are yours——Why wou'd you not walk in, Sir?

Sir J. Bev. I was loth to interrupt you unseasonably on your Wedding-day.

Bev. jun. One to whom I am beholden for my Birthday, might have used less Ceremony.

Sir J. Bev. Well, Son, I have Intelligence you have writ to your Mistress this Morning: It would please my Curiosity to know the Contents of a Wedding-day Letter; for Courtship must then be over.

Bev. jun. I assure you, Sir, there was no Insolence in it, upon the Prospect of such a vast Fortune's being added to our Family; but much Acknowledgment of the Lady's greater Desert.

Sir J. Bev. But, dear Jack, are you in earnest in all this! And will you really marry her!

Bev. jun. Did I ever disobey any Command of yours, Sir? nay, any Inclination that I saw you bent upon?

Sir J. Bev. Why, I can't say you have, Son; but methinks in this whole Business, you have not been so warm as I could have wish'd you: You have visited her, it's true, but you have not been particular. Every one knows you can say and do as handsome Things as any Man; but you have done nothing, but liv'd in the general; been complaisant only.

Bev. jun. As I'm ever prepar'd to marry if you bid me, so I am ready to let it alone if you will have me.

[Humphrey enters unobserv'd.]

Sir J. Bev. Look you there now! why what am I to think of this so absolute and so indifferent a Resignation?

Bev. jun. Think? that I am still your Son, Sir,—Sir,—you have been married, and I have not. And you have, Sir, found the Inconvenience there is, when a Man weds with too much Love in his Head. I have been told, Sir, that at the Time you married, you made a mighty Bustle on the Occasion. There was challenging and fighting, scaling Walls——locking up the Lady——and the Gallant under an Arrest for

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for Fear of killing all his Rivals ——— Now, Sir, I suppose you having found the ill Consequences of these strong Passions and Prejudices, in Preference of one Woman to another, in Case of a Man's becoming a Widower ———

Sir J. Bev. How is this!

Bev. jun. I say, Sir, Experience has made you wiser in your Care of me ——— for, Sir, since you lost my dear Mother, your Time has been so heavy, so lonely, and so tasteless, that you are so good as to guard me against the like Unhappiness, by marrying me prudentially, by Way of Bargain and Sale. For, as you well judge a Woman that is espous'd for a Fortune, is yet a better Bargain, if she dies; for then a Man still enjoys what he did marry, the Money; and is disencumber'd of what he did not marry, the Woman.

Sir J. Bev. But pray, Sir, do you think *Lucinda* then a Woman of such little Merit?

Bev. jun. Pardon me, Sir, I don't carry it so far neither, I am rather afraid I shall like her too well; she has, for one of her Fortune, a great many needless and superfluous good Qualities.

Sir J. Bev. I am afraid, Son, there's something I don't see yet, something that's smother'd under all this Raillery.

Bev. jun. Not in the least, Sir: If the Lady is dress'd and ready, you see I am. I suppose the Lawyers are ready too.

Humph. This may grow warm, if I don't interpose. [*Aside.*

Sir, Mr. *Sealand* is at the Coffee-house, and has sent to speak with you.

Sir J. Bev. Oh! that's well! Then I warrant the Lawyers are ready, Son, you'll be in the Way, you say ———

Bev. jun. If you please, Sir, I'll take a Chair and go to Mr. *Sealand's*, where the young Lady and I will wait your Leisure.

Sir J. Bev. By no Means ——— The old Fellow will be so vain, if he sees ———

Bev.

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Bev. jun. Ay—— But the young Lady, Sir, will think me so indifferent——

Humph. Ay——there you are right——press your Readiness to go to the Bride——he won't let you.

[*Aside to Bevil jun.*

Bev. jun. Are you sure of that? [*Aside to Humph.*

Humph. How he likes being prevented. [*Aside.*

Sir J. Bev. No, no: You are an Hour or two too early. [*Looking on his Watch.*

Bev. jun. You'll allow me, Sir, to think it too late to visit a beautiful, virtuous young Woman, in the Pride and Bloom of Life, ready to give herself to my Arms: and to place her Happiness or Misery, for the future, in being agreeable or displeasing to me, is a——Call a Chair.

Sir J. Bev. No, no, no, dear *Jack*; this *Sealand* is a moody old Fellow: There's no dealing with some People, but by managing with Indifference. We must leave to him the Conduct of this Day. It is the last of his commanding his Daughter.

Bev. jun. Sir, he can't take it ill, that I am impatient to be hers.

Sir J. Bev. Pray let me govern in this Matter: you can't tell how humourfome old Fellows are:——There's no offering Reason to some of 'em, especially when they are rich——If my Son should see him, before I've brought old *Sealand* into better Temper, the Match would be impracticable. [*Aside.*

Humph. Pray, Sir, let me beg you to let Mr. *Bevil* go.——See whether he will or not. [*Aside to Sir John.*——[*Then to Bev.*] Pray, Sir, command yourself; since you see my Master is positive, it is better you should not go.

Bev. jun. My Father commands me, as to the Object of my Affections: but I hope he will not, as to the Warmth and Height of them,

Sir J. Bev. So! I must even leave Things as I found them: and in the mean Time, at least, keep old *Sealand* out of his Sight.——Well, Son, I'll go myself and take Orders in your Affair——You'll be in the Way, I suppose, if I send to you——I'll leave

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your old Friend with you——*Humphrey*——don't let him stir, d'ye hear: Your Servant, your Servant.

[*Exit Sir John.*]

Humph. I have a sad Time on't, Sir, between you and my Master——I see you are unwilling, and I know his violent Inclinations for the Match——I must betray neither, and yet deceive you both, for your common Good——Heav'n grant a good End of this Matter: But there is a Lady, Sir, that gives your Father much Trouble and Sorrow——You'll pardon me.

Bev. jun. *Humphrey*, I know thou art a Friend to both; and in that Confidence, I dare tell thee——That Lady——is a Woman of Honour and Virtue. You may assure yourself, I never will marry without my Father's Consent: But give me Leave to say too, this Declaration does not come up to a Promise, that I will take whomsoever he pleases.

Humph. Come, Sir, I wholly understand you: You would engage my Services to free you from this Woman, whom my Master intends you, to make Way, in Time, for the Woman you have really a Mind to.

Bev. jun. Honest *Humphrey*, you have always been an useful Friend to my Father, and myself; I beg you continue your good Offices, and don't let us come to the Necessity of a Dispute; for if we should dispute, I must either part with more than Life, or lose the best of Fathers.

Humph. My dear Master, were I but worthy to know this Secret, that so near concerns you, my Life, my all, should be engag'd to serve you. This, Sir, I dare promise, that I am sure I will, and can be secret: your Trust, at worst, but leaves you where you were; and if I cannot serve you, I will at once be plain, and tell you so.

Bev. jun. That's all I ask: Thou hast made it now my Interest to trust thee——Be patient then, and hear the Story of my Heart.

Humph. I am all Attention, Sir.

Bev. jun. You may remember, *Humphrey*, that in my last Travels, my Father grew uneasy at my making so long a Stay at *Toulon*.

Humph.

Humph. I remember it ; he was apprehensive some Woman had laid hold of you.

Bev. jun. His fears were just ; for there I first saw this Lady : She is of *English* Birth : Her Father's Name was *Danvers*, a younger Brother of an ancient Family, and originally an eminent merchant of *Bristol* ; who upon repeated Misfortunes, was reduced to go privately to the *Indies*. In this Retreat Providence again grew favourable to his Industry, and, in six Years Time, restored him to his former Fortunes : On this he sent Directions over, that his Wife and little Family should follow him to the *Indies*. His Wife, impatient to obey such welcome Orders, would not wait the Leisure of a Convoy, but took the first Occasion of a single Ship, and with her Husband's Sister only, and this Daughter, then scarce seven Years old, undertook the fatal Voyage. For here, poor Creature, she lost her Liberty, and Life ; she, and her Family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a Privateer from *Toulon*. Being thus made a Prisoner, though, as such, not ill-treated, yet the Fright, the Shock, and the cruel Disappointment, seiz'd with such Violence upon her unhealthy Frame, she sicken'd, pined and died at Sea.

Humph. Poor Soul ! O the helpless Infant ?

Bev. jun. Her Sister yet surviv'd, and had the Care of her : The Captain too proved to have Humanity, and became a Father to her ; for having himself married an *English* Woman, and being childless, he brought home, into *Toulon*, this her little Country-woman ; presenting her, with all her dead Mother's Moveables of Value to his Wife, to be educated as his own adopted Daughter.

Humph. Fortune here seem'd, again, to smile on her.

Bev. jun. Only to make her Frowns more terrible : For in his Height of Fortune, this Captain too, her Benefactor, unfortunately was kill'd at Sea, and dying intestate, his Estate fell wholly to an Advocate, his Brother, who coming soon to take Possession, there found (among his other Riches) this blooming Virgin, at his Mercy.

Humph. He durst not sure abuse his Power !

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Bev. jun. No wonder if his pamper'd Blood was fired at the Sight of her——in short, he lov'd: but when all Arts and gentle Means had fail'd to move, he offer'd too his Menaces in vain, denouncing Vengeance on her Cruelty; demanding her to account for all her Maintenance, from her Childhood; seiz'd on her little Fortune, as his own Inheritance, and was dragging her by Violence to Prison; when Providence, at the Instant interpos'd, and sent me, by Miracle, to relieve her.

Humph. 'Twas Providence indeed: But pray, Sir, after all this Trouble, how came this Lady at last to England?

Bev. jun. The disappointed Advocate, finding she had so unexpected a Support, on cooler Thoughts, descended to a Composition; which I, without her Knowledge, secretly discharg'd.

Humph. That generous Concealment made the Obligation double.

Bev. jun. Having thus obtain'd her Liberty, I prevail'd, not without some Difficulty, to see her safe to England; where we no sooner arrived, but my Father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately proposed this other fatal Match that hangs upon my Quiet.

Humph. I find, Sir, you are irrecoverably fix'd upon this Lady.

Bev. jun. As my vital Life dwells in my Heart——and yet you see——what I do to please my Father: Walk in this Pageantry of Dress, this splendid Covering of Sorrow——But, *Humphrey*, you have your Lesson.

Humph. Now, Sir, I have but one material Question——

Bev. jun. Ask it freely.

Humph. Is it, then, your own Passion for this secret Lady, or hers for you, that gives you this Aversion to the Match your Father has proposed you?

Bev. jun. I shall appear, *Humphrey*, more romantick in my Answer, than in all the rest of my Story: For tho' I dote on her to death, and have no little Reason to believe she has the same Thoughts for me; yet in all my Acquaintance, and utmost Privacies with her, I never once directly told her, that I loved.

Humph.

Humph. How was it possible to avoid it?

Bev. jun. My tender Obligations to my Father have laid so inviolable a Restraint upon my Conduct, that 'till I have his Consent to speak, I am determin'd, on that Subject, to be dumb for ever——

Humph. Well, Sir, to your Praise be it spoken, you are certainly the most unfashionable Lover in *Great Britain*.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir, Mr. *Myrtle*'s at the next Door, and if you are at Leisure, will be glad to wait on you.

Bev. jun. Whenever he pleases——hold, *Tom*! did you receive no Answer to my Letter?

Tom. Sir, I was desir'd to call again; for I was told, her Mother would not let her be out of her Sight; but about an Hour hence, Mrs. *Phillis* said, I should have one.

Bev. jun. Very well.

Humph. Sir, I will take another Opportunity; in the mean Time, I only think it proper to tell you, that from a Secret I know, you may appear to your Father as forward as you please, to marry *Lucinda*, without the least Hazard of its coming to a Conclusion——Sir, your most obedient Servant.

Bev. jun. Honest *Humphrey*, continue but my Friend, in this Exigence, and you shall always find me yours.

[*Exit Humph.*

I long to hear how my Letter has succeeded with *Lucinda*——but I think, it cannot fail; for, at worst, were it possible she could take it ill, her Resentment of my Indifference, may as probably occasion a Delay, as her taking it right.——Poor *Myrtle*, what Terrors must he be in all this while?——Since he knows she is offer'd to me, and refused to him, there is no conversing, or taking any Measures with him, for his own Service.——But I ought to bear with my Friend, and use him as one in Adversity;

All his Disquietudes by my own I prove,
The greatest Grief's Perplexity in Love.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

Enter Bevil jun. and Tom.

Tom. SIR, Mr. Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Very well,——do you step again, and wait for an Answer to my Letter.

Enter Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Well, *Charles*, why so much Care in thy Countenance? Is there any Thing in the World deserves it? You, who used to be so gay, so open, so vacant!

Myrt. I think we have of late chang'd Complexions. You, who us'd to be much the graver Man, are now all Air in your Behaviour——But the Cause of my Concern, may, for ought I know, be the same Object that gives you all this Satisfaction. In a Word, I am told that you are this very Day (and your Dress confirms me in it) to be married to *Lucinda*.

Bev. jun. You are not misinform'd——Nay, put not on the Terrors of a Rival, 'till you hear me out, I shall disoblige the best of Fathers, if I don't seem ready to marry *Lucinda*; And you know I have ever told you, you might make Use of my secret Resolution, never to marry her, for your own Service, as you please. But I am now driven to the Extremity of immediately refusing, or complying, unless you help me to escape the Match.

Myrt. Escape? Sir, neither her Merit, nor her Fortune are below your Acceptance.——Escaping, do you call it!

Bev. jun. Dear Sir, do you wish I should desire the Match?

Myrt. No——but such is my humorous and sickly State of Mind, since it has been able to relish nothing but

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but *Lucinda*, that tho' I must owe my Happiness to your Averfion to this Marriage, I can't bear to hear her fpoken of with Levity or Unconcern.

Bev. jun. Pardon me, Sir; I fhall transgreff that Way no more. She has Underftanding, Beauty, Shape, Complexion, Wit——

Myrt. Nay, dear *Bevil*, don't fpeak of her as if you lov'd her, neither.

Bev. jun. Why then, to give you Eafe at once, tho' I allow *Lucinda* to have good Senfe, Wit, Beauty, and Virtue; I know another, in whom thefe Qualities appear to me more amiable, than in her.

Myrt. There you fpoke like a reasonable and good-natur'd Friend. When you acknowledge her Merit, and own your Prepoffeffion for another, at once, you gratify my Fondnefs, and cure my Jealoufy.

Bev. jun. But all this while you take no Notice, you have no Apprehenfion of another Man, that has twice the Fortune of either of us.

Myrt. *Cimberton*! Hang him, a formal, philofophical, pedantick Coxcomb——For the Sot, with all thefe crude Notions of divers Things, under the Direction of great Vanity, and very little Judgment, fhews his ftrongeft Bias is Avarice; which is fo predominant in him, that he will examine the Limbs of his Miftrefs with the Caution of a Jockey, and pays no more Compliment to her perfonal Charms, than if fhe were a mere breeding Animal.

Bev. jun. Are you fure that is not affected? I have known fome Women fooner fet on Fire by that Sort of Negligence, than by——

Myrt. No, no; hang him, the Rogue has no Art, it is pure fimple Indolence and Stupidity.

Bev. jun. Yet with all this, I don't take him for a Fool.

Myrt. I own the Man is not a Natural; he has a very quick Senfe, tho' very flow Underftanding.——He fays, indeed, many Things, that want only the Circumftances of Time and Place, to be very juft and agreeable.

Bev. jun. Well, you may be fure of me, if you can

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disappoint him; but my Intelligence says, the Mother has actually sent for the Conveyancer, to draw Articles for his Marriage with *Lucinda*; tho' those for mine with her, are, by her Father's Order, ready for signing, but it seems she has not thought fit to consult either him or his Daughter in the Matter.

Myrt. Pshaw! A poor troublesome Woman——— Neither *Lucinda*, nor her Father, will ever be brought to comply with it,——besides, I am sure, *Cimberton* can make no Settlement upon her, without the Concurrence of his great Uncle Sir *Geoffrey*, in the West.

Bev. jun. Well, Sir, and I can tell you, that's the very Point that is now laid before her Counsel; to know whether a firm Settlement can be made, without this Uncle's actually joining in it.——Now pray consider, Sir, when my Affair with *Lucinda* comes, as it soon must, to an open Rupture, how are you sure that *Cimberton's* Fortune may not then tempt her Father, too, to hear his Proposals.

Myrt. There you are right indeed, that must be provided against——Do you know who are her Counsel?

Bev. jun. Yes, for your Service I have found out that too, they are Serjeant *Bramble* and Old *Target*——— by the Way, they are neither of 'em known in the Family; now I was thinking, why you might not put a couple of false Counsel upon her, to delay and confound Matters a little———besides, it may probably let you into the Bottom of her whole Design against you.

Myrt. As how, pray?

Bev. jun. Why, can't you slip on a black Wig and a Gown, and be Old *Bramble* yourself?

Myrt. Ha! I don't dislike it——but what shall I do for a Brother in the Case?

Bev. jun. What think you of my Fellow, *Tom*? the Rogue's intelligent, and is a good Mimick; all his Part will be but to stutter heartily, for that's Old *Target's* Case——Nay, it would be an immoral Thing to mock him, were it not that his Impertinence is the Occasion of its breaking out to that Degree———the Conduct of the Scene will chiefly lie upon you.

Myrt. I like it of all Things; if you'll send *Tom* to
my

my Chambers, I will give him full Instructions: This will certainly give me Occasion to raise Difficulties, to puzzle, or confound her Project for a while, at least.

Bev. jun. I'll warrant you Success: so far we are right then: and now, *Charles*, your Apprehension of my marrying her, is all you have to get over.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil*! tho' I know you are my Friend, yet when I abstract myself from my own Interest in the Thing, I know no Objection she can make to you, or you to her, and therefore hope——

Bev. jun. Dear *Myrtle*, I am as much obliged to you for the Cause of your Suspicion, as I am offended at the Effect: But be assured, I am taking Measures for your certain Security, and that all Things with regard to me will end in your entire Satisfaction.

Myrt. Well, I'll promise you to be as easy and as confident as I can; tho' I cannot but remember that I have more than Life at Stake on your Fidelity. [Going.

Bev. jun. Then depend upon it, you have no Chance against you.

Myrt. Nay, no Ceremony, you know I must be going. [Exit *Myrtle*.

Bev. jun. Well! this is another Instance of the Perplexities which arise too, in faithful Friendship: We must often, in this Life, go on in our good Offices, even under the Displeasure of those to whom we do them, in Compassion to their Weaknesses and Mistakes——But all this while poor *Indiana* is tortured with the Doubt of me! she has no Support or Comfort, but in my Fidelity, yet sees me daily press'd to Marriage with another! How painful, in such a Crisis, must be every Hour she thinks on me? I'll let her see, at least, my Conduct to her is not chang'd: I'll take this Opportunity to visit her; for tho' the religious Vow I have made to my Father, restrains me from ever marrying without his Approbation, yet that confines me not from seeing a virtuous Woman, that is the pure Delight of my Eyes, and the guiltless Joy of my Heart: But the best Condition of Human Life is but a gentle Misery.

To hope for perfect Happiness is vain,
And Love has ever its Allays of Pain.

[Exit.
Enter

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Enter Isabella, and Indiana in her own Lodgings.

Isab. Yes—I say 'tis Artifice, dear Child; I say to thee, again and again, 'tis all Skill and Management.

Ind. Will you persuade me there can be an ill Design, in supporting me in the Condition of a Woman of Quality? attended, dress'd, and lodg'd like one, in my Appearance abroad, and my Furniture at home, every Way in the most sumptuous Manner, and he that does it has an Artifice, a Design in it?

Isab. Yes, Yes.

Ind. And all this without so much as explaining to me, that all about me comes from him!

Isab. Ay, ay,——the more for that——that keeps the Title to all you have the more in him!

Ind. The more in Him!—He scorns the Thought—

Isab. Then He——He——He——

Ind. Well, be not so eager——If he is an ill Man, let us look into his Stratagems. Here is another of them. [*Shewing a Letter*] Here's two hundred and fifty Pound in Bank-Notes, with these Words, 'To pay for the Set of Dressing-plate, which will be brought home To-morrow.' Why, dear Aunt, now here's another Piece of Skill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend—and it is with a bleeding Heart I hear you say any Thing to the Disadvantage of Mr. Bevil. When he is present, I look upon him as one to whom I owe my Life, and the Support of it: Then again, as the Man who loves me with Sincerity and Honour. When his Eyes are cast another Way, and I dare survey him, my Heart is painfully divided between Shame and Love——Oh! could I tell you.

Isab. Ah! You need not: I imagine all this for you.

Ind. This is my State of Mind in his Presence; and when he is absent, you are ever dinning my Ears with Notions of the Arts of Men; that his hidden Bounty, his respectful Conduct, his careful Provision for me, after his preserving me from the utmost Misery; are certain Signs he means nothing, but to make I know not what of me?

Isab. Oh! You have a sweet Opinion of him truly.

Ind. I have, when I am with him, ten thousand Things,

Things, besides my Sex's natural Decency and Shame, to suppress my Heart, that yearns to thank, to praise, to say, it loves him: I say, thus it is with me while I see him; and in his Absence I am entertain'd with nothing but your Endeavours, to tear his amiable Image from my Heart; and in its Stead, to place a base Dissembler, an artful Invader of my Happiness, my Innocence, my Honour.

Isab. Ah poor Soul! has not his Plot taken? don't you die for him? has not the Way he has taken, been the most proper with you? Oh! oh! He has Sense, and has judg'd the Thing right.

Ind. Go on then, since nothing can answer you: say what you will of him. Heigh! ho!

Isab. Heigh! ho! indeed. It is better to say so, as you are now, than as many others are. There are among the Destroyers of Women, the gentle, the generous, the mild, the affable, the humble, who all, soon after their Success in their Designs, turn to the contrary of those Characters. I will own to you, Mr. *Bevil* carries his Hypocrisy the best of any Man living, but still he is a Man, and therefore a Hypocrite. They have usurp'd an Exemption from Shame, for any Baseness, any Cruelty towards us. They embrace without Love; they make Vows without Conscience of Obligation; they are Partners, nay, Seducers to the Crime, wherein they pretend to be less guilty.

Ind. That's truly observed. [*Aside.*
But what's all this to *Bevil*?

Isab. This is to *Bevil*, and all Mankind. Trust not those, who will think the worse of you for your Confidence in them. Serpents, who lie in wait for Doves. Won't you be on your Guard against those who would betray you? Won't you doubt those who would condemn you for believing 'em? Take it from me: Fair and natural Dealing is to invite Injuries, 'tis bleating to escape Wolves who would devour you! Such is the World, ———— and such (since the Behaviour of one Man to my self) have I believ'd all the rest of the Sex. [*Aside.*

Ind. I will not doubt the Truth of *Bevil*, I will not doubt it; He has not spoken it by an Organ that is given

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given to lying: His Eyes are all that have ever told me that he was mine: I know his Virtue, I know his filial Piety, and ought to trust his Management with a Father, to whom he has uncommon Obligations. What have I to be concern'd for? my Lesson is very short. If he takes me for ever, my Purpose of Life is only to please him. If he leaves me (which Heaven avert) I know he'll do it nobly; and I shall have nothing to do but to learn to die, after worse than Death has happen'd to me.

Isab. Ay, do, persist in your Credulity! flatter yourself that a Man of his Figure and Fortune will make himself the Jest of the Town, and marry a handsome Beggar for Love.

Ind. The Town! I must tell you, Madam, the Fools that laugh at Mr. *Bevil*, will but make themselves more ridiculous; his Actions are the Result of thinking, and he has Sense enough to make even Virtue fashionable.

Isab. O' my Conscience he has turn'd her Head.— Come, come; if he were the honest Fool you take him for, why has he kept you here these three Weeks, without sending you to *Bristol*? in search of your Father, your Family, and your Relations?

Ind. I am convinc'd he still designs it; and that nothing keeps him here, but the Necessity of not coming to a Breach with his Father, in regard to the Match he has propos'd him: Besides, has he not writ to *Bristol*? and has not he Advice that my Father has not been heard of there, almost these twenty Years?

Isab. All Sham, mere Evasion; he is afraid, if he should carry you thither, your honest Relations may take you out of his Hands, and so blow up all his wicked Hopes at once.

Ind. Wicked Hopes! did I ever give him any such;

Isab. Has he ever given you any honest ones? Can you say, in your Conscience he has ever once offer'd to marry you?

Ind. No! but by his Behaviour I am convinc'd he will offer it, the Moment 'tis in his Power, or consistent with his Honour, to make such a Promise good to me.

Isab. His Honour!

Ind.

Ind. I will rely upon it; therefore desire you will not make my Life uneasy by these ungrateful Jealousies of one, to whom I am, and wish to be oblig'd: For from his Integrity alone, I have resolv'd to hope for Happiness.

Isab. Nay, I have done my Duty; if you won't see, at your Peril be it.——

Ind. Let it be——This is his Hour of visiting me.

Isab. Oh! to be sure, keep up your Form: don't see him in a Bed-chamber: This is pure Prudence, when she is liable, where-ever he meets her, to be convey'd where-e'er he pleases. [*Apart.*

Ind. All the rest of my Life is but waiting 'till he comes: I live only when I'm with him. [*Exit.*

Isab. Well, go thy Ways, thou wilful Innocent! I once had almost as much Love for a Man, who poorly left me, to marry an Estate——And I am now, against my Will, what they call an old Maid——but I will not let the Peevishness of that Condition grow upon me——only keep up the Suspicion of it, to prevent this Creature's being any other than a Virgin, except upon proper Terms. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Indiana speaking to a Servant.

Ind. Desire Mr. Bevil to walk in——Design! impossible! A base designing Mind could never think of what he hourly puts in Practice——And yet, since the late Rumour of his Marriage, he seems more reserv'd than formerly——he sends in too, before he sees me, to know if I am at leisure——such new Respect may cover Coldness in the Heart——it certainly makes me thoughtful!——I'll know the worst at once; I'll lay such fair Occasions in his Way, that it shall be impossible to avoid an Explanation——for these Doubts are insupportable!——But see! he comes, and clears them all.

Enter Bevil jun.

Bev. jun. Madam, your most obedient——I am afraid I broke in upon your Rest last Night——'twas very late before we parted; but 'twas your own Fault; I never saw you in such agreeable Humour.

Ind.

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Ind. I am extremely glad we were both pleas'd; for I thought I never saw you better Company.

Bev. jun. Me, Madam! you rally: I said very little.

Ind. But, I am afraid, you heard me say a great deal; and when a Woman is in the talking Vein, the most agreeable Thing a Man can do, you know, is to have Patience, to hear her.

Bev. jun. Then it's pity, Madam, you should ever be silent, that we might be always agreeable, to one another.

Ind. If I had your Talent, or Power, to make my Actions speak for me, I might indeed be silent, and yet pretend to something more than the agreeable.

Bev. jun. If I might be vain of any Thing in my Power, Madam, it is that my Understanding, from all your Sex, has mark'd you out as the most deserving Object of my Esteem.

Ind. Should I think I deserve this, it were enough to make my Vanity forfeit the very Esteem you offer me.

Bev. jun. How so, Madam?

Ind. Because Esteem is the Result of Reason, and to deserve it from good Sense, the Height of human Glory. — Nay, I had rather a Man of Honour should pay me that, than all the Homage of a sincere and human Love.

Bev. jun. You certainly distinguish right Madam; Love often kindles from external Merit only——

Ind. But Esteem rises from a higher Source, the Merit of the Soul——

Bev. jun. True——And great Souls only can deserve it. [Bowing respectfully.]

Ind. Now I think they are greater still, that can so charitably part with it.

Bev. jun. Now, Madam, you make me vain, since the utmost Pride and Pleasure of my Life is, that I esteem you——as I ought.

Ind. [Aside.] As he ought! still more perplexing! he neither saves nor kills my Hope.

Bev. jun. But, Madam, we grow grave, methinks——Let's find some other Subject——Pray how did you like the Opera last Night.

Ind. First give me Leave to thank you for my Tickets.

Bev. jun. O! your Servant, Madam——But pray tell me,

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me, you now, who are never partial to the Fashion I fancy, must be the properest Judge of a mighty Dispute among the Ladies, that is, whether *Crispo* or *Griselda* is the more agreeable Entertainment.

Ind. With Submission now, I cannot be a proper Judge of this Question.

Bew. jun. How so, Madam?

Ind. Because I find I have a Partiality for one of them.

Bew. jun. Pray which is that?

Ind. I do not know ——— there's something in that rural Cottage of *Griselda*, her forlorn Condition, her Poverty, her Solitude, her Resignation, her innocent Slumbers, and that lulling *Dolce Sogno* that's sung over her; it had such an Effect upon me, that——in short I never was so well deceiv'd, at any of them.

Bew. jun. O! now then, I can account for the Dispute: *Griselda*, it seems, is the Distress of an injur'd innocent Woman: *Crispo*, that only of a Man in the same Condition; therefore the Men are mostly concern'd for *Crispo*, and by a natural Indulgence, both Sexes for *Griselda*.

Ind. So that Judgment, you think, ought to be for one, tho' Fancy and Complaisance have got ground for the other. Well! I believe you will never give me leave to dispute with you upon any Subject; for I own, *Crispo* has its Charms for me too: Though in the main, all the Pleasure the best Opera gives us, is but mere Sensation——Methinks it's Pity the Mind can't have a little more Share in the Entertainment.——The Musick's certainly fine; but, in my Thoughts, there's none of your Composers come up to old *Shakespear* and *Otway*.

Bew. jun. How, Madam! why if a Woman of your Sense were to say this in the Drawing-Room ———

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Signior *Carbonelli* says he waits your Commands, in the next Room.

Bew. jun. A propos! you were saying Yesterday, Madam, you had a Mind to hear him——will you give him Leave to entertain you now?

Ind. By all Means: desire the Gentleman to walk in.

[*Ex. Servant.*]

Bew.

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Bev. jun. I fancy you will find something in this Hand, that is uncommon.

Ind. You are always finding Ways, Mr. Bevil, to make Life seem less tedious to me.——

Enter Musick Master.

When the Gentleman pleases.

After a Sonnata is play'd, Bevil Junior waits on the Master to the Door, &c.

Bev. jun. You smile, Madam, to see me so Complaisant to one, whom I pay for his Visit: Now, I own, I think it not enough barely to pay those, whose Talents are superior to our own (I mean such Talents as would become our Condition, if we had them.) Methinks we ought to do something more, than barely gratify them for what they do at our Command, only because their Fortune is below us.

Ind. You say I smile: I assure you it was a Smile of Approbation; for indeed I cannot but think it the distinguishing Part of a Gentleman, to make his Superiority of Fortune as easy to his Inferiors as he can.——

Now once more to try him. [*Aside.*]—I was saying just now, I believe you would never let me dispute with you, and I dare say it will always be so: However, I must have your Opinion upon a Subject, which created a Debate between my Aunt and me, just before you came hither; she would needs have it, that no Man ever does any extraordinary Kindness or Service for a Woman, but for his own Sake.

Bev. jun. Well, Madam! indeed I can't but be of her Mind.

Ind. What, though he would maintain, and support her without demanding any Thing of her on her Part?

Bev. jun. Why, Madam, is making an Expence in the Service of a valuable Woman (for such I must suppose her) though she should never do him any Favour, nay, though she should never know who did her such Service, such a mighty heroick Business?

Ind. Certainly! I should think he must be a Man of an uncommon Mold.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, why so? 'tis but at best a better

better Taste in Expence: To bestow upon one, whom he may think one of the Ornaments of the whole Creation, to be conscious, that from his Superfluity, an innocent, a virtuous Spirit, is supported above the Temptations and Sorrows of Life! That he sees Satisfaction, Health and Gladness in her Countenance, while he enjoys the Happiness of seeing her (as that I will suppose too, or he must be too abstracted, too insensible) I say if he is allowed to delight in that Prospect; alas! what mighty Matter is there, in all this?

Ind. No mighty Matter, in so disinterested a Friendship!

Bev. jun. Disinterested! I can't think him so! your Hero, Madam, is no more, than what every Gentleman ought to be, and I believe very many are—He is only one, who takes more Delight in Reflexions than in Sensations; he is more pleased with Thinking, than Eating; that's the utmost you can say of him—Why, Madam, a greater Expence, than all this, Men lay out upon an unnecessary Stable of Horses.

Ind. Can you be sincere in what you say?

Bev. jun. You may depend upon it, if you know any such Man, he does not love Dogs inordinately.

Ind. No, that he does not.

Bev. jun. Nor Cards, nor Dice.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor Bottle Companions.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor loose Women.

Ind. No, I'm sure he does not.

Bev. jun. Take my Word then, if your admired Hero is not liable to any of these kind of Demands: there's no such Preheminance in this, as you imagine: Nay, this Way of Expence you speak of, is what exalts and raises him that has a Taste for it: And at the same Time, his Delight is incapable of Satiety, Disgust or Penitence.

Ind. But still I insist his having no private Interest in the Action, makes it prodigious, almost incredible.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, I never knew you more mistaken: Why, who can be more an Usurer, than he, who lays out his Money in such valuable Purchases?

If

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If Pleasure be worth purchasing, how great a Pleasure is it to him, who has a true Taste of Life, to ease an aching Heart, to see the human Countenance lighted up into Smiles of Joy, on the Receipt of a Bit of Oar, which is superfluous, and otherwise useless in a Man's own Pocket? What could a Man do better with his Cash? This is the Effect of an humane Disposition, where there is only a general Tye of Nature, and common Necessity. What then must it be, when we serve an Object of Merit, of Admiration!

Ind. Well! the more you argue against it, the more I shall admire the Generosity.

Bew. jun. Nay——Then Madam, 'tis Time to fly after a Declaration, that my Opinion strengthens my Adversary's Argument——I had best hasten to my Appointment with Mr. *Myrtle*, and be gone, while we are Friends, and——before Things are brought to an Extremity—— [Exit carelessly.]

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. Well, Madam, what think you of him now, pray?

Ind. I protest I begin to fear he is wholly disinterested in what he does for me. On my Heart, he has no other View, but the mere Pleasure of doing it, and has neither good or bad Designs upon me.

Ifab. Ah! dear Niece! don't be in Fear of both! I'll warrant you, you will know Time enough, that he is not indifferent.

Ind. You please me, when you tell me so: For if he has any Wishes towards me, I know he will not pursue them, but with Honour.

Ifab. I wish, I were as confident of one, as t'other—I saw the respectful Downcast of his Eyes, when you catcht him gazing at you during the Musick: He, I warrant, was surpriz'd, as if he had been taken stealing your Watch. O! the undissembled guilty Look!

Ind. But did you observe any such Thing, really; I thought he look'd most charmingly graceful! How engaging is Modesty in a Man, when one knows there is a great Mind within——So tender a Confusion!
and

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and yet in other respects, so much himself, so collected, so dauntless, so determin'd!

Isab. Ah! Niece! there is a Sort of Bashfulness, which is the best Engine to carry on a shameless Purpose: Some Men's Modesty serves their Wickedness, as Hypocrisy gains the respect due to Piety: But I will own to you, there is one hopeful Symptom, if there could be such a Thing, as a disinterested Lover; but it's all a Perplexity, till _____ till _____ till _____

Ind. Till what?

Isab. Till I know whether Mr. *Myrtle* and Mr. *Bevil* are really Friends or Foes——And that I will be convinced of, before I sleep: For you shall not be deceiv'd.

Ind. I'm sure, I never shall, if your Fears can guard me: In the mean Time I'll wrap myself up in the Integrity of my own Heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

As conscious Honour all his Actions steers;

So conscious Innocence dispels my Fears. [*Exe.*]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Sealand's* House.

Enter Tom meeting Phillis.

Tom. **W**ELL, *Phillis*!——what with a Face, as if you had never seen me before——
What a Work have I to do now? She has seen some new Visitant at their House, whose Airs she has catch'd, and is resolv'd to practise them upon me. Numberless are the Changes she'll dance thro', before she'll answer this plain Question; *videlicet*, Have you deliver'd my Master's Letter to your Lady? Nay, I know her too well, to ask an Account of it, in an ordinary Way; I'll be in my Airs as well as she. [*Aside.*]——Well, Madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleased to
make

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make me, I would not in the general be any other than what I am ; I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this Instant.

[*Looking stedfastly at her.*]

Phil. Did ever any Body doubt, Master Thomas, but that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self?

Tom. I am indeed—The Thing I have least Reason to be satisfied with is my Fortune, and I am glad of my Poverty ; perhaps if I were rich, I should overlook the finest Woman in the World, that wants nothing but Riches to be thought so.

Phil. How prettily was that said? But I'll have a great deal more, before I'll say one Word. [*Aside.*]

Tom. I should, perhaps have been stupidly above her, had I not been her Equal ; and by not being her Equal, never had Opportunity of being her Slave. I am my Master's Servant for Hire ; I am my Mistress's from Choice ; wou'd she but approve my Passion.

Phil. I think it is the first Time I ever heard you speak of it, with any Sense of the Anguish, if you really do suffer any.

Tom. Ah! *Phillis*, can you doubt, after what you have seen?

Phil. I know not what I have seen, nor what I have heard ; but since I am at Leisure, you may tell me when you fell in Love with me : How you fell in Love with me ; and what you have suffer'd, or are ready to suffer for me.

Tom. Oh! the unmerciful Jade! when I'm in haste about my Master's Letter——But I must go thro' it. [*Aside.*]——Ah! too well I remember, when, and how, and on what Occasion I was first surpris'd. It was on the first of *April* one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. *Sealand's* Service ; I was then a Hobble-de-Hoy, and you a pretty little tight Girl, a favourite Hand maid of the Housekeeper——At that Time, we neither of us knew what was in us : I remember, I was ordered to get out of the Window, one Pair of Stairs, to rub the Sashes clean,——the Person employ'd on the inner side, was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phil.

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Phil. I think I remember the silly Accident: What made ye, you Oaf, ready to fall down into the Street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you——You could not guess what surpris'd me. You took no Delight when you immediately grew wanton in your Conquest, and put your Lips close and breath'd upon the Glass, and when my Lips approach'd, a dirty Cloth you rubb'd against my Face, and hid your beauteous Form; when I again drew near, you spit, and rubb'd, and smil'd at my Undoing.

Phil. What silly Thoughts you Men have!

Tom. We were *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*——but ten times harder was my Fate; *Pyramus* could peep only through a Wall; I saw her, saw my *Thisbe* in all her Beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred Walls between, for there was more, there was her Will against me——Would she but yet relent?——Oh, *Phillis*! *Phillis*! shorten my Torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil. I believe it's very sufferable; the pain is not so exquisite, but that you may bear it a little longer.

Tom. Oh! my charming *Phillis*, if all depended on my fair one's Will, I could with Glory suffer——But dearest Creature, consider our miserable State.

Phil. How! miserable!

Tom. We are miserable to be in Love, and under the Command of others than those we love——with that generous Passion in the Heart, to be sent to and fro on Errands, call'd, check'd, and rated for the meanest Trifles. Oh, *Phillis*! You don't know how many *China* Cups, and Glasses, my Passion for you has made me break: You have broken my Fortune, as well as my Heart.

Phil. Well, Mr. *Thomas*, I cannot but own to you, that I believe, your Master writes and you speak the best of any Men in the World. Never was a Woman so well pleas'd with a Letter, as my young Lady was with his, and this is an Answer to it. [*Gives him a Letter.*]

Tom. This was well done, my dearest; consider, we must strike out some pretty Livelihood for our selves, by closing their Affairs: It will be nothing for them

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them to give us a little Being of our own, some small Tenement, out of their large Possessions: whatever they give us, it will be more than what they keep for themselves: one Acre, with *Phillis*, would be worth a whole Country without her.

Phil. O, could I but believe you!

Tom. If not the Utterance, believe the Touch of my Lips. [Kisses her.]

Phil. There's no contradicting you, how closely you argue, *Tom*!

Tom. And will closer in due Time. But I must hasten with this Letter, to hasten towards the Possession of you — Then, *Phillis*, consider how I must be reveng'd, look to it, of all your Skittishness, shy Looks, and at best but coy Compliances.

Phil. Oh! *Tom*, you grow wanton, and sensual, as my Lady calls it, I must not endure it; Oh! Foh! you are a Man, an odious, filthy Male Creature; you should behave, if you had a right Sense, or were a Man of Sense, like Mr. *Cimberton*, with Distance and Indifference, or let me see, some other becoming hard Word, with seeming in-in-in-advertency, and not rush on one as if you were seizing a Prey. But hush—the Ladies are coming——Good *Tom*, don't kiss me above once, and begone——Lard, we have been fooling and toying, and not consider'd the main Business of our Masters and Mistresses.

Tom. Why, their Business is to be fooling and toying, as soon as the Parchments are ready.

Phil. Well remember'd——Parchments——my Lady, to my Knowledge, is preparing Writings between her Coxcomb Cousin *Cimberton* and my Mistress; though my Master has an Eye to the Parchments already prepar'd between your Master, Mr. *Bevil*, and my Mistress; and I believe, my Mistress herself has sign'd and seal'd, in her Heart, to Mr. *Myrtle*——Did I not bid you kiss me but once and begone? but I know you won't be satisfy'd.

Tom. No, you smooth Creature, how should I?

[Kissing her Hand.]

Phil. Well, since you are so humble, or so cool, as to
ravish

ravish my Hand only, I'll take my Leave of you like a great Lady, and you a Man of Quality.

[They salute formally.]

Tom. Pox of all this State. *[Offers to kiss her more closely.]*

Phil. No, pr'ythee *Tom*, mind your Business, we must follow that Interest which will take; but endeavour at that which will be most for us, and we like most—
O, here is my young Mistress! *[Tom. taps her Neck behind, and kisses his Fingers.]* Go, ye liquorish Fool.

[Exit Tom.]

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Who was that you was hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with.

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil. For your Ladyship's Service, to carry your Ladyship's Letter to his Master, I could hardly get the Rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he so little Love for his Master?

Phil. No, but he has so much Love for his Mistress.

Luc. But I thought I heard him kiss you. Why do you suffer that?

Phil. Why, Madam, we Vulgar take it to be a Sign of Love; we Servants, we poor People, that have nothing but our Persons to bestow, or treat for, are forc'd to deal and bargain by Way of Sample: and therefore as we have no Parchments, or Wax necessary in our Arguments, we squeeze with our Hands, and seal with our Lips, to ratify Vows and Promises.

Luc. But can't you trust one another, without such Earnest down?

Phil. We don't think it safe, any more than you Gentry, to come together without Deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pert merry Hussey.

Phil. I wish, Madam, your Lover and you were as happy, as *Tom* and your Servant are.

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done, Madam; and I won't ask you, what you intend to do with Mr. *Myrtle*, what your Father will do with Mr. *Berwil*, nor what you all, especially my Lady, mean by admitting Mr. *Cimberton* as particularly

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larly here, as if he were married to you already ; nay, you are married actually as far as People of Quality are.

Luc. How's that ?

Phil. You have different Beds in the same House.

Luc. Pshaw ! I have a very great Value for Mr. *Bevil*, but have absolutely put an End to his Pretensions, in the Letter I gave you for him : But, my Father, in his Heart, still has a Mind to him, were it not for this Woman they talk of ; and, I am apt to imagine he is married to her, or never designs to marry at all.

Phil. Then Mr. *Myrtle*.——

Luc. He had my Parents Leave to apply to me, and by that he has won me, and my Affections : who is to have this Body of mine, without 'em, it seems, is nothing to me ; my Mother says, 'tis indecent for me to let my Thoughts stray about the Person of my Husband : Nay, she says, a Maid, rightly virtuous, tho' she may have been where her Lover was a thousand times, should not have made Observations enough, to know him from another Man, when she sees him in a third Place.

Phil. That is more than the Severity of a Nun, for not to see, when one may, is hardly possible ; not to see when one can't is very easy : at this rate, Madam, there are a great many whom you have not seen, who——

Luc. Mamma says, the first Time you see your Husband should be at that Instant he is made so ; when your Father, with the Help of the Minister, gives you to him ; then you are to see him ; then you are to observe and take Notice of him, because then you are to obey him.

Phil. But does not my Lady remember, you are to love, as well as to obey ?

Luc. To love is a Passion, 'tis a Desire, and we must have no Desires. Oh ! I cannot endure the Reflexion ! With what insensibility on my Part, with what more than Patience, have I been expos'd, and offered to some awkward Booby or other, in every County of *Great Britain* ?

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I wonder I never heard you speak of it before, with this Indignation.

Luc. Every Corner of the Land has presented me with a wealthy Coxcomb. As fast as one Treaty has gone off, another has come on, till my Name and Person have been

been the Tittle Tattle of the whole Town: What is this World come to! No Shame left! To be barter'd for, like Beasts of the Fields, and that in such an Instance, as coming together to an entire Familiarity, and Union of Soul and Body; oh! and this without being so much as Well-wishers to each other, but for increase of Fortune.

Phil. But, Madam, all these Vexations will end very soon, in one for all: Mr. *Cimberton* is your Mother's Kinsman, and three hundred Years an older Gentleman than any Lover you ever had; for which Reason, with that of his prodigious large Estate, she is resolved on him, and has sent to consult the Lawyers accordingly. Nay, has (whether you know it or no) been in Treaty with Sir *Geoffry*, who to join in the Settlement, has accepted of a Sum to do it, and is every Moment expected in Town for that Purpose.

Luc. How do you get all this Intelligence?

Phil. By an Art I have, I thank my Stars, beyond all the Waiting-Maids in *Great-Britain*; the Art of List'ning, Madam, for your Ladyship's Service.

Luc. I shall soon know as much as you do; leave me, leave me, *Phillis*, be gone: Here, here, I'll turn you out. My Mother says I must not converse with my Servants; tho' I must converse with no one else. [*Exit Phillis*] How unhappy are we, who are born to great Fortunes! no one looks at us with Indifference, or acts towards us on the Foot of Plain-Dealing; yet, by all I have been heretofore offer'd to, or treated for, I have been us'd with the most agreeable of all Abuses, Flattery; but now, by this phlegmatick Fool, I'm us'd as nothing, or a mere Thing; he forsooth! is too wise, too learned to have any Regard to Desires, and, I know not what the learned Oaf calls Sentiments of Love and Passion—Here he comes with my Mother—it's much if he looks at me; or if he does, takes no more Notice of me than of any other Moveable in the Room.

Enter Mrs. Sealand, and Mr. Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. How do I admire this noble, this learned Taste of yours, and the worthy Regard you have to
C our

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our own ancient and honourable House, in consulting a Means to keep the Blood as pure, and as regularly descended as may be.

Cimb. Why, really Madam, the young Women of this Age are treated with Discourses of such a Tendency, and their Imaginations so bewilder'd in Flesh and Blood, that a Man of Reason can't talk to be understood: They have no Ideas of Happiness, but what are more gross than the Gratification of Hunger and Thirst.

Luc. With how much Reflexion he is a Coxcomb?

[*Aside.*

Cimb. And in Truth, Madam, I have consider'd it, as a most brutal Custom, that Persons of the first Character in the World, should go as ordinarily, and with as little Shame, to Bed, as to Dinner with one another. They proceed to the Propagation of the Species, as openly, as to the Preservation of the Individual.

Luc. She that willingly goes to Bed to thee, must have no Shame, I'm sure.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Seal. Oh, Cousin *Cimberton*! Cousin *Cimberton*! how abstracted, how refin'd, is your Sense of Things; but, indeed, it is too true, there is nothing so ordinary as to say, in the best govern'd Families, my Master and Lady are gone to Bed; one does not know but it might have been said of one's self.

[*Hiding her Face with her Fan.*

Cimb. *Lycurgus*, Madam, instituted otherwise; among the *Lacedæmonians*, the whole female World was pregnant, but none, but the Mothers themselves, knew by whom; their Meetings were secret, and the amorous Congress always by Stealth; and no such professed Doings between the Sexes; as are tolerated among us under the audacious Word, Marriage

Mrs. Seal. Oh! had I liv'd, in those Days, and been a Matron of *Sparta*, one might, with less Indecency, have had ten Children, according to that modest Institution, than one, under the Confusion of our modern, barefac'd Manner.

Luc. And yet, poor Woman, she has gone thro' the whole Ceremony, and here I stand a melancholy Proof of it.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Seal.

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Mrs. Seal. We will talk then of Business. That Girl walking about the Room there, is to be your Wife. She has, I confess, no Ideas, no Sentiments, that speak her born of a thinking Mother.

Cimb. I have observ'd her; her lively Look, free Air, and disengag'd Countenance, speak her very——

Luc. Very, what?

Cimb. If you please, Madam.——to set her a little that Way.

Mrs. Seal. *Lucinda*, say nothing to him, you are not a Match for him; when you are married, you may speak to such a Husband, when you're spoken to. But, I am disposing of you, above yourself, every Way.

Cimb. Madam, you cannot but observe the Inconveniencies I expose myself to, in Hopes that your Ladyship will be the Consort of my better Part: As for the young Woman, she is rather an Impediment, than a Help to a Man of Letters, and Speculation. Madam, there is no Reflexion, no Philosophy, can at all Times subdue the sensitive Life, but the Animal shall sometimes carry away the Man: Ha! ay, the Vermillion of her Lips.

Luc. Pray, don't talk of me thus.

Cimb. The pretty enough——Pant of her Bosom.

Luc. Sir; Madam, don't you hear him?

Cimb. Her forward Chest.

Luc. Intolerable.

Cimb. High Health.

Luc. The grave, easy Impudence of him!

Cimb. Proud Heart.

Luc. Stupid Coxcomb!

Cimb. I say, Madam, her Impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all Attractions—her Arms—her Neck—what a Spring in her Step!

Luc. Don't you run me over thus, you strange unaccountable!

Cimb. What an Elasticity in her Veins and Arteries!

Luc. I have no Veins, no Arteries.

Mrs. Seal. Oh, Child, hear him, he talks finely, he's a Scholar, he knows what you have.

Cimb. The speaking Invitation of her Shape, the gathering of herself up, and the Indignation you see in

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the pretty little Thing——now, I am considering her, on this Occasion, but as one that is to be pregnant.

Luc. The familiar, learned, unseasonable Puppy!

[*Aside.*

Cimb. And pregnant undoubtedly she will be yearly. I fear I shan't, for many Years, have Discretion enough to give her one fallow Season.

Luc. Monster! there's no bearing it. The hideous Sot!—there's no enduring it, to be thus survey'd like a Steed at Sale.

Cimb. At Sale! she's very illiterate——But she's very well limb'd too; turn her in; I see what she is.

Mrs. Seal. Go, you Creature, I am ashamed of you.

[*Exit Lucinda in a Rage.*

Cimb. No harm done—you know, Madam, the better Sort of People, as I observ'd to you, treat by their Lawyers of Weddings [*adjusting himself at the Glass*] and the Woman in the Bargain, like the Mansion-House in the Sale of the Estate, is thrown in, and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all consider'd.

Mrs. Seal. I grant it, and therefore make no Demand for her Youth, and Beauty, and every other Accomplishment, as the common World think 'em, because she is not polite.

Cimb. Madam, I know, your exalted Understanding, abstracted, as it is, from vulgar Prejudices, will not be offended, when I declare to you, I marry to have an Heir to my Estate, and not to beget a Colony, or a Plantation: This young Woman's Beauty, and Constitution, will demand Provision for a tenth Child at least.

Mrs. Seal. With all that Wit, and Learning, how considerate! What an Oeconomist! [*Aside.*]——Sir, I cannot make her any other than she is; or say she is much better than the other young Women of this Age, or fit for much, besides being a Mother; but I have given Directions for the Marriage Settlements, and Sir *Geoffry Cimberton's* Counsel is to meet ours here, at this Hour, concerning his joining in the Deed, which when executed, makes you capable of settling what is due to *Lucinda's* Fortune: Herself, as I told you, I say nothing of.

Cimb.

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Cimb. No, no, no, indeed, Madam, it is not usual, and I must depend upon my own Reflexion and Philosophy, not to overlook my Family.

Mrs. Seal. I cannot help her, Cousin *Cimberton*; but she is, for ought I see, as well as the Daughter of any Body else.

Cimb. That is very true, Madam.

Enter a Servant who whispers Mrs. Sealand.

Mrs. Seal. The Lawyers are come, and now we are to hear what they have resolv'd, as to the Point, whether it's necessary that Sir *Geoffry* should join in the Settlement, as being what they call in the Remainder. But, good Cousin, you must have Patience with 'em. These Lawyers, I am told, are of a different Kind; one is what they call a Chamber-Counsel, the other a Pleader: The Conveyancer is slow, from an Imperfection in his Speech, and therefore shun'd the Bar. but extremely passionate, and impatient of Contradiction: the other is as warm as he; but has a Tongue so voluble, and a Head so conceited, he will suffer no Body to speak but himself.

Cimb. You mean old Serjeant *Target*, and Counsellor *Bramble*? I have heard of 'em.

Mrs. Seal. The same: shew in the Gentlemen.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Re-enter Servant, introducing Myrtle and Tom, disguis'd as Bramble and Target.

Mrs. Seal. Gentlemen, this is the Party concern'd, Mr. *Cimberton*; and I hope you have consider'd of the Matter.

Targ. Yes, Madam, we have agreed that it must be by Indent—dent—dent—dent—

Bram. Yes, Madam, Mr. *Serjeant* and myself have agreed, as he is pleas'd to inform you, that it must be an Indenture Tripartite, and Tripartite let it be, for Sir *Geoffry* must needs be a Party; old *Cimberton*, in the Year 1619, says, in that ancient Roll, in Mr. *Serjeant's* Hands, as Recourse thereto being had, will more at large appear——

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Tar. Yes, and by the Deeds in your Hands, it appears that——

Bram. Mr. Serjeant, I beg of you to make no Inferences upon what is in our Custody; but speak to the Titles in your own Deeds—I shall not shew that Deed 'till my Client is in Town.

Cimb. You know best your own Methods.

Mrs. Seal. The single Question is, whether the Intail is such, that my Cousin Sir *Geoffry*, is necessary in this Affair?

Bram. Yes, as to the Lordship of *Tretriplet*, but not as to the Messuage of *Grimgribber*.

Tar. I say that Gr—gr—that Gr—gr—*Grimgribber*, *Grimgribler* is in us. That is to say, the Remainder thereof, as well as that of Tr—tr—*Triplet*.

Bram. Yo go upon the Deed of Sir *Ralph*, made in the Middle of the last Century, precedent to that in which old *Cimberton* made over the Remainder, and made it pass to the Heirs general, by which your Client comes in; and I question whether the Remainder, even of *Tretriplet* is in him——But we are willing to wave that, and give him a valuable Consideration. But we shall not purchase what is in us for ever, as *Grimgribber* is, at the Rate as we guard against the Contingent of Mr. *Cimberton* having no Son——Then we know Sir *Geoffry* is the first of the collateral male Line in this Family——Yet——

Tar. Sir, Gr——gr——ber is——

Bram. I apprehend you very well, and your Argument might be of Force, and we would be inclin'd to hear that in all its Parts——But, Sir, I see very plainly what you are going into——I tell you it is as probable a Contingent that Sir *Geoffry* may die before Mr. *Cimberton*, as that he may outlive him.

Tar. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I must say--

Bram. Sir, I allow you the whole Extent of that Argument; but that will go no farther than as to the Claimants under old *Cimberton*——I am of Opinion, that according to the Instructions of Sir *Ralph*, he could not dock the Entail, and then create a new Estate for the Heirs in general.

Tar.

Tar. Sir I have no Patience to be told that, when
Gr——gr——ber——

Bram. I will allow it you, Mr. Serjeant; but there must be the Word Heirs for ever, to make such an Estate as you pretend.

Cimb. I must be impartial, tho' you are Counsel for my Side of the Question—Were it not that you are so good as to allow him what he has not said, I should think it very hard you should answer him without hearing him—But Gentlemen, I believe you have both consider'd this Matter, and are firm in your different Opinions: 'Twere better therefore, you proceeded according to the particular Sense of each of you, and give your Thoughts distinctly in Writing——And do you see, Sirs, pray let me have a Copy of what you say, in *English*.

Bram. Why, what is all we have been saying?——In *English*! Oh! but I forgot myself, you're a Wit——But however, to please you, Sir, you shall have it, in as plain Terms, as the Law will admit of

Cimb. But I would have it, Sir, without Delay.

Bram. That, Sir, the Law will not admit of; the Courts are sitting at *Westminster*, and I am this Moment oblig'd to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I should not be in the Hall to attend one of 'em at least, the rest would take it ill else——Therefore, I must leave what I have said to Mr. Serjeant's Consideration, and I will digest his Arguments on my Part, and you shall hear from me again, Sir. [Exit Bramble.

Tar. Agreed, agreed.

Cimb. Mr. Bramble is very quick——He parted a little abruptly.

Tar. He could not bear my Argument, I pinch'd him to the Quick, about that Gr——gr——ber.

Mrs. Seal. I saw that, for he durst not so much as hear you——I shall send to you, Mr. Serjeant, as soon as Sir *Geoffry* comes to Town, and then I hope all may be adjusted.

Tar. I shall be at my Chambers, at my usual Hours. [Exit.

Cimb. Madam, if you please, I'll now attend you to the Tea-table, where I shall hear from your Ladyship

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ship, Reason and good Sense, after all this Law and Gibberish.

Mrs. Seal. 'Tis a wonderful Thing, Sir, that Men of Professions do not study to talk the Substance of what they have to say, in the Language of the rest of the World: Sure, they'd find their Account in it.

Cimb. They might, perhaps, Madam, with People of your good Sense; but, with the generality 'twould never do: The Vulgar would have no Respect for Truth and Knowledge, if they were expos'd to naked View.

Truth is too simple, of all Art bereav'd,

Since the World will—why let it be deceiv'd. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, Bevil Junior's Lodgings.

Bevil jun. with a Letter in his Hand, follow'd by Tom.

Tom. **U**PON my Life, Sir, I know nothing of the Matter: I never open'd my Lips to Mr. *Myrtle*, about any Thing of your Honour's Letter to Madam *Lucinda*.

Bev. jun. What's the Fool in such a Fright for? I don't suppose you did: What I would know is, whether Mr. *Myrtle* shew'd any Suspicion, or ask'd you any Questions, to lead you to say casually, that you had carry'd any such Letter, for me, this Morning.

Tom. Why, Sir, if he did ask me any Questions, how could I help it?

Bev. jun. I don't say you could, Oaf! I am not questioning you, but him: What did he say to you?

Tom. Why, Sir, when I came to his Chambers, to be dress'd for the Lawyer's Part, your Honour was pleas'd to put me upon, he ask'd me, if I had been at Mr. *Sealand's* this Morning?——So I told him, Sir, I often went thither——because, Sir, if I had not said that, he might have thought there was something more in my going now, than at another time.

Bev.

Bev. jun. Very Well!—The Fellow's Caution, I find, has given him this Jealousy. [*Aside.*] Did he ask you no other Questions?

Tom. Yes, Sir—now I remember, as we came away, in the Hackney-Coach, from Mr *Sealand's*, *Tom*, says he, as I came in to your Master this Morning, he bade you go for an Answer to a Letter he had sent. Pray did you bring him any? says he——Ah! says I, Sir, your Honour is pleas'd to joke with me, you have a Mind to know whether I can keep a Secret or no?

Bev. jun. And so by shewing him you could, you told him you had one?

Tom. Sir——

[*Confus'd.*

Bev. jun. What mean Actions does Jealousy make a Man stoop to? How poorly has he us'd Art, with a Servant, to make him betray his Master? Well! and when did he give you this Letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it, before he pull'd off his Lawyer's Gown, at his own Chambers.

Bev. jun. Very well; and what did he say, when you brought him my Answer to it?

Tom. He look'd a little out of Humour, Sir, and said, it was very well.

Bev. jun. I knew he would be grave upon't,—wait without.

Tom. Hum! 'gad I don't like this; I am afraid we are in the wrong Box here ——

[*Exit Tom.*

Bev. jun. I put on a Serenity, while my Fellow was present: But I have never been more thoroughly disturb'd; this hot Man! to write me a Challenge, on supposed artificial Dealing, when I profess'd myself his Friend! I can live contented without Glory; but I cannot suffer Shame. What's to be done? But first, let me consider *Lucinda's* Letter again.

[*Reads.*

S I R,

I Hope it is consistent with the Laws a Woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge, that your Manner of declining a Treaty of Marriage, in our Family, and desiring the Refusal may come from me, has something more engaging in it, than the Courtship of him, who, I fear, will fall to my Lot; except your Friend exerts himself, for our common Safety and Happiness: I have Reasons for desiring,

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siring Mr. Myrtle may not know of this Letter, till hereafter, and am your most obliged humble Servant,

Lucinda Sealand.

Well, but the Postscript.

[Reads.]

I won't upon second Thoughts, hide any Thing from you. But, my Reason of concealing this is, That Mr. Myrtle has a Jealousy in his Temper, which gives me some Terrors; but my Esteem for him inclines me to hope, that only an ill Effect, which sometimes accompanies a tender Love; and what may be cur'd by a careful and unblameable Conduct.

Thus has this Lady made me her Friend and Confident, and put herself in a kind under my Protection: I cannot tell him immediately, the Purport of her Letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable Passion of Jealousy, and to serve him and her, by disobeying her, in the Article of Secrecy, more than I should by complying with her Directions--But then this Duelling, which Custom has impos'd upon every Man, who would live with Reputation and Honour in the World:—How must I preserve myself from Imputations there? He'll, forsooth, call it, or think it Fear, if I explain without fighting—But his Letter—I'll read it again——

S I R,

YOU have us'd me basely, in corresponding, and carrying on a Treaty, where you told me you were indifferent: I have chang'd my Sword since I saw you, which Advertisement I thought proper to send you, against the next Meeting between you and the injur'd

Charles Myrtle.

Enter Tom

Tom. Mr. Myrtle, Sir: would your Honour please to see him?

Bev jun. Why, you stupid Creature! Let Mr. Myrtle wait at my Lodgings! Shew him up. [Exit Tom.]

Well! I am resolv'd upon my Carriage to him——He is in Love, and in every Circumstance of Life a little distrustful, which I must allow for—but here he is.

Enter Tom introducing Myrtle.

Sir, I am extremely oblig'd to you for this Honour,
——But, Sir, you with your very discerning Face,
leave

leave the Room. [*Exit Tom.*] Well, Mr. *Myrtle*, your Commands with me?

Myrt. The Time, the Place, our long Acquaintance, and many other Circumstances, which affect me on this Occasion, oblige me, without any Ceremony, or Conference to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the Receipt of my Letter, but also comply with the Request in it. I must have farther Notice taken of my Message than these half Lines,—I have yours,—I shall be at home——

Bev. jun. Sir, I own, I have received a Letter from you, in a very unusual Stile; but as I design every Thing, in this Matter, shall be your own Action, your own seeking, I shall understand nothing, but what you are pleas'd to confirm, Face to Face, and I have already forgot the Contents of your Epistle

Myrt. This cool Manner is very agreeable to the Abuse you have already made of my Simplicity and Frankness; and I see your Moderation tends to your own Advantage, and not mine; to your own Safety, not Consideration of your Friend.

Bev. jun. My own Safety. Mr. *Myrtle*.

Myrt. Your own Safety, Mr. *Bevil*.

Bev. jun. Look you, Mr. *Myrtle*, there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at—But, Sir, you know I have often dared to disapprove of the Decisions a Tyrant Custom has introduc'd, to the Breach of all Laws, both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, Mr. *Bevil*, it would be a good first Principle, in those who have so tender a Conscience that Way to have as much Abhorrence of doing Injuries, as——

Bev. jun. As what?

Myrt. As Fear of answering for 'em.

Bev. jun. As Fear of answering for 'em! But that Apprehension is just or blameable, according to the Object of that Fear——I have often told you in Confidence of Heart, I abhorr'd the Daring to offend the Author of Life, and rushing into his Presence——I say, by the very same Act, to commit the Crime against him, and immediately to urge on to his Tribunal.

Myrt.

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Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, I must tell you, this Coolness, this Gravity, this Shew of Conscience, shall never cheat me of my Mistress. You have, indeed, the best Excuse for Life, the Hopes of possessing *Lucinda*: But, consider, Sir, I have as much Reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her; and my first Attempt to recover her, shall be to let her see the dauntless Man, who is to be her Guardian and Protector.

Bev. jun. Sir, shew me but the least Glimpse of Argument, that I am authoris'd, by my own Hand to vindicate any lawless Insult of this Nature, and I will shew thee——to chastize thee——hardly deserves the Name of Courage——flight, inconsiderate Man!——There is, Mr. *Myrtle*, no such Terror in quick Anger; and you shall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the Woman one loves, so little an Occasion of Anger? You, perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign Trinket, for your loose Hours; and from your Fortune, your specious outward Carriage, and other lucky Circumstances, as easy a Way to the Possession of a Woman of Honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarm'd, to be distracted, with Anxiety and Terror of losing more than Life: Your Marriage, happy Man! goes on like common Business, and in the Interim, you have your rambling Captive, your *Indian* Princess, for your soft Moments of Dalliance, your convenient, your ready *Indiana*.

Bev. jun. You have touched me beyond the Patience of a Man; and I'm excusable in the Guard of Innocence (or from the Infirmary of human Nature which can bear no more) to accept your Invitation, and observe your Letter——Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, Sir? I thought you did: I heard you speak aloud.

Bev. jun. Yes, go call a Coach.

Tom. Sir,—Master—Mr. *Myrtle*,—Friends—Gentlemen——What d'ye mean? I am but a Servant, or——

Bev.

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Bev. jun. Call a Coach. *[Exit Tom.*

[A long Pause, walking sullenly by each other.

[Aside.] Shall I (though provok'd to the uttermost) recover myself at the Entrance of a third Person, and that my Servant too, and not have Respect enough to all I have ever been receiving from Infancy, the Obligation to the best of Fathers, to an unhappy Virgin too, whose Life depends on mine. *[Shutting the Door.*

[To Myrtle.] I have, thank Heaven, had Time to recollect myself, and shall not, for fear of what such a rash Man as you think of me, keep longer unexplain'd the false Appearances, under which your Infirmary of Temper makes you suffer; when, perhaps too much Regard to a false Point of Honour, makes me prolong that Suffering.

Myrt. I am sure, Mr. *Bevil* cannot doubt, but I had rather have Satisfaction from his Innocence, than his Sword.

Bev. jun. Why then would you ask it first that Way?

Myrt. Consider, you kept your Temper yourself no longer than till I spoke to the Disadvantage of her you lov'd.

Bev. jun. True. But let me tell you, I have saved you from the most exquisite Distress, even tho' you had succeeded in the Dispute: I know you so well, that I am sure, to have found this Letter about a Man you had kill'd, would have been worse than Death to yourself—Read it—When he is thoroughly mortify'd, and Shame has got the better of Jealousy, when he has seen himself thoroughly, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining *Lucinda*.

Myrt. With what a Superiority has he turn'd the Injury on me, as the Aggressor? I begin to fear I have been too far transported——*A Treaty in our Family!* is not that saying too much? I shall relapse——But I find (on the Postscript) *something like Jealousy*——with what Face can I see my Benefactor? my Advocate? whom I have treated like a Betrayer.——Oh! *Bevil*, with what Words shall I——

Bev. jun. There needs none; to convince, is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you——

Bev.

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Bev. jun. You have o'erpaid the Inquietude you gave me, in the Change I see in you towards me: Alas! what Machines are we! thy Face is alter'd to that of another Man; to that of my Companion, my Friend

Myrt. That I could be such a precipitant Wretch!

Bev. jun. Pray no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many Friends have died, by the Hands of Friends, for want of Temper; and you must give me Leave to say again, and again, how much I am beholden to that superior Spirit you have subdu'd me with—what had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of Reason?

Bev. jun. I congratulate to us both the Escape from ourselves, and hope the Memory of it will make us dearer Friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil*, your friendly Conduct has convinc'd me that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by Reason, and agreeable to the Practice of Virtue and Justice. and yet, how many have been sacrific'd to that Idol, the unreasonable Opinion of Men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their Swords against each other, with dissembled Anger, and real Fear.

Betray'd by Honour, and compell'd by Shame,

They hazard Being, to preserve a Name:

Nor dare inquire into the dread Mistake,

'Till plung'd in sad Eternity they Wake. [Exeunt.

SCENE St. James's Park.

Enter Sir John Bevil and Mr. Sealand.

Sir J. Bev. Give me Leave, however, *Mr. Sealand*, as we are upon a Treaty for uniting our Families, to mention only the Business of an ancient House——
Genealogy and Descent are to be of some Consideration, in an Affair of this Sort——

Mr. Seal. Genealogy and Descent!—— Sir, there has been in our Family a very large one There was *Galfrid* the Father of *Edward*, the Father of *Ptolomy*,
the

the Father of *Crassus*, the Father of Earl *Richard*, the Father of *Henry* the Marquis, the Father of Duke *John*——

Sir J. Bev. What do you rave, Mr. *Sealand*? all these great Names in your Family?

Mr. Seal. These? yes, Sir—I have heard my Father name 'em all, and more.

Sir J. Bev. Ay, Sir;——and did he say they were all in your Family?

Mr. Seal. Yes, Sir, he kept them all——he was the greatest Cocker in *England*——he said Duke *John* won him many Battles, and never lost one.

Sir J. Bev. Oh, Sir, your Servant, you are laughing at my laying any Strefs upon Descent——but I must tell you, Sir, I never knew any one, but he that wanted that Advantage, turn it into Ridicule

Mr. Seal. And I never knew any one, who had many better Advantages, put that into his Account——But, Sir *John*, value yourself as you please upon your ancient House, I am to talk freely of every Thing you are pleas'd to put into your Bill of Rates on this Occasion,——yet, Sir, I have made no Objections to your Son's Family——Tis his Morals that I doubt.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I can't help saying, that what might injure a Citizen's Credit, may be no Stain to a Gentleman's Honour.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, the Honour of a Gentleman is liable to be tainted, by as small a Matter as the Credit of a Trader; we are talking of a Marriage, and in such a Case, the Father of a young Woman will not think it an Addition to the Honour, or Credit of her Lover——that he is a Keeper——

Sir J. Bev. Mr. *Sealand*, don't take upon you to spoil my Son's Marriage with any Woman else.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, let him apply to any Woman else, and have as many Mistresses as he pleases——

Sir J. Bev. My Son, Sir, is a discreet and sober Gentleman.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I never saw a Man that wenched soberly and discreetly, that ever left it off——the Decency observ'd in the Practice, hides, even from the Sinner

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Sinner the Iniquity of it. They pursue it, not that their Appetites hurry 'em away; but, I warrant you, because 'tis their Opinion, they may do it.

Sir J. Bev. Were what you suspect a Truth ——— do you design to keep your Daughter a Virgin 'till you find a Man unblemish'd that Way?

Mr. Seal. Sir, as much a Cit as you take me for—— I know the Town and the World—and give me Leave to say that we Merchants are a Species of Gentry, that have grown into the World this last Century, and are as honourable, and almost as useful, as you landed Folks, that have always thought yourselves so much above us; for your trading, forsooth! is extended no farther, than a Load of Hay, or a fat Ox——You are pleasant People, indeed; because you are generally bred up to be lazy, therefore I warrant you, Industry is dishonourable.

Sir J. Bev. Be not offended, Sir; let us go back to our Point.

Mr. Seal. Oh! not at all offended——but I don't love to leave any Part of the Account unclos'd——look you, Sir *John*, Comparisons are odious, and more particularly so on Occasions of this Kind, when we are projecting Races, that are to be made out of both Sides of the Comparisons.

Sir J. Bev. But, my Son, Sir, is, in the Eye of the World, a Gentleman of Merit.

Mr. Seal. I own to you, I think him so.——But, Sir *John*, I am a Man exercis'd, and experienced in Chances, and Disasters; I lost, in my earlier Years, a very fine Wife, and with her a poor little Infant: this makes me, perhaps over-cautious, to preserve the second Bounty of Providence to me, and be as careful as I can of this Child—you'll pardon me, my poor Girl, Sir, is as valuable to me, as your boasted Son, to you.

Sir J. Bev. Why that's one very good Reason, Mr. *Sealand*, why I wish my Son had her.

Mr. Seal. There is nothing but this strange Lady here, this *Incognita*, that can be objected to him——here and there a Man falls in Love with an artful Creature, and gives up all the Motives of Life, to that one Passion.

Sir

Sir J. Bev. A Man of my Son's Understanding, cannot be supposed to be one of them.

Mr. Seal. Very wise Men have been so enslav'd; and when a Man marries with one of them upon his Hands, whether moved from the Demand of the World, or flighter Reasons; such a Husband soils with his Wife for a Month perhaps——then God b'w'y' Madam——the Show's over——ah! *John Dryden* points out such a Husband to a hair, where he says,

‘ And while abroad so prodigal the Dolt is,

‘ Poor Spouse at home as ragged as a Cold is.

Now in plain Terms, Sir, I shall not care to have my poor Girl turn'd a grazing, and that must be the Case when——

Sir J. Bev. But pray consider, Sir, my Son——

Mr. Seal. Look you, Sir, I'll make the Matter short. This unknown Lady, as I told you, is all the Objection I have to him. But one Way or other, he is, or has been, certainly engag'd to her——I am therefore resolv'd this very Afternoon, to visit her: Now from her Behaviour, or Appearance, I shall soon be let into, what I may fear or hope for.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I am very confident, there can be nothing inquired into, relating to my Son, that will not, upon being understood, turn to his Advantage.

Mr. Seal. I hope that as sincerely, as you believe it——
Sir John Bevil, when I am satisfied in this great Point, if your Son's Conduct answers the Character you give him, I shall wish your Alliance more than that of any Gentleman in *Great Britain*, and so your Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir J. Bev. He is gone in a Way but barely civil; but his great Wealth, and the Merit of his only Child, the Heiress of it, are not to be lost for a little Peevishness——

Enter Humphrey.

Oh! *Humphrey*, you are come in a seasonable Minute; I want to talk to thee, and to tell thee, that my Head and Heart are on the Rack, about my Son.

Humph. Sir, you may trust his Discretion, I am sure you may.

Sir J. Bev. Why, I do believe I may, and yet I'm in
a

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a thousand Fears, when I lay this vast Wealth before me: When I consider his Prepossessions, either generous, to a Folly, in an honourable Love, or abandon'd, past Redemption, in a vicious one; and from the one or the other, his Insensibility to the fairest Prospect, towards doubling our Estate: a Father, who knows how useful Wealth is, and how necessary, even to those who despise it, I say a Father, *Humphrey*, a Father cannot bear it.

Humph. Be not transported, Sir; you will grow incapable of taking any Resolution, in your Perplexity.

Sir J. Bev. Yes, as angry as I am with him, I would not have him surpriz'd in any Thing——This mercantile rough Man may go grossly into the Examination of this Matter, and talk to the Gentlewoman so as to——

Humph. No, I hope, not in an abrupt Manner.

Sir J. Bev. No, I hope not! Why, dost thou know any Thing of her, or of him, or of any Thing of it, or all of it?

Humph. My dear Master, I know so much! that I told him this very Day, you had Reason to be secretly out of Humour about her.

Sir J. Bev. Did you go so far? Well, what said he to that?

Humph. His Words were, looking upon me stedfastly: *Humphrey*, says he, that Woman is a Woman of Honour.

Sir J. Bev. How! Do you think he is married to her or designs to marry her?

Humph. I can say nothing to the latter——But he says, he can marry no one without your Consent, while you are living

Sir J. Bev. If he said so much, I know he scorns to break his Word with me.

Humph. I am sure of that.

Sir J. Bev. You are sure of that——Well! that's some Comfort——Then I have nothing to do but to see the Bottom of this Matter, during this present Ruffle——Oh, *Humphrey*——

Humph. You are not ill, I hope, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. Yes, a Man is very ill, that is in a very ill Humour: To be a Father, is to be in Care for one, whom

whom you oftener disoblige than please, by that very Care——Oh! that Sons could know the Duty to a Father, before they themselves are Fathers——But, perhaps you'll say now, that I am one of the happiest Fathers in the World; but I assure you, that of the very happiest is not a Condition to be envied.

Humph. Sir, your Pain arises, not from the Thing itself, but your particular Sense of it——You are overfond, nay, give me Leave to say, you are unjustly apprehensive from your Fondness: My Master *Bevil* never disoblig'd you, and he will, I know he will, do every Thing you ought to expect.

Sir J. Bev. He won't take all this Money with this Girl——For ought I know, he will, forsooth, have so much Moderation, as to think he ought not to force his Liking for any Consideration

Humph. He is to marry her, not you; he is to live with her, not you, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. I know not what to think; but I know, nothing can be more miserable than to be in this Doubt——Follow me; I must come to some Resolution.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Bevil Junior's Lodgings.*

Enter Tom and Phillis.

Tom. Well, Madam, if you must speak with Mr. *Myrtle*, you shall; he is now with my Master in the Library.

Phil. But you must leave me alone with him, for he can't make me a present, nor I so handsomly take any Thing from him, before you; it would not be decent.

Tom. It will be very decent indeed, for me to retire, and leave my Mistress with another Man.

Phil. He is a Gentleman, and will treat one properly.

Tom. I believe so——but, however, I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to trust you; I'll call him to you. [Exit *Tom.*]

Phil. What a deal of Pother and Sputter here is, between my Mistress and Mr. *Myrtle*, from mere Punctilio.

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I could any Hour of the Day get her to her Lover, and would do it—— But she forsooth, will allow no Plot to get him; but if he can come to her, I know she would be glad of it; I must therefore do her an acceptable Violence, and surprize her into his Arms. I am sure I go by the best Rule imaginable: If she were my Maid, I should think her the best Servant in the World, for doing so by me.

Enter Myrtle and Tom.

Oh Sir! You and Mr. *Bevil* are fine Gentlemen, to let a Lady remain under such Difficulties as my poor Mistress, and not Attempt to set her at Liberty, or release her from the Danger of being instantly married to *Cimberton*.

Myrt. Tom has been telling——But what is to be done?

Phil. What is to be done——when a Man can't come at his Mistress?——Why can't you fire our House, or the next House to us, to make us run out, and you take us!

Myrt. How, Mrs. *Phillis*——

Phil. Ay——let me see that Rogue deny to fire a House, make a Riot, or any other little Thing, when there were no other Way to come at me.

Tom. I am oblig'd to you, Madam.

Phil. Why, don't we hear every Day of People's hanging themselves for Love, and won't they venture the Hazard of being hang'd for Love?——Oh! were I a Man——

Myrt. What manly Thing would you have me undertake? according to your Ladyship's Notion of a Man.

Phil. Only be at once, what, one time or other, you may be, and wish to be, or must be.

Myrt. Dear Girl, talk plainly to me, and consider, I, in my Condition, can't be in very good Humour——you say to be once what I must be.

Phil. Ay, ay——I mean no more than to be an old Man; I saw you did it very well at the Masquerade: In a Word, old Sir *Geoffry Cimberton* is every Hour expected in Town, to join in the Deeds and Settlements, for marrying Mr. *Cimberton*——He is half blind,
half

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half lame, half deaf, half dumb; tho', as to his Passions and Desires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the Heat of Youth. —

Tom. Come to the Business, and don't keep the Gentleman in Suspence for the Pleasure of being courted, as you serve me.

Phil. I saw you at the Masquerade act such a one to Perfection; go, and put on that very Habit, and come to our House as Sir *Geoffry*. There is not one there, but myself, knows his Person; I was born in the Parish where he is Lord of the Manor. I have seen him often and often, at Church in the Country. Do not hesitate; but come thither; they will think you bring a certain Security against Mr. *Myrtle*, and you bring Mr. *Myrtle*; leave the rest to me, I leave this with you; and expect — They don't, I told you, know you; they think you out of Town, which you had as good be for ever, if you lose this Opportunity — I must be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

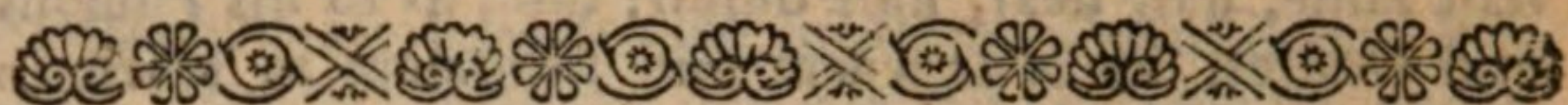
Myrt. My dear *Phillis*!

[Catches and kisses her, and gives her Money.]

Phil. O Fy! My Kisses are not my own; you have committed Violence; but I'll carry 'em to the right Owner *[Tom, kisses her]* Come, see me down Stairs *[to Tom.]* and leave the Lover to think of his last Game for the Prize. *[Exeunt Tom and Phillis.]*

Myrt. I think I will instantly attempt this wild Expedient — the Extravagance of it will make me less suspected, and it will give me Opportunity to assert my own Right to *Lucinda*, without whom I cannot live: But I am so mortify'd at this Conduct of mine towards poor *Bevil*; he must think meanly of me — I know not how to reassume myself, and be in Spirit enough for such an Adventure as this — Yet I must attempt it, if it be only to be near *Lucinda*, under her present Perplexities; and sure —

The next Delight to Transport, with the Fair,
Is to relieve her, in her Hours of Care. *[Exit.]*



A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Sealand's House.*

Enter Phillis, with Lights, before Myrtle, disguis'd like old Sir Geoffry; supported by Mrs. Sealand, Lucinda and Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. **N**OW I have seen you thus far, Sir *Geoffry*, will you excuse me a Moment, while I give my necessary Orders for your Accommodation? *[Exit Mrs. Seal.]*

Myrt. I have not seen you, Cousin *Cimberton*, since you were ten Years old; and as it is incumbent on you, to keep up our Name and Family, I shall, upon very reasonable Terms, join with you in a Settlement to that Purpose. Tho' I must tell you, Cousin, this is the first Merchant that has married into our House.

Luc. Deuce on 'em! am I a Merchant, because my Father is? *[Aside.]*

Myrt. But is he directly a Trader at this Time?

Cimb. There's no hiding the Disgrace, Sir; he trades to all Parts of the World

Myrt. We never had one of our Family before, who descended from Persons that did any Thing.

Cimb. Sir, since it is a Girl that they have, I am, for the Honour of my Family, willing to take it in again; and to sink her into our Name, and no Harm done.

Myrt. 'Tis prudently and generously resolv'd——
Is this the young Thing?

Cimb. Yes, Sir.

Phil. Good Madam, don't be out of Humour, but let them run to the utmost of their Extravagance——Hear them out.

Myrt. Can't I see her nearer? My Eyes are but weak.

Phil. Beside, I am sure the Uncle has something worth your Notice. I'll take Care to get off the young one,

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one, and leave you to observe what may be wrought out of the old one for your Good. [Exit.]

Cimb. Madam, this old Gentleman, your great Uncle, desires to be introduced to you, and to see you nearer! — Approach, Sir.

Myrt. By your Leave, young Lady ———— [Puts on Spectacles] ——— Cousin *Cimberton*! She has exactly that Sort of Neck and Bosom, for which my Sister *Gertrude* was so much admir'd, in the Year sixty-one, before the *French* Dresses first discovered any Thing in Women, below the Chin.

Luc. [Aside.] What a very odd Situation am I in? Tho' I cannot but be diverted at the Extravagance of their Humours, equally unsuitable to their Age ——— Chin, quotha — I don't believe my passionate Lover there knows whether I have one or not. Ha! ha!

Myrt. Madam, I would not willingly offend, but I have a better Glass ——— [Pulls out a large one.]

Enter Phillis to Cimberton.

Phil. Sir, my Lady desires to shew the Apartment to you, that she intends for Sir *Geoffry*.

Cimb. Well, Sir! by that Time you have sufficiently gazed, and sunned yourself in the Beauties of my Spouse there, I will wait on you again. [Ex. Cimb and Phil.]

Myrt. Were it not, Madam, that I might be troublesome, there is something of Importance, tho' we are alone, which I would say more safe from being heard.

Luc. There is something in this old Fellow methinks, that raises my Curiosity.

Myrt. To be free, Madam, I as heartily condemn this Kinsman of mine, as you do, and am sorry to see so much Beauty and Merit devoted, by your Parents, to so insensible a Possessor.

Luc. Surprizing! ——— I hope then, Sir, you will not contribute to the Wrong you are so generous to pity, whatever may be the Interest of your Family.

Myrt. This Hand of mine shall never be employ'd to sign any Thing, against your Good and Happiness.

Luc. I am sorry, Sir, it is not in my Power to make you proper Acknowledgments; but there is a
Gen-

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Gentleman in the World, whose Gratitude will, I am sure, be worthy of the Favour.

Myrt. All the Thanks I desire, Madam, are in your Power to give.

Luc. Name them, and command them.

Myrt. Only, Madam, that the first Time you are alone with your Lover, you will with open Arms receive him.

Luc. As willingly as his Heart could wish it.

Myrt. Thus then he claims your Promise! O *Lucinda*!

Luc. O! a Cheat! a Cheat! a Cheat!

Myrt. Hush! 'tis I, 'tis I, your Lover, *Myrtle* himself, Madam.

Luc. O bless me! what a Rashness and Folly to surprize me so——But hush——my Mother——

Enter Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, and Phillis.

Mrs. Seal. How now! what's the Matter?

Luc. O, Madam! as soon as you left the Room, my Uncle fell into a sudden Fit, and——and——so I cry'd out for Help to support him, and conduct him to his Chamber.

Mrs. Seal. That was kindly done! Alas! Sir, how do you find yourself?

Myrt. Never was taken in so odd a Way in my Life—pray lead me! Oh! I was talking here——(*pray carry me*) to my Cousin *Cimberton's* young Lady——

Mrs. Seal. [*Aside*] My Cousin *Cimberton's* young Lady! How zealous he is, even in his Extremity, for the Match! a right *Cimberton*.

[*Cimberton and Lucinda lead him, as one in Pain, &c.*

Cimb. Pox! Uncle, you will pull my Ear off.

Luc. Pray Uncle! you will squeeze me to Death.

Mrs. Seal. No Matter, no Matter—he knows not what he does. Come, Sir, shall I help you out!

Myrt. By no means; I'll trouble no Body but my young Cousins here. [*They lead him off.*

Phil. But pray, Madam, does your Ladyship intend that Mr. *Cimberton* shall really marry my young Mistress at last? I don't think he likes her.

Mrs. Seal. That's not material! Men of his Speculation are above Desires—but be that as it may; now I have given old Sir *Geoffry* the Trouble of coming up to sign and seal, with what Countenance can I be off?

Phil.

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Phil. As well as with twenty others, Madam? It is the Glory and Honour of a great Fortune, to live in continual Treaties, and still to break off; it looks great, Madam.

Mrs. Seal. True, *Phillis*——yet to return our Blood again into the *Cimberrons*, is an Honour not to be rejected——but were not you saying, that Sir *John Bevil's* Creature *Humphrey* has been with Mr. *Sealand*?

Phil. Yes, Madam; I overheard them agree, that Mr. *Sealand* should go himself, and visit this unknown Lady that Mr. *Bevil* is so great with; and if he found nothing there to fright him, that Mr. *Bevil* should still marry my young Mistress.

Mrs. Sealand. How! nay then he shall find she is my Daughter, as well as his: I'll follow him this Instant, and take the whole Family along with me: The disputed Power of disposing of my own Daughter shall be at an End this very Night——I'll live no longer in Anxiety for a little Hussey, that hurts my Appearance, where ever I carry her: and, for whose Sake, I seem to be not at all regarded, and that in the best of my Days.

Phil. Indeed, Madam, if she were married, your Ladyship might very well be taken for Mr. *Sealand's* Daughter.

Mrs. Seal. Nay, when the Child has not been with me, I have heard the Men say as much——I'll no longer cut off the greatest Pleasure of a Woman's Life (the shining in Assemblies) by her forward Anticipation of the Respect, that's due to her Superior——she shall down to *Cimberron Hall*——she shall——she shall.

Phil. I hope, Madam, I shall stay with your Ladyship.

Mrs. Seal. Thou shalt, *Phillis*, and I'll place thee then more about me.——But order Chairs immediately——I'll begone this Minute. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *Charing-Cross.*

Enter Mr. Sealand, and Humphrey.

Mr. Seal. I am very glad, Mr. *Humphrey*, that you agree with me, that it is for our common Good, I should look thoroughly into this Matter.

D

Humph.

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Humph. I am indeed, of that Opinion ; for there is no Artifice, nothing concealed in our Family, which ought in Justice to be known ; I need not desire you, Sir, to treat the Lady with Care and Respect.

Mr. Seal. Master *Humphrey*——I shall not be rude, tho' I design to be a little abrupt, and come into the Matter at once, to see how she will bear, upon a Surprise——

Humph. That's the Door ; Sir, I wish you Success——
[*While Humphrey speaks, Sealand consults his Table-Book*] I am less concern'd what happens there, because I hear Mr. *Myrtle* is well lodg'd, as old Sir *Geoffry*, so I am willing to let this Gentleman employ himself here, to give them Time at home ; for I am sure, 'tis necessary for the Quiet of our Family, *Lucinda* were disposed of, out of it, since Mr. *Bevil's* Inclination is so much otherwise engag'd. [Exit.]

Mr. Seal. I think this is the Door——[*Knocks*] I'll carry this Matter with an Air of Authority, to enquire, tho' I make an Errand to begin Discourse. [*Knocks again, and enter a Foot-boy.*] So young Man ! is your Lady within ?

Boy. Alack, Sir ? I am but a Country Boy—I don't know, whether she is, or noa : but an you'll stay a bit, I'll goa, and ask the Gentlewoman that's with her.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah, tho' you are a Country Boy, you can see can't you ? you know whether she is at home, when you see her, don't you ?

Boy. Nay, nay, I'm not such a Country Lad neither, Master, to think she is at home because I see her : I have been in Town but a Month, and I lost one Place already, for believing my own Eyes.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah ! have you learnt to lie already ?

Boy. Ah ! Master ! Things that are Lies in the Country, are not Lies at *London*——I begin to know my Business a little better than so——but an you please to walk in, I'll call a Gentlewoman to you, that can tell you for certain——she can make bold to ask my Lady herself.

Mr. Seal. O ! then, she is within, I find, tho' you dare not say so.

Boy. Nay, nay ! that's neither here or there : what's matter,

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matter, whether she is within or no, if she has not a Mind to see any Body ?

Mr. Seal. I can't tell, Sirrah, whether you are arch, or simple, but however get me a direct Answer, and here's a Shilling for you.

Boy. Will you please to walk in, I'll see what I can do for you.

Mr. Seal. I see you will be fit for your Business, in Time, Child. But I expect to meet with nothing but Extraordinaries in such a House.

Boy. Such a House! Sir, you han't seen it yet: Pray walk in.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Indiana's House.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What Anxiety do I feel for this poor Creature! What will be the End of her? Such a languishing un-reserv'd Passion, for a Man, that at last must certainly leave, or ruin her! and perhaps both! then the Aggravation of the Distress is, that she does not believe he will ——— not but, I must own, if they are both what they would seem, they were made for one another as much as *Adam* and *Eve* were, for there is no other of their Kind, but themselves.

Enter Boy.

So *Daniel!* what News with you?

Boy. Madam there's a Gentleman below wou'd speak with my Lady.

Isab. Sirrah? don't you know *Mr. Bevil* yet?

Boy. Madam, 'tis not the Gentleman who comes every Day, and asks for you, and won't go in 'till he knows whether you are with her or no.

Isab. Ha! that's a Particular I did not know before: Well; be it who it will, let him come up to me.

[*Exit Boy; and re-enters with Mr. Seal.*]

Isabella looks amaz'd!

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Mr. Seal. Madam, I can't blame your being a little surpriz'd, to see a perfect Stranger make a Visit, and—

Isab. I am indeed surpriz'd! ——— I see he does not know me.

Mr. Seal. You are very prettily lodg'd here, Madam, in troth you seem to have every Thing in Plenty ——— a Thousand a Year, I warrant you, upon this pretty Nest of Rooms, and the dainty one within them.

[*Afide and looking about.*]

Isab. [*Apart.*] Twenty Years, it seems, have less Effect in the Alteration of a Man of Thirty, than of a Girl of Fourteen——he's almost still the same; but alas! I find by other Men as well as himself, I am not what I was——as soon as he spoke, I was convinc'd 'twas he——How shall I contain my Surprize and Satisfaction! he must not know me yet.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I hope I don't give you any Disturbance; but there is a young Lady here, with whom I have a particular Business to discourse, and I hope she will admit me to that Favour.

Isab. Why, Sir, have you had any Notice concerning her; I wonder who could give it you.

Mr. Seal. That, Madam, is fit only to be communicated to herself.

Isab. Well, Sir! you shall see her:—I find he knows nothing yet, nor shall from me: I am resolv'd, I will observe this Interlude, this Sport of Nature, and of Fortune.—You shall see her presently, Sir; for now I am as a Mother, and will trust her with you. [*Exit.*]

Mr. Seal. As a Mother! right; that's the old Phrase, for one of those commode Ladies, who lend out Beauty, for Hire, to young Gentlemen that have pressing Occasions. But here comes the precious Lady herself. In troth a very fightly Woman——

Enter Indiana.

Ind. I am told, Sir, you have some Affair that requires your speaking with me.

Mr. Seal. Yes, Madam: There came to my Hands a Bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable To-morrow; and he, in the Intercourse of Business, sent it to me,

me, who have Cash of his, and desired me to send a Servant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the Money myself.

Ind. Sir! was that necessary?

Mr. Seal. No, Madam; but to be free with you, the Fame of your Beauty, and the Regard, which *Mr. Bevil* is a little too well known to have for you! excited my Curiosity.

Ind. Too well known to have for me! Your sober Appearance, Sir, which my Friend describ'd, made me expect no Rudeness, or Absurdity, at least——Who's there? Sir, if you pay the Money to a Servant, 'twill be as well.

Mr. Seal. Pray, Madam, be not offended? I came hither on an innocent, nay a virtuous Design? and, if you will have Patience to hear me, it may be as useful to you, as you are in Friendship with *Mr. Bevil*, as to my only Daughter, whom I was this Day disposing of.

Ind. You make me hope, Sir, I have mistaken you: I am compos'd again; be free, say on——what I am afraid to hear—— [Aside.]

Mr. Seal. I fear'd, indeed, an unwarranted Passion here, but I did not think it was in Abuse of so worthy an Object, so accomplish'd a Lady, as your Sense and Mein bespeak——but the Youth of our Age care not what Merit and Virtue they bring to Shame, so they gratify——

Ind. Sir—you are going into very great Errors——but, as you are pleas'd to say you see something in me that has chang'd, at least, the Colour of your Suspicions; so has your Appearance alter'd mine, and made me earnestly attentive to what has any Way concern'd you, to enquire into my Affairs, and Character.

Mr. Seal. How sensibly! with what an Air she talks!

Ind. Good Sir, be seated——and tell me tenderly——keep all your Suspicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared Way——acquaint me why the Care of your Daughter obliges a Person of your seeming Worth and Fortune, to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless—[Weeping.] But I beg your Pardon——tho' I am an Orphan,
D 3 your

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your Child is not ; and your Concern for her, it seems, has brought you hither——I'll be compos'd——pray go on, Sir.

Mr. Seal. How could Mr. *Bevil* be such a Monster, to injure such a Woman ?

Ind. No, Sir——you wrong him——he has not injured me——my Support is from his Bounty.

Mr. Seal. Bounty ! when Gluttons give high Prices for Delicates, they are prodigious bountiful.

Ind. Still, still you will persist in that Error——But my own Fears tell me all——You are the Gentleman, I suppose, for whose happy Daughter he is design'd, a Husband, by his good Father, and he has, perhaps, consented to the Overture : He was here this Morning, dress'd beyond his usual Plainness, nay most sumptuously——and he is to be, perhaps this Night a Bridegroom.

Mr. Seal. I own he was intended such : But Madam, on your Account, I have determin'd to defer my Daughter's Marriage, till I am satisfied from your own Mouth, of what Nature are the Obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His Actions, Sir, his Eyes, have only made me think, he design'd to make me the Partner of his Heart. The Goodness and Gentleness of his Demeanour made me misinterpret all——'Twas my own Hope, my own Passion, that deluded me——he never made one amorous Advance to me——His large Heart, and bestowing Hand, have only help'd the Miserable : Nor know I why, but from his mere Delight in Virtue, that I have been his Care, the Object on which to indulge and please himself, with pouring Favours.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I know not why it is, but I, as well as you, am methinks afraid of entering into the Matter I came about ; but 'tis the same Thing, as if we had talk'd never so distinctly——he ne'er shall have a Daughter of mine.

Ind. If you say this from what you think of me, you wrong yourself and him——Let not me, miserable tho' I may be, do Injury to my Benefactor——No, Sir, my Treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his

his Virtues ——— If to bestow, without a Prospect of Return; if to delight in supporting, what might, perhaps, be thought an Object of Desire, with no other View than to be her Guard against those who would not be so disinterested; if these Actions, Sir, can in a careful Parent's Eye commend him to a Daughter, give yours, Sir; give her to my honest, generous *Bevil*, ——— What have I to do, but sigh, and weep, to rave, run wild, a Lunatick in Chains, or hid in Darkness, mutter in distracted Starts, and broken Accents, my strange, strange Story!

Mr. Seal. Take Comfort, Madam.

Ind. All my Comfort must be to expostulate in Madness, to relieve with Frenzy my Despair, and shrieking to demand of Fate, why ——— why was I born to such Variety of Sorrows?

Mr. Seal. If I have been the least Occasion ———

Ind. No ——— 'twas Heaven's high Will I should be such ——— to be plunder'd in my Cradle! Toss'd on the Seas! and even there, an Infant Captive! to lose my Mother, hear but of my Father ——— To be adopted! lose my Adopter! then plunged again in worse Calamities!

Mr. Seal. An Infant Captive!

Ind. Yet then! to find the most Charming of Mankind, once more to set me free, (from what I thought the last Distress) to load me with his Services, his Bounties, and his Favours; to support my very Life, in a way, that stole, at the same time, my very Soul itself from me.

Mr. Seal. And has young *Bevil* been this worthy Man?

Ind. Yet then again, this very Man to take another! without leaving me the Right, the Pretence of easing my fond Heart with Tears! For oh! I can't reproach him, though the same Hand that rais'd me to this Height, now throws me down the Precipice.

Mr. Seal. Dear Lady! O yet one Moment's Patience: my Heart grows full with your Affliction! But yet, there's something in your Story that ———

Ind. My Portion here is Bitterness, and Sorrow.

Mr. Seal.

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Mr. Seal. Do not think so: Pray answer me: Does *Bevil* know your Name and Family?

Ind. Alas! too well! O, could I be any other Thing, than what I am——I'll tear away all Traces of my former self, my little Ornaments, the Remains of my first State, the Hints of what I ought to have been——

[*In her Disorder, she throws away her Bracelet, which Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly on it.*

Mr. Seal. Ha! what's this? my Eyes are not deceiv'd! It is, it is the same! the very Bracelet which I bequeath'd my Wife, at our last mournful Parting.

Ind. What said you, Sir! Your Wife! Whither does my Fancy carry me? What means this unfelt Motion at my Heart? And yet again my Fortune but deludes me; for if I err not, Sir, your Name is *Sealand*: But my lost Father's Name was ——

Mr. Seal. *Danvers*! was it not?

Ind. What new Amazement! That is indeed my Family.

Mr. Seal. Know then, when my Misfortunes drove me to the *Indies*, for Reasons too tedious now to mention, I chang'd my Name of *Danvers* into *Sealand*.

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. If yet there wants an Explanation of your Wonder, examine well this Face (yours, Sir, I well remember) gaze on, and read, in me, your Sister *Isabella*!

Mr. Seal. My Sister!

Ifab. But here's a Claim more tender yet——your *Indiana*, Sir, your long-lost Daughter.

Mr. Seal. O my Child! my Child!

Ind. All-Gracious! Heav'n! is it possible! do I embrace my Father!

Mr. Seal. And do I hold thee—These Passions are too strong for Utterance--Rise, rise, my Child, and give my Tears their Way——O my Sister! [Embracing her.

Ifab. Now, dearest Niece, my groundless Fears, my painful Cares no more shall vex thee. If I have wrong'd thy noble Lover with too hard Suspicions; my just Concern for thee, I hope, will plead my Pardon.

Mr. Seal.

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Mr. Seal. O! make him then the full Amends, and be yourself the Messenger of Joy: Fly this instant! — tell him all these wondrous Turns of Providence in his Favour! Tell him I have now a Daughter to bestow, which he no longer will decline: That this Day he shall be a Bridegroom: Nor shall a Fortune, the Merit which his Father seeks, be wanting: Tell him the Reward of all his Virtues waits on his Acceptance. [*Exit Isab.*] My dearest *Indiana*! [*Turns and embraces her.*]

Ind. Have I then at last a Father's Sanction on my Love! His bounteous Hand to give, and make my Heart a present worthy of *Bevil's* Generosity?

Mr. Seal. O my Child! how are our Sorrows past o'er paid by such a Meeting! Though I have lost so many Years of soft paternal Dalliance with thee, yet, in one Day to find thee thus, and thus bestow thee, in such perfect Happiness! is ample! ample Reparation! And yet again the Merit of thy Lover.

Ind. O! had I Spirits left to tell you of his Actions! how strongly Filial Duty has suppressed his Love; and how Concealment still has doubled all his Obligations; the Pride, the Joy of his Alliance, Sir, would warm your Heart, as he has conquer'd mine.

Mr. Seal. How laudable is Love, when born of Virtue! I burn to embrace him —

Ind. See, Sir, my Aunt already has succeeded, and brought him to your Wishes.

Enter Isabella, with Sir John Bevil, Bevil jun. Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, Myrtle, and Lucinda.

Sir J. Bev. [*Entering.*] Where! where's this Scene of Wonder! — *Mr. Sealand*, I congratulate, on this Occasion, our mutual Happiness — Your good Sister, Sir, has with the Story of your Daughter's Fortune, fill'd us with Surprise and Joy! Now all Exceptions are remov'd; my Son has now avow'd his Love, and turn'd all former Jealousies and Doubts to Approbation, and, I am told, your Goodness has consented to reward him.

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, a Fortune equal to his Father's Hopes, can make this Object worthy his Acceptance.

Bev. jun. I hear your Mention, Sir, of Fortune, with
Pleasure

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Pleasure only, as it may prove the Means to reconcile the best of Fathers to my Love—Let him be Provident, but let me be Happy—My ever destin'd, my acknowledged Wife!

[*Embracing Indiana.*

Ind. Wife!—O my ever loved! my Lord! my Master!

Sir J. Bev. I congratulate myself as well as you, that I have a Son, who could, under such Disadvantages, discover your great Merit.

Mr. Seal. O! Sir *John*! how vain, how weak is human Prudence? What Care, what Foresight, what Imagination could contrive such blest Events, to make our Children happy, as Providence in one short Hour has laid before us?

Cim. [*To Mrs. Sealand*] I am afraid, Madam, Mr. *Sealand* is a little too busy for our Affair, if you please we'll take another Opportunity.

Mrs. Seal. Let us have Patience, Sir.

Cim. But we make Sir *Geoffry* wait, Madam.

Myrt. O Sir, I'm not in haste.

Mr. Seal. But here! here's our general Benefactor: Excellent young Man, that could be, at once, a Lover to her Beauty, and a Parent to her Virtue.

Bev. jun. If you think that an Obligation, Sir, give me leave to overpay myself, in the only Instance, that can now add to my Felicity, by begging you to bestow this Lady on Mr. *Myrtle*.

Mr. Seal. She is his without Reserve, (I beg he may be sent for)—Mr. *Cimberton*, notwithstanding you never had my Consent, yet there is, since I last saw you, another Objection to your Marriage with my Daughter.

Cim. I hope, Sir, your Lady has conceal'd nothing from me?

Mr. Seal. Troth, Sir! nothing but what was conceal'd from myself; another Daughter, who has an undoubted Title to half my Estate.

Cim. How! Mr. *Sealand*! Why then if half Mrs. *Lucinda's* Fortune is gone, you can't say, that any of my Estate is settled upon her: I was in Treaty for the Whole; but if that is not to be come at, to be sure, there can be no Bargain,—Sir,—I have nothing to do but to take my leave

leave of your good Lady, my Cousin, and beg Pardon for the Trouble I have given this old Gentleman.

Myrt. That you have, Mr. *Cimberton*, with all my Heart. [Discovers himself.

Omnes. Mr. *Myrtle*!

Myrt. And I beg Pardon of the whole Company, that I assumed the Person of Sir *Geoffry*, only to be present at the Danger of this Lady's being disposed of, and in her utmost Exigence to assert my Right to her: Which if her Parents will ratify, as they once favour'd my Pretensions, no Abatement of Fortune shall lessen her Value to me.

Luc. Generous Man!

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, you can overlook the Injury of being in Treaty with one who has meanly left her, as you have generously asserted your Right in her, she is Your's.

Luc. Mr. *Myrtle*, Tho' you have ever had my Heart, yet now I find I love you more, because I bring you less.

Myrt. We have much more than we want, and I am glad any Event has contributed to the Discovery of our real Inclinations to each other.

Mrs. Seal. Well! however I'm glad the Girl's disposed of any Way. [Aside.

Bev. jun. *Myrtle*! no longer Rivals now, but Brothers.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil*! you are born to triumph over me! but now our Competition ceases: I rejoice in the Preheminence of your Virtue, and your Alliance adds Charms to *Lucinda*.

Sir J. Bev. Now Ladies and Gentlemen, you have set the World a fair Example: Your Happiness is owing to your Constancy and Merit: And the several Difficulties you have struggled with, evidently shew

Whate'er the generous Mind itself denies,
The secret Care of Providence supplies. [Exeunt.



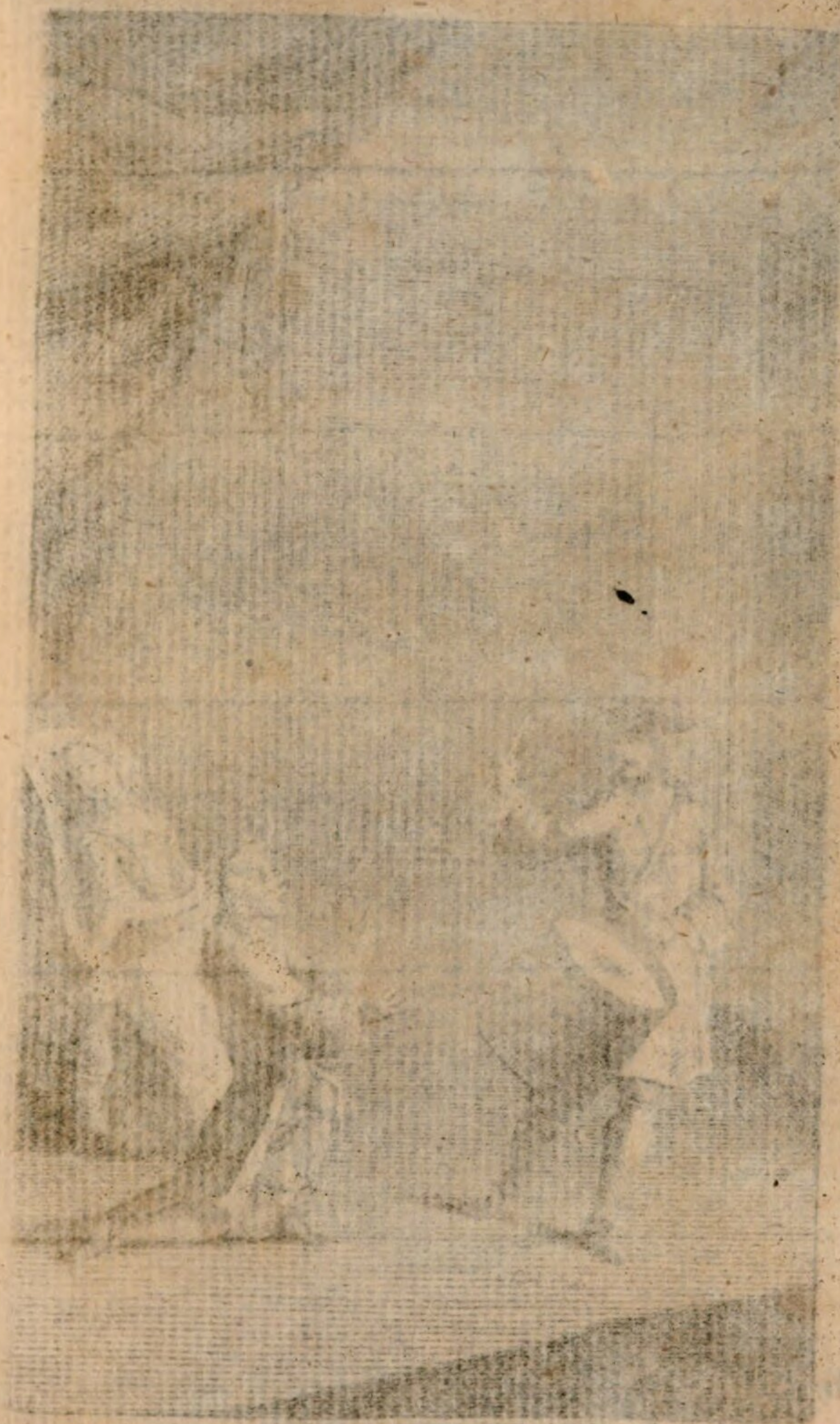
EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *WELSTED*.

Intended to be Spoken by *INDIANA*.

OUR Authors, whom Intreaties cannot move,
Spite of the dear Coquetry that you love,
Swears he'll not frustrate (so he plainly means)
By a loose Epilogue, his indecent Scenes.
Is it not, Sirs, hard Fate I meet To-day,
To keep me rigid still, beyond the Play?
And yet, I'm sav'd a world of Pains that Way:
I now can look, I now can move at Ease,
Nor need I torture these poor Limbs to please;
Nor with the Hand or Foot attempt Surprise,
Nor wrest my Features, nor fatigue my Eyes:
Bless me! What freakish Gambols have I play'd!
What Motions try'd, and wanton Looks betray'd!
Out of pure Kindness all! to over-rule
The threaten'd Hiss, and screen some scribbling Fool,
With more Respect I'm entertain'd To-night:
Our Author thinks, I can with Ease delight.
My artless Looks while modest Graces arm,
He says, I need but to appear; and charm.
A Wife so form'd by these Examples bred,
Pours Joy and Gladness 'round the Marriage Bed;
Soft Source of Comfort, kind Relief from Care,
And 'tis her least Perfection to be fair.
The Nymph with Indiana's Worth who vies,
A Nation will behold with Bevil's Eyes.

F I N I S.





9. V. gucht. Inv. et Sculp.

THE
DRUMMER:

OR, THE
HAUNTED-HOUSE.

A
COMEDY.

By Mr. ADDISON.

———*Falsis terroribus implet*
Ut magus———

HOR.



LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

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PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

I N this grave Age, when Comedies are few,
We crave your patronage for one that's new;
Though 'twere poor Stuff, yet bid the Author fair,
And let the Scarceness recommend the Ware.
Long have your Ears been fill'd with Tragic Parts,
Blood and Blank-Verse, have harden'd all your Hearts;
If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party Strokes,
Round Heads and Wooden-Shoes are standing Jokes;
The same Conceit gives Claps and Hisses Birth,
You're grown such Politicians in your Mirth!
For once we try (though 'tis, I own, unsafe)
To please you all, and make both Parties laugh.

Our Author, anxious for his Fame to-night,
And bashful in his first Attempt to write,
Lies cautiously obscure and unreveal'd,
Like ancient Actors in a Mask conceal'd.
Censure when no Man knows who writes the Play,
Were much good Malice merely thrown away.
The mighty Criticks will not blast, for shame,
A raw young thing who dares not tell his Name:
Good-natur'd Judges will th' unknown defend,
And fear to blame, lest they should hurt a Friend,
Each Wit may praise it for his own dear sake,
And hint he writ it if the Thing should take.
But, if you're rough and use him like a Dog,
Depend upon it——He'll remain Incog.
If you should hiss, he swears he'll hiss as high,
And like a Culprit, join the Hue and Cry.

If cruel Men are still averse to spare
These Scenes, they fly for refuge to the Fair.
Though with a Ghost our Comedy be heighten'd:
Ladies, upon my word, you shan't be frighten'd:

*Oh, 'tis a Ghost that seems to be uncivil,
 A well spread, lusty, jointure-hunting Devil :
 An am'rous Ghost, that's faithful, fond, and true,
 Made up of Flesh and Blood—as much as you,
 Then ev'ry Evening come in Flocks, undaunted ;
 We never think this House is too much haunted.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sir George Truman,</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Tinsel,</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Fantome, the Drummer,</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Vellum, Sir George Truman's</i>	<i>Mr. Johnson.</i>
<i>Steward,</i>	
<i>Butler,</i>	<i>Mr. Pinkethman.</i>
<i>Coachman,</i>	<i>Mr. Miller.</i>
<i>Gardiner,</i>	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Truman,</i>	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Abigail,</i>	<i>Mrs. Saunders.</i>

T H E



THE
DRUMMER:
OR, THE
HAUNTED-HOUSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Great Hall.

Enter the Butler, Coachman, and Gardener.

BUTLER.

THERE came another Coach to Town last Night, that brought a Gentleman to enquire about this strange Noise we hear in the House. This Spirit will bring a power of Custom to the *George*—If so be he continues his Pranks, I design to sell a Pot of Ale, and set up the sign of the Drum.

Coach. I'll give Madam warning, that's flat—I've always liv'd in sober Families. I'll not disparage myself to be a Servant in a House that is haunted.

A 4

Gar.

Gard. I'll e'en marry *Nell*, and rent a Bit of Ground of my own, if both of you leave Madam; not but that Madam's a very good Woman——if Mrs. *Abigail* did not spoil her——Come, here's her Health.

But. 'Tis a very hard thing to be a Butler in a House, that is disturb'd. He made such a Racket in the Cellar last Night, that I'm afraid he'll four all the Beer in my Barrels.

Coach. Why then, *John*, we ought to take it off as fast as we can. Here's to you——He rattled so loud under the Tiles last Night, that I verily thought the House would have fallen over our Heads. I durst not go up into the Cock-loft this Morning, if I had not got one of the Maids to go along with me.

Gard. I thought I heard him in one of my Bed-Posts——I marvel, *John*, how he gets into the House, when all the Gates are shut.

But. Why look ye, *Peter*, your Spirit will creep you into an Augre-Hole——he'll whisk ye through a Key-hole, without so much as jostling against one of the wards.

Coach. Poor Madam is mainly frightened, that's certain; and verily believes it is my Master that was kill'd in the last Campaign.

But. Out of all manner of Question, *Robin*, 'tis Sir *George*, Mrs. *Abigail* is of opinion it can be none but his Honour: He always lov'd the Wars; and you know was mightily pleas'd from a Child with the Music of a Drum.

Gard. I wonder his Body was never found after the Battle.

But. Found! Why, ye Fool, is not his Body here about the House? Dost thou think he can beat his Drum without Hands and Arms?

Coach. 'Tis Master as sure as I stand here alive; and I verily believe I saw him last Night in the Town-Close.

Gard. Ay! how did he appear?

Coach. Like a white Horse.

But. Pho, *Robin*, I tell ye he has never appear'd yet but in the Shape of the Sound of a Drum. *Coach.*

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 9

Coach. This makes one almost afraid of one's own Shadow. As I was walking from the Stable t'other Night, without my Lanthorn, I fell across a Beam that lay in my Way, and faith my Heart was in my Mouth—I thought I had stumbled over a Spirit.

But. Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a Straw. Why a Spirit is such a little little Thing, that I have heard a Man, who was a great Scholar, say, that he'll dance ye a *Lancashire* Hornpipe upon the Point of a Needle——As I sat in the Pantry last Night counting my Spoons, the Candle methought burnt blue, and the spay'd Bitch look'd as if she saw something.

Coach. Ay, poor Cur, she's almost frighten'd out of her Wits.

Gard. Ay, I warrant ye, she hears him many a Time and often, when we don't.

But. My Lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

Gard. I fancy when one goes to Market, one might hear of somebody that can make a Spell.

Coach. Why may not the Parson of our Parish lay him?

But. No, no, no; our Parson cannot lay him.

Coach. Why not he as well as another Man?

But. Why, ye Fool, he is not qualified——He has not taken the Oaths.

Gard. Why d'ye think, *John*, that the Spirit would take the Law of him?——Faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

Coach. How's that?

Gard. I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*]——I fancy Mrs. *Abigail* might scold him out of the House.

Coach. Ay, she has a Tongue that would drown his Drum, if any thing could.

But. Pugh, this is all froth; you understand nothing of the matter——The next time it makes a Noise, I tell you what ought to be done,——I would have the Steward speak Latin to it.

10 *The DRUMMER: Or,*

Coach. Ay, that would do, if the Steward had but Courage.

Gard. There you have it——He's a fearful Man. If I had as much Learning as he, and I met the Ghost, I'd tell him his own: But alack what can one of us poor Men do with a Spirit, that can neither write nor read?

But. Thou art always cracking and boasting, *Peter*; thou dost not know what Mischief it might do thee, if such a silly Dog as thee should offer to speak to it: For ought I know, he might flea thee alive, and make Parchment of thy Skin to cover his Drum with.

Gard. A Fiddlestick! tell not me——I fear nothing: not I! I never did harm in my Life; I never committed Murder.

But. I verily believe thee: Keep thy Temper, *Peter*; after Supper we'll drink each of us a double Mug, and then let come what will.

Gard. Why that's well said, *John*: An honest Man that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear——Here's to ye——Why, how if he should come this Minute, here would I stand. Ha! what Noise is that?

But. and *Coach.* Ha! where?

Gard. The Devil! the Devil! Oh no; 'tis Mrs. *Abigail*.

But. Ay, faith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. *Abigail*! A good Mistake! 'tis Mrs. *Abigail*.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Here are your drunken Sots for you! Is this a time to be guzling, when Gentry are come to the House! Why don't you lay your Cloth? How come you out of the Stables? Why are you not at work in your Garden?

Gard. Why, yonder's the fine *Londoner* and Madam fetching a walk together; and me-thought they look'd as if they should say they had rather have my Room than my Company.

But. And so forsooth being all three met together, we are doing our Endeavours to drink this same Drummer out of our Heads.

Gard.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 11

Gard. For you must know, Mrs. *Abigail*, we are all of Opinion that one can't be a Match for him, unless one be as drunk as a Drum.

Coach. I am resolv'd to give Madam Warning to hire herself another Coachman; for I came to serve my Master, d'ye see, while he was alive: But do suppose that he has no further Occasion for a Coach, now he Walks.

But. Truly, Mrs. *Abigail*, I must needs say, that this same Spirit is a very odd sort of a Body, after all, to fright Madam and his old Servants at this rate.

Gard. And truly, Mrs. *Abigail*, I must needs say, I serv'd my Master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no Man living (that is, no Man that is not living) without double Wages.

Ab. Ay, 'tis such Cowards as you that go about with idle Stories, to disgrace the House, and bring so many Strangers about it: You first frighten yourselves, and then your Neighbours.

Gard. Frighten'd! I scorn your Words: Frighten'd quoth-a!

Ab. What, you Sot, are you grown pot-valiant?

Gard. Frighten'd with a Drum! that's a good one! It will do us no harm, I'll answer for it: It will bring no Blood-shed along with it, take my Word. It sounds as like a Train-Band Drum as ever I heard in my Life.

But. Pr'ythee; *Peter*, don't be so presumptuous.

Ab. Well, these drunken Rogues take it as I could wish. [Aside.

Gard. I scorn to be frighten'd, now I am in for't; if old *Dub-a-dub* should come into the Room, I would take him—

But. Pr'ythee, hold thy Tongue.

Gard. I would take him—

[*The Drum beats: The Gardiner endeavours to get off, and falls.*

But. and *Coach.* Speak to it, Mrs. *Abigail*.

Gard. Spare my Life, and take all I have.

Coach. Make off, make off, good Butler; and let us go hide ourselves in the Cellar.

[*They all run off.*
Abigail

Abigail *sola*.

Ab. So, now the Coast is clear, I may venture to call out my Drummer—But first let me shut the Door, lest we be surpris'd Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*! [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out: the Enemy's fled—I must speak with you immediately—Don't stay to beat a Parley.

[*The Back Scene opens, and discovers Fantome with a Drum.*]

Fan. Dear Mrs. *Nabby*, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast manag'd this thing so well, that I could take thee in my Arms and kiss thee—If my Drum did not stand in my way.

Ab. Well, o' my Conscience, you are the merriest Ghost! and the very Picture of Sir *George Truman*.

Fan. There you flatter me, Mrs. *Abigail*: Sir *George* had that freshness in his Looks, that we Men of the Town cannot come up to.

Ab. Oh! Death may have alter'd you, you know—Besides you must consider, you lost a great deal of Blood in the Battle.

Fan. Ay, that's right; Let me look never so pale, this Cut cross my Forehead will keep me in Countenance.

Ab. 'Tis just such a one as my Master receiv'd from a cursed *French Trooper*, as my Lady's Letter inform'd her.

Fan. It happens luckily that this Sute of Clothes of Sir *George's* fits me so well——I think I can't fail hitting the Air of a Man with whom I was so long acquainted.

Ab. You are the very Man—I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

Fan. But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

Ab. Pray what good did your being visible do you? The fair Mr. *Fantome* thought no Woman could withstand him—But when you were seen by my Lady in your proper Person, after she had taken a full Survey of you, and

and heard all the pretty Things you could say, she very civilly dismiss'd you for the sake of that empty noisy Creature *Tinsel*. She fancies you have been gone from hence this Fortnight.

Fan. Why really I love thy Lady so well, that though I had no hopes of gaining her for myself, I could not bear to see her given to another, especially to such a Wretch as *Tinsel*.

Ab. Well, tell me truly, Mr. *Fantome*, have not you a great Opinion of my Fidelity to my dear Lady, that I would not suffer her to be deluded in this manner for less than a thousand Pound?

Fan. Thou art always reminding me of my Promise—Thou shalt have it, if thou can'st bring our Project to bear: Dost not know that Stories of Ghosts and Apparitions generally end in a Pot of Money.

Ab. Why truly now, Mr. *Fantome*, I should think myself a very bad Woman, if I had done what I do for a farthing less.

Fan. Dear *Abigail*, how I admire thy Virtue!

Ab. No, no, Mr. *Fantome*, I defy the worst of my Enemies to say I love Mischief for Mischief's sake.

Fan. But is the Lady persuaded that I'm the Ghost of her deceased Husband?

Ab. I endeavour to make her believe so; and tell her every Time your Drum rattles, that her Husband is chiding her for entertaining this new Lover.

Fan. Pr'ythee make use of all thy Art: for I'm tir'd to Death with strolling round this wide old House, like a Rat behind the Wainscot.

Ab. Did not I tell you 'twas the purest Place in the World for you to play your Tricks in? There's none of the Family that knows every Hole and Corner in it, besides myself.

Fan. Ah, Mrs. *Abigail*! you have had your Intrigues--

Ab. For you must know when I was a romping young Girl, I was a mighty Lover of *Hide and Seek*.

Fan. I believe, by this time, I am as well acquainted with the House as yourself. *Ab.*

Ab. You are very much mistaken, Mr. *Fantome*: But no matter for that; here is to be your Station to-night. This Place is unknown to any one living besides myself, since the Death of the Joiner, who, you must understand, being a Lover of mine, contriv'd the Wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I design'd it for a Wardrobe for my Lady's cast Clothes. Oh! the Stomachers, Stays, Petticoats, Commodes, lac'd Shoes, and good Things that I have had in it!—— Pray take care you don't break the Cherry Brandy Bottle that stands up in the Corner.

Fan. Well, Mrs. *Abigail*, I hire your Closet of you but for this one Night——A thousand Pound, you know, is a very good Rent.

Ab. Well, get you gone: You have such a way with you, there's no denying you any thing!

Fan. I'm a thinking how *Tinsel* will stare, when he sees me come out of the Wall; for I'm resolv'd to make my Appearance to-night.

Ab. Get you in, get you in, my Lady's at the Door.

Fan. Pray take care she does not keep me up so late as she did last Night, or depend upon it I'll beat the Tattoo.

Ab. I'm undone, I'm undone——[*As he is going in.*] Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*, have you put the thousand Pound Bond into my Brother's Hand?

Fan. Thou shalt have it; I tell thee thou shalt have it. [Fantome goes in.]

Ab. No more Words——Vanish, vanish.

Enter Lady.

Ab. [*Opening the Door.*] Oh dear Madam, was it you that made such a knocking? My Heart does so beat——I vow you have frighted me to Death——I thought verily it had been the Drummer.

Lady. I have been showing the Garden to Mr. *Tinsel*: He's most insufferably witty upon us about this Story of the Drum.

Ab.

Ab. Indeed, Madam, he's a very loose Man: I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor Master from resting in his Grave.

Lady. Well, an *Infidel* is such a Novelty in the Country, that I am resolv'd to divert myself a Day or two at least with the Oddness of his Conversation.

Ab. Ah, Madam! the Drum began to beat in the House as soon as ever this Creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. *Fantome* made his Addresses to you there was not a Mouse stirring in the Family more than us'd to be——

Lady. This Baggage has some Design upon me, more than I can yet discover. [*Aside*]——Mr. *Fantome* was always thy Favourite.

Ab. Ay, and should have been yours too, by my consent! Mr. *Fantome* was not such a slight fantastick thing as this is——Mr. *Fantome* was the best built Man one should see in a Summer's Day! Mr. *Fantome* was a Man of Honour, and lov'd you. Poor Soul, how has he sigh'd when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted Lady——Well! I had as lief as a thousand Pound you would marry Mr. *Fantome*.

Lady. To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough till I found he lov'd me so much. But Mr. *Tinsel* makes his Court to me with so much Neglect and Indifference, and with such an agreeable Sauciness——Not that I say I'll marry him.

Ab. Marry him, quoth-a! No, if you should, you'll be awaken'd sooner than married Couples generally are——You'll quickly have a Drum at your Window.

Lady. I'll hide my Contempt of *Tinsel* for once, if it be but to see what this Wench drives at. [*Aside*.

Ab. Why, suppose your Husband, after this fair Warning he has given you, should sound you an Alarm at Midnight; then open your Curtains with a Face as pale as my Apron, and cry out with a hollow Voice, What dost thou do in Bed with this spindle-shank'd Fellow?

Lady. Why wilt thou needs have it to be my Husband? He

16 *The* DRUMMER: *Or,*

He never had any reason to be offended at me. I always lov'd him while he was living; and should prefer him to any Man, were he so still. Mr. *Tinsel* is indeed very idle in his Talk; but, I fancy *Abigail*, a discreet Woman might reform him.

Ab. That's a likely Matter indeed! Did you ever hear of a Woman who had power over a Man when she was his Wife, that had none while she was his Mistress? Oh! there's nothing in the World improves a Man in his Complaisance, like Marriage!

Lady. He is, indeed, at present, too familiar in his Conversation.

Ab. Familiar! Madam; in troth he's downright rude.

Lady. But that, you know, *Abigail*, shews he has no Dissimulation in him——Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave Subjects.

Ab. Grave Subjects! he jests upon the Church.

Lady. But that, you know, *Abigail*, may be only to shew his Wit——Then it must be own'd, he's extremely talkative.

Ab. Talkative, d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

Lady. But that, you know, *Abigail*, is a sign he has been us'd to good Company——Then indeed he is very positive.

Ab. Positive! why, he contradicts you in every thing you say.

Lady. But then, you know, *Abigail*, he has been educated at the Inns of Court.

Ab. A blessed Education indeed! it has made him forget his Catechism!

Lady. You talk as if you hated him.

Ab. You talk as if you lov'd him.

Lady. Hold your Tongue; here he comes.

Enter Tinsel.

Tin. My dear Widow!

Ab. My dear Widow! marry come up! [*Aside.*

Lady. Let him alone, *Abigail*; so long as he does not call me My dear Wife, there's no harm done. *Tin.*

Tin. I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you—Your Servants have made a Convert of my Booby: His Head is so fill'd with this foolish Story of a Drummer, that I expect the Rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a Message by Moon-light.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinsel*, what a Loss of Billet-doux would that be to many a fine Lady!

Ab. Then you still believe this to be a foolish Story? I thought my Lady had told you, that she had heard it herself.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Why, you wou'd not persuade us out of our Senses?

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. There's Manners for you, Madam. [*Aside.*

Lady. Admirably rally'd! that Laugh is unanswerable! Now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last Night.

Tin. Fancy!

Lady. But what if I should tell you my Maid was with me!

Tin. Vapours! Vapours! Pray, my dear Widow, will you answer me one Question?—Had you ever this Noise of a Drum in your Head, all the while your Husband was living?

Lady. And pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, will you let me ask you another Question? Do you think we can hear in the Country, as well as you do in Town?

Tin. Believe me, Madam, I could prescribe you a Cure for these Imaginations.

Ab. Don't tell my Lady of Imaginations, Sir, I have heard it myself.

Tin. Hark thee, Child—art thou not an old Maid?

Ab. Sir, if I am, it is my own Fault.

Tin. Whims! Freaks! Megrims! indeed Mrs. *Abigail*.

Ab. Marry, Sir, by your Talk one wou'd believe you thought every thing that was good is a Megrim.

Lady. Why truly I don't very well understand what you meant

meant by your Doctrine to me in the Garden just now, that every thing we saw was made by Chance.

Ab. A very pretty Subject indeed for a Lover to divert his Mistress with.

Lady. But I suppose that was only a Taste of the Conversation you would entertain me with after Marriage.

Tin. Oh, I shall then have time to read you such Lectures of Motions, Atoms, and Nature—that you shall learn to think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced in less than a Month, that all about us is Chance-work.

Lady. You are a very complaisant Person indeed; and so you would make your Court to me, by persuading me that I was made by Chance!

Tin. Ha, ha! ha! well said, my Dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky Hit, that's certain!

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, where did you learn this odd way of Talking?

Tin. Ah, Widow, 'tis your Country Innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

Lady. Tho' you give no Credit to Stories of Apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as Spirits!

Tin. Simplicity!

Ab. I fancy you don't believe Women have Souls, d'ye Sir?

Tin. Foolish enough!

Lady. I vow, Mr. *Tinsel*, I'm afraid malicious People will say I'm in love with an Atheist.

Tin. Oh, my Dear, that's an old-fashion'd Word—I'm a Free-thinker, Child!

Ab. I'm sure you are a Free-speaker?

Lady. Really, Mr. *Tinsel*, considering that you are so fine a Gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this Learning? I wonder it has not spoil'd your Breeding.

Tin. To tell you the Truth, I have not time to look in to these dry Matters myself, but I am convinc'd by four or five learned Men, whom I sometimes overhear at a Coffee-house I frequent, that our Forefathers were a Pack of Asses, that the World has been in an Error for some
Thousands

Thousands of Years, and that all the People upon Earth, excepting those two or three worthy Gentlemen, are impos'd upon, cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozled——

Ab. Madam, how can you hear such a Profligate? he talks like the *London* Prodigal.

Lady. Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such things as Spirits, a Woman has no occasion for marrying——She need not be afraid to lie by herself.

Tin. Ah! my Dear! are Husbands good for nothing but to frighten away Spirits? Dost thou think I could not instruct thee in several other Comforts of Matrimony.

Lady. Ah! but you are a Man of so much Knowledge, that you would always be laughing at my Ignorance——You learned Men are so apt to despise one!

Tin. No, Child! I'd teach thee my Principles, thou shouldst be as wise as I am---in a Week's time.

Lady. Do you think your Principles wou'd make a Woman the better wife?

Tin. Pr'ythee, Widow, don't be queer.

Lady. I love a gay Temper, but I would not have you rally things that are serious.

Tin. Well enough faith! where's the Jest of rallying any thing else?

Ab. Ah, Madam, did you ever hear Mr. *Fantome* talk at this rate? [Aside.

Tin. But where's this Ghost! this Son of a Whore of a Drummer? I'd fain hear him methinks.

Ab. Pray, Madam, don't suffer him to give the Ghost such ill Language, especially when you have reason to believe it is my Master.

Tin. That's well enough faith, *Nab*; dost think thy Master is so unreasonable, as to continue his Claim to his Relict after his Bones are laid? Pray, Widow, remember the Words of your Contract, you have fulfill'd them to a Tittle——Did not you marry Sir *George* to the Tune of 'till Death us do part?

Lady. I must not hear Sir *George's* Memory treated in so slight a manner——This Fellow must have been at some pains to make himself such a finish'd Coxcomb. [Aside.

Tin.

Tin. Give me but Possession of your Person, and I'll whirl you up to Town for a Winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a Country Lady come to *London* with frightful Stories of the Hall-House being haunted, of Fairies, Spirits, and Witches; that by the time she had seen a Comedy, play'd at an Assembly, and ambled in a Ball or two, has been so little afraid of Bugbears, that she has ventur'd home in a Chair at all Hours of the Night.

Ab. Hum—Sauce-box.

[*Aside.*

Tin. 'Tis the Solitude of the Country that creates these Whimsies; there was never such a thing as a Ghost heard of at *London*, except in the Play-house—Oh we'd pass all our time in *London*. 'Tis the Scene of Pleasure and Diversions, where there's something to amuse you every Hour of the Day. Life's not Life in the Country.

Lady. Well then, you have an Opportunity of showing the Sincerity of that Love to me which you profess. You may give a Proof that you have an Affection to my Person, not my Jointure.

Tin. Your Jointure! How can you think me such a Dog! But, Child, won't your Jointure be the same thing in *London*, as in the Country?

Lady. No, you're deceiv'd! You must know it is settled on me by Marriage Articles, on condition that I live in this old Mansion House, and keep it up in Repair.

Tin. How!

Ab. That's well put, Madam.

Tin. Why faith I have been looking upon this House, and think it is the prettiest Habitation I ever saw in my Life.

Lady. Ay, but then this cruel Drum!

Tin. Something so venerable in it!

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

Tin. For my part, I like this *Gothick* Way of Building better than any of your new Orders—it would be a thousand pities it should fall to Ruin.

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

Tin. How pleasantly we two could pass our Time in
this

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this delicious Situation. Our Lives wou'd be a continued Dream of Happiness. Come, faith, Widow, let's go up-on the Leads, and take a View of the Country.

Lady. Ay, but the Drum! the Drum!

Tin. My Dear, take my Word for't 'tis all Fancy: Besides, should he drum in thy very Bed-Chamber, I shou'd only hug thee the closer.

*Clasp'd in the Folds of Love, I'd meet my Doom,
And act my Joys, tho' Thunder shook the Room.*





A C T II. S C E N E I.

SCENE opens and discovers Vellum in his Office,
and a Letter in his Hand.

V E L L U M.

THIS Letter astonisheth; may I believe my own Eyes—or rather my Spectacles—to Humphrey Vellum, Esq; Steward to the Lady Truman.

Vellum,

I Doubt not but you will be glad to hear your Master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an Hour. The Report of my being slain in the Netherlands, has, I find, produced some Disorders in my Family. I am now at the George-Inn: If an old Man with a gray Beard, in a black Cloke, enquires after you, give him Admittance. He passes for a Conjuror, but is really

Your faithful Friend,
G. Truman.

P. S. Let this be a Secret, and you shall find your Account in it.

This amazeth me! and yet the Reasons why I should believe he is still living are manifold—First, because this has often been the Case of other Military Adventurers.

Secondly, because the News of his Death was first publish'd in *Dier's Letter*.

Thirdly, because this Letter can be written by none but himself—I know his Hand and manner of Spelling.

Fourthly——

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, here's a strange old Gentleman that asks for you;

you; he says he's a Conjuror, but he looks very suspicious; I wish he ben't a Jesuit.

Vel. Admit him immediately.

But. I wish he ben't a Jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a Conjuror.

Vel. He says right——He is no more than a Conjuror. Bring him in and withdraw. [Exit Butler.

And Fourthly, As I was saying, Because——

Enter Butler with Sir George.

But. Sir, here is the Conjuror——What a devilish long Beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred Years. [Aside. Exit.

Sir G. Dear *Vellum*, you have receiv'd my Letter; But before we proceed, lock the Door.

Vel. It is his Voice. [Shuts the Door.

Sir G. In the next Place, help me off with this cumbersome Cloke.

Vel. It is his Shape.

Sir G. So, now lay my Beard upon the Table:

Vel. [After having look'd on Sir Geo. thro' his Spectacles.] It is his Face, every Lineament!

Sir G. Well now, I have put off the Conjuror and the old Man, I can talk to thee more at my Ease.

Vel. Believe me, my good Master, I am as much rejoic'd to see you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your Name was in all the News-Papers, in the List of those that were slain.

Sir G. We have not Time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken Prisoner in the Battle, and was under close Confinement several Months. Upon my Release, I was resolv'd to surprise my Wife with the News of my being alive. I know, *Vellum*, you are a Person of so much Penetration, that I need not use any further Arguments to convince you that I am so.

Vel. I am——and moreover I question not but your good Lady will likewise be convinc'd of it. Her Honour is a discerning Lady.

Sir G. I'm only afraid she should be convinc'd of it to her

her sorrow. Is not she pleas'd with her imaginary Widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the Report of my Death?

Vel. Sorely.

Sir G. How long did her Grief last?

Vel. Longer than I have known any Widow's—at least three Days.

Sir G. Three Days, say'st thou? Three whole Days! I'm afraid thou flatterest me!—O Woman! Woman!

Vel. Grief is twofold.

Sir G. This Blockhead is as methodical as ever—but I know he's honest. *[Aside.*

Vel. There is a real Grief, and there is a methodical Grief: she was drown'd in Tears till such time as the Taylor had made her Widow's Weeds—Indeed they became her.

Sir G. Became her! and was that her Comfort? Truly a most seasonable Consolation!

Vel. But I must needs say she paid a due regard to your Memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw Company.

Sir G. That was kind indeed! I find she griev'd with a great deal of good Breeding. But how comes this Gang of Lovers about her?

Vel. Her Jointure is considerable.

Sir G. How this Fool torments me? *[Aside.*

Vel. Her Person is amiable——

Sir G. Death! *[Aside.*

Vel. But her Character is unblemish'd. She has been as virtuous in your Absence as a *Penelope*——

Sir G. And has had as many Suitors.

Vel. Several have made their Overtures.

Sir G. Several!

Vel. But she has rejected all.

Sir G. There thou reviv'st me: But what means this *Tinsel*? Are his Visits acceptable?

Vel. He is young.

Sir G. Does she listen to him?

Vel.

Vel. He is gay.

Sir G. Sure she could never entertain a Thought of marrying such a Coxcomb!

Vel. He is not ill made.

Sir G. Are the Vows and Protestations that pass'd between us come to this! I can't bear the Thought of it! Is *Tinsel* the Man design'd for my worthy Successor?

Vel. You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen Months——

Sir G. Was there ever such a Dog? [*Aside.*

Vel. And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second *Sir George Truman*—meaning your Ho—nour.

Sir G. I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this Story of the *Drummer* before I discover myself to her. I have put on this Habit of a Conjuror, in order to introduce myself. It must be your Business to recommend me as a most profound Person, that by my great Knowledge in the curious Arts can silence the *Drummer*, and dispossess the House.

Vel. I am going to lay my Accounts before my Lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her Ho—nour to admit the Trial of your Art.

Sir G. I have scarce heard of any of these Stories that did not arise from a Love-Intrigue——Amours raise as many Ghosts as Murders.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your Ho—nour who troubles the House.

Sir G. That convinces me 'tis a Cheat; for I think, *Vellum*, I may be pretty well assur'd it is not me.

Vel. I am apt to think so truly. Ha--ha--ha!

Sir G. *Abigail* had always an Ascendant over her Lady, and if there is a Trick in this Matter, depend upon it she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this Ghost be not one of *Abigail's* Familiars.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* has of late been very mysterious.

Sir G. I fancy, *Vellum*, thou couldst worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an Amour between you.

B

Vel.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* hath her Allurements, and she knows I have pick'd up a Competency in your Ho-nour's Service.

Sir G. If thou hast, all I ask of thee in return is, that thou wouldst immediately renew thy Addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver Tongue, *Vellum*, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a Woman, that she'll like thee the better for giving her the Pleasure of telling a Secret. In short, wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the Advice which thou givest me.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* was never deaf to me, when I talk'd upon that Subject. I will take an Opportunity of addressing myself to her in the most pathetick manner.

Sir G. In the mean time lock me up in your office, and bring me Word what Success you have—Well, sure I am the first that ever was employ'd to lay himself.

Vel. You act indeed a threefold Part in this House; you are a Ghost, a Conjuror, and my Ho-nour'd Master *Sir George Truman*; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

Sir G. Oh, Mr. *Vellum*, with all my Heart. You know I love you Men of Wit and Humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou dost thy Business. [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, *Vellum*, your Commission is twofold, first to gain Admission for me to your Lady, and secondly, to get the Secret out of *Abigail*.

Vel. It sufficeth.

The SCENE shuts.

Enter Lady sola.

Lady. Women who have been happy in a first Marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second. But for my part, I had a Husband so every way suited to my Inclinations, that I must entirely forget him, before I can like another Man. I have now been a Widow but fourteen Months, and have had twice as many Lovers, all of 'em profess Admirers of my Person, but passionately in love with my Jointure. I think it is a Revenge I owe my Sex to make an Example of this worthless Tribe of Fellows, who grow impudent, dress themselves fine, and fancy we are oblig'd to provide for 'em. But of all my Captives,
Mr.

Mr. *Tinsel* is the most extraordinary in his kind. I hope the Diversion I give myself with him is unblameable, I'm sure 'tis necessary to turn my Thoughts off from the Memory of that dear Man, who has been the greatest Happiness and Affliction of my Life. My Heart would be a Prey to Melancholy, if I did not find these innocent Methods of relieving it. But here comes *Abigail*, I must tease the Baggage, for I find she has taken it into her Head that I'm entirely at her Disposal.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Madam! Madam! yonder's Mr. *Tinsel* has as good as taken Possession of your House. Marry, he says, he must have Sir *George's* Apartment enlarg'd; for truly says he, I hate to be straiten'd. Nay, he was so impudent as to shew me the Chamber where he intends to consummate, as he calls it.

Lady. Well! he's a wild Fellow.

Ab. Indeed he's a very sad Man, Madam.

Lady. He's young, *Abigail*, 'tis a thousand pities he should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

Ab. Reform him! marry, hang him!

Lady. Has not he a great deal of Life?

Ab. Ay, enough to make your Heart ache.

Lady. I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable Fellow.

Ab. He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

Lady. He's very good-natur'd!

Ab. He ought to be so, for he's very silly.

Lady. Dost thou think he loves me?

Ab. Mr. *Fantome* did, I am sure.

Lady. With what Raptures he talk'd!

Ab. Yes, but 'twas in Praise of your Jointure-House.

Lady. He has kept bad Company.

Ab. They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

Lady. I have a strong fancy a good Woman might reform him.

Ab. It wou'd be a fine Experiment, if it shou'd not succeed.

Lady. Well, *Abigail*, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the Steward, I have no further occasion for you at present. *[Exit Abigail.]*

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Madam, is your Ho--nour at Leisure to look into the Account of the last Week? They rise very high——House-keeping is chargeable in a House that is haunted.

Lady. How comes that to pass? I hope the Drum neither eats nor drinks! But read your Account, *Vellum*.

Vel. *[putting on and off his Spectacles in this Scene]* A Hoghead and a half of Ale——It is not for the Ghost's drinking——But your Ho-nour's Servants say they must have something to keep up their Courage against this strange Noise. They tell me they expect a double Quantity of Malt in their Small Beer so long as the House continues in this Condition.

Lady. At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the Year round, I'll answer for 'em. But go on.

Vel. *Item*, Two Sheep, and a--Where is the Ox?--Oh, here I have him--and an Ox--Your Ho-nour must always have a piece of cold Beef in the House for the Entertainment of so many Strangers, who come from all Parts to hear this Drum. *Item*, Bread, ten Peck Loaves--They cannot eat Beef without Bread--*Item*, three Barrels of Table-Beer—They must have Drink with their Meat.

Lady. Sure no Woman in *England* has a Steward that makes such ingenious Comments on his Works. *[Aside.]*

Vel. *Item*, To Mr. *Tinsel's* Servants five Bottles of Port Wine—It was by your Ho-nour's Order--*Item*, three Bottles of Sack for the use of Mrs. *Abigail*.

Lady. I suppose that was by your own Order.

Vel. We have been long Friends, we are your Ho-nour's ancient Servants. Sack is an innocent Cordial, and gives her Spirit to chide the Servants, when they are tardy in their Business; he, he, he! pardon me for being Jocular.

Lady. Well, I see you'll come together at last.

Vel. *Item*, A dozen Pound of Wax-lights for the Use of the Servants.

Lady.

Lady. For the use of the Servants! What are the Rogues afraid of sleeping in the Dark! What an unfortunate Woman am I! This is such a particular Distress, it puts me to my Wits End. *Vellum*, what wou'd you advise me to do?

Vel. Madam, your Ho-nour has two Points to consider. *Imprimis*, To retrench these extravagant Expences, which so many Strangers bring upon you.—*Secondly*, To clear the House of this invisible Drummer.

Lady. This learned Division leaves me just as wise as I was. But how must we bring these two Points to bear?

Vel. I beseech your Ho-nour to give me the hearing.

Lady. I do. But pr'ythee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

Vel. I will be concise. There is a certain Person arrived this Morning, an aged Man of a venerable Aspect, and of a long hoary Beard, that reacheth down to his Girdle. The common People call him a Wizard, a White-Witch, a Conjuror, a Cunning-Man, a Necromancer, a——

Lady. No matter for his Titles. But what of all this?

Vel. Give me the hearing, good my Lady! he pretends to great Skill in the occult Sciences, and is come hither upon the Rumour of this *Drum*. If one may believe him, he knows the Secret of laying Ghosts; or of quieting Houses that are haunted.

Lady. Pho, these are idle Stories to amuse the Country People, this can do us no good.

Vel. It can do us no harm, my Lady.

Lady. I dare say thou dost not believe there is any thing in it thyself.

Vel. I cannot say, I do; there is no Danger however in the Experiment. Let him try his Skill; if it shou'd succeed, we are rid of the Drum; if it shou'd not, we may tell the World that it has, and by that means at least get out of this expensive way of living; so that it must turn to your Advantage one way or another.

Lady. I think you argue very rightly. But where is the Man? I would fain see him. He must be a Curiosity.

Vel. I have already discours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my Office, half an Hour hence. He asks nothing for his Pains 'till he has done his Work;--no Cure, no Money.

Lady. That Circumstance, I must confess, wou'd make one believe there is more in his Art than one would imagine. Pray, *Vellum*, go and fetch him hither immediately.

Vel. I am gone. He shall be forth-coming forthwith.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Butler, Coachman, and Gardiner.

But. Rare News, my Lads, rare News!

Gard. What's the matter? hast thou got any more Vales for us?

But. No, 'tis better than that.

Coach. Is there another Stranger come to the House?

But. Ay, such a Stranger as will make all our Lives easy.

Gard. What! Is he a Lord!

But. A Lord! No, nothing like it,—He's a Conjuror.

Coach. A Conjuror! what, is he come a wooing to my Lady?

But. No, no, you Fool, he's come a purpose to lay the Spirit.

Coach. Ay marry, that's good News indeed: But where is he?

But. He is lock'd up with the Steward in his Office, they are laying their Heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a Figure.

Gard. Pr'ythee, *John*, what sort of a Creature is a Conjuror?

But. Why, he's made much as other Men are, if it was not for his long gray Beard.

Coach. Look ye, *Peter*, it stands with reason, that a Conjuror should have a long gray Beard—for did ye ever know a witch that was not an old Woman?

Gard. Why I remember a Conjuror once at a Fair, that to my thinking was a very smock-fac'd Man, and yet he spew'd out fifty Yards of green Ferret. I fancy, *John*, if thoud'st get him into the Pantry and give him a Cup of Ale, he'd shew us a few Tricks. Dost think

think we cou'd not persuade him to swallow one of thy Case-Knives for his Diversion? He'll certainly bring it up again.

But. Peter! thou art such a Wise-acre! Thou dost not know the Difference between a Conjuror and a Jugler. This Man must be a very great Master of his Trade. His Beard is at least half a Yard long, he's dressed in a strange dark Cloke, as black as a Coal: your Conjuror always goes in Mourning.

Gard. Is he a Gentleman? had he a Sword by his side?

But. No, no, he's too grave a Man for that, a Conjuror is as grave as a Judge,——but he had a long white Wand in his Hand.

Coach. You may be sure there's a good deal of Virtue in that Wand——I fancy 'tis made out of Witch Elm.

Gard. I warrant you if the Ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that Wand before his Eyes, and strike you the Drumstick out of his Hand.

But. No; the Wand, look ye, is to make a Circle, and if he once gets the Ghost in a circle, then he has him——let him get out again if he can. A Circle, you must know, is a Conjuror's Trap.

Coach. But what will he do with him, when he has him there?

But. Why, then he'll overpower him with his Learning.

Gard. If he can once compass him, and get him in Lobs-Pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard Words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good Behaviour, for a thousand Years.

Coach. Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his Grave again with a Flea in his Ear, I warrant him.

But. No, no, I wou'd advise Madam to spare no Cost. If the Conjuror be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the Ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the Red Sea——and then he's laid for ever.

Coach. Ay marry, that would spoil his Drum for him.

Gard. Why, *John*, there must be a power of Spirits in that same Red Sea——I warrant ye they are as plenty as Fish.

Coach. Well, I wish after all that he may not be too hard for the Conjurer? I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of Work on't.

Gard. I wish the Spirit may not carry a Corner of the House off with him.

But. As for that, *Peter*, you may be sure that the Steward has made his Bargain with the Cunning-Man beforehand, that he shall stand to all Costs, and Damages—But hark! yonder's Mrs. *Abigail*, we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

Gard. Ay Lads! if we could get Mrs. *Abigail* well laid too—we should lead merry Lives.

*For to a Man like me that's Stout and Bold,
A Ghost is not so dreadful as a Scold.*





A C T III. S C E N E I.

SCENE opens, and discovers Sir George
in Vellum's Office.

Sir G. **I** Wonder I don't hear of *Vellum* yet. But I know his Wisdom will do nothing rashly. The Fellow has been so us'd to Form in Business, that it has infected his whole Conversation. But I must not find fault with that punctual and exact Behaviour which has been of so much Use to me; my Estate is the better for it.

Enter Vellum.

Well, *Vellum*, I'm impatient to hear your Success.

Vel. First, let me lock the Door.

Sir G. Will your Lady admit me?

Vel. If this Lock is not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

Sir G. Pr'ythee let the Lock alone at present, and answer me.

Vel. Delays in Business are dangerous—I must send for the Smith next Week—and in the mean time will take a Minute of it.

Sir G. But what says your Lady?

Vel. This Pen is naught, and wants mending—
My Lady, did you say?

Sir G. Does she admit me?

Vel. I have gained Admission for you as a Conjuror.

Sir G. That's enough! I'll gain Admission for myself as a Husband. Does she believe there's any thing in my Art?

34 *The DRUMMER: Or,*

Vel. It is hard to know what a Woman believes.

Sir G. Did she ask no Questions about me?

Vel. Sundry,——She desires to talk with you herself, before you enter upon your Business?

Sir G. But when?

Vel. Immediately. This Instant.

Sir G. Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while? Why didst not tell me so? Give me my Cloke——Have you yet met with *Abigail*?

Vel. I have not yet had an Opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged some languishing Glances.

Sir G. Let thee alone for that, *Vellum*. I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy Spectacles. Well! This is a most venerable Cloke. After the Business of this Day is over, I'll make thee a Present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

Vel. He, he, he! wou'd you make a Conjurer of your Steward?

Sir G. Pr'ythee don't be Jocular, I'm in haste. Help me on with my Beard.

Vel. And what will your Ho-nour do with your cast Beard?

Sir G. Why, faith, thy Gravity wants only such a Beard to it; if thou wouldst wear it with the Cloke, thou wouldst make a most complete Heathen Philosopher. But where's my Wand?

Vel. A fine taper Stick! It is well chosen. I will keep this till you are Sheriff of the County. It is not my Custom to let any thing be lost.

Sir G. Come, *Vellum*, lead the way. You must introduce me to your Lady. Thou'rt the fittest Fellow in the World to be Master of the Ceremonies to a Conjurer.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Abigail crossing the Stage. Tinsel following.

Tin. Nabby, Nabby, whither so fast, Child?

Ab. Keep your Hands to yourself. I'm going to call the Steward to my Lady.

Tin. What, Goodman *Twofold*? I met him walking with

with a strange old Fellow yonder. I suppose he belongs to the Family too. He looks very antique. He must be some of the Furniture of this old Mansion-House.

Ab. What does the Man mean? Don't think to palm me, as you do my Lady.

Tin. Pr'ythee, *Nabby*, tell me one thing; What's the reason thou art my Enemy?

Ab. Marry, because I'm a Friend to my Lady.

Tin. Dost thou see any thing about me thou dost not like? Come hither, Hussy, give me a Kiss. Don't be ill-natur'd.

Ab. Sir, I know how to be civil. [*Kisses her.*]—This Rogue will carry off my Lady, if I don't take care. [*Aside.*

Tin. Thy Lips are as soft as Velvet, *Abigail*. I must get thee a Husband.

Ab. Ay, now you don't speak idly, I can talk to you.

Tin. I have one in my Eye for thee. Dost thou love a young lusty Son of a Whore?

Ab. Lud, how you talk!

Tin. This is a thundering Dog.

Ab. What is he?

Tin. A private Gentleman.

Ab. Ay! where does he live!

Tin. In the Horse-Guards——But he has one Fault I must tell thee of. If thou canst bear with that, he's a Man for thy Purpose.

Ab. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, what may that be?

Tin. He's but five and-twenty Years Old.

Ab. 'Tis no matter for his Age, if he has been well educated.

Tin. No Man better, Child; he'll tie a Wig, toss a Die, make a Pass, and swear with such a Grace, as wou'd make thy Heart leap to hear him.

Ab. Half these Accomplishments will do, provided he has an Estate——Pray what has he?

Tin. Not a Farthing.

Ab. Pox on him, what do I give him the hearing for!

[*Aside.*
Tin.

Tin. But as for that I would make it up to him.

Ab. How?

Tin. Why look ye, Child, as soon as I have married thy Lady, I design to discard this old Prig of a Steward, and to put this honest Gentleman, I am speaking of, into his Place.

Ab. [*Aside.*] This Fellow's a Fool——I'll have no more to say to him.——Hark! my Lady's a coming?

Tin. Depend upon it, *Nab*, I'll remember my Promise.

Ab. Ay, and so will I too—to your Cost. [*Aside.*
[*Exit Abigail.*

Tin. My Dear is purely fitted up with a Maid——But I shall rid the House of her.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinsel*, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an Entertainment, that won't be disagreeable to a Man of Wit and Pleasure of the Town--There may be something diverting in a Conversation between a Conjuror, and this conceited Ass. [*Aside.*

Tin. She loves me to Distraction, I see that. [*Aside.*]—Pr'ythee, Widow, explain thyself.

Lady. You must know here is a strange sort of a Man come to Town, who undertakes to free the House from this Disturbance. The Steward believes him a Conjuror.

Tin. Ay; thy Steward is a deep one!

Lady. He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd Figure of a Man.

Tin. Oh! I warrant you he has studied the Black Art! Ha, ha, ha! Is he not an *Oxford* Scholar?—Widow, thy House is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any Widow's this Day in Christendom.—I think thy four chief Domesticks are—a wither'd *Abigail*—a superannuated Steward—a Ghost—and a Conjuror.

Lady. [*Mimicking Tinsel.*] And you wou'd have it inhabited by a Fifth, who is a more extraordinary Person than any of all these Four.

Tin.

Tin. 'Tis a sure Sign a Woman loves you, when she imitates your Manner. [*Aside.* — Thou'rt very smart, my Dear. But see! smoke the Doctor.

Enter Vellum, and Sir George in his Conjurer's Habit.

Vel. I will introduce this profound Person to your Ladyship, and then leave him with you——Sir, this is her Ho-nour.

Sir G. I know it well. [*Exit Vellum.*

[*Aside, walking in a musing Posture.*] That dear Woman! The Sight of her unmans me. I cou'd weep for Tender-ness, did not I, at the same time, feel an Indignation rise in me, to see that Wretch with her: And yet I cannot but smile to see her in the Company of her first and second Husband at the same time.

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel*, do you speak to him; you are us'd to the Company of Men of Learning.

Tin. Old Gentleman, thou dost not look like an Inhabitant of this World; I suppose thou art lately come down from the Stars. Pray, what News is stirring in the *Zodiack*?

Sir G. News that ought to make the Heart of a Coward tremble. *Mars* is now entring into the first House, and will shortly appear in all his Domal Dignities——

Tin. *Mars*? Pr'ythee, Father Gray-beard, explain thyself.

Sir G. The Entrance of *Mars* into his House, portends the Entrance of a Master into this Family——and that soon.

Tin. D'ye hear that, Widow? The Stars have cut me out for thy Husband. This House is to have a Master, and that soon——Hark thee, old *Gadbury*? Is not *Mars* very like a young Fellow call'd *Tom Tinsel*?

Sir G. Not so much as *Venus* is like this Lady.

Tin. A Word in your Ear, Doctor; these two Planets will be in Conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

Sir G. [*Aside, walking disturb'd.*] Curse on this impertinent Fop! I shall scarce forbear discovering myself
——Madam

—Madam, I am told that your House is visited with strange Noises.

Lady. And I am told that you can quiet them. I must confess I had a Curiosity to see the Person I had heard so much of; and, indeed, your Aspect shews that you have had much Experience in the World. You must be a very aged Man.

Sir G. My Aspect deceives you; What do you think is my real Age?

Tin. I should guess thee within three Years of *Methuselah*. Pr'ythee tell me, Wast not thou born before the Flood?

Lady. Truly I should guess you to be in your second or third Century. I warrant you, you have Great Grand-Children with Beards a Foot long.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! If there be Truth in Man, I was but five and thirty last *August*. O! the Study of the Occult Sciences makes a Man's Beard grow faster than you wou'd imagine.

Lady. What an Escape you have had, Mr. *Tinsel*, that you were not bred a Scholar!

Tin. And so I fancy, Doctor, thou think'st me an illiterate Fellow, because I have a smooth Chin?

Sir G. Hark ye, Sir, a Word in your Ear. You are a Coxcomb, by all the Rules of Physiognomy: But let that be a Secret between you and me. [*Afide to Tinsel.*]

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, what is it the Doctor whispers?

Tin. Only a Compliment, Child, upon two or three of my Features. It does not become me to repeat it.

Lady. Pray, Doctor, examine this Gentleman's Face, and tell me his Fortune.

Sir G. If I may believe the Lines of his Face, he likes it better than I do, or—than you do, fair Lady.

Tin. Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a Cheat.

Lady. For my part I believe he's a Witch—go on, Doctor.

Sir G. He will be cross'd in Love; and that soon.

Tin.

Tin. Pr'ythee, Doctor, tell us the Truth. Dost not thou live in *Moor-fields*.

Sir G. Take my Word for it, thou shalt never live in my Lady *Truman's* Mansion-House.

Tin. Pray, old Gentleman, hast thou never been pluck'd by the Beard when thou wert saucy?

Lady. Nay, Mr. *Tinsel*, you are angry! do you think I wou'd marry a Man that dares not have his Fortune told?

Sir G. Let him be angry—I matter not—He is but short-liv'd. He will soon die of—

Tin. Come, come, speak out, old *Hocus*, he, he, he! This Fellow makes me burst with Laughing.

[*Forces a Laugh.*]

Sir G. He will soon die of a Fright—or of the—let me see your Nose—Ay—'tis so!

Tin. You Son of a Whore! I'll run ye thro' the Body. I never yet made the Sun shine thro' a Conjuror—

Lady. Oh, fy; Mr. *Tinsel*! you will not kill an old Man?

Tin. An old Man! The Dog says he's but Five and Thirty.

Lady. Oh, fy; Mr. *Tinsel*, I did not think you could have been so passionate, I hate a passionate Man. Put up your Sword, or I must never see you again.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jest, my Dear. I had a mind to have made an Experiment upon the Doctor's Body. I would but have drill'd a little Eyelet hole in it, and have seen whether he had Art enough to close it up again.

Sir G. Courage is but ill shown before a Lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this Arm can wield other Weapons besides this Wand.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Well, learned Sir, you are to give a Proof of your Art, not of your Courage. Or if you will show your Courage, let it be at Nine o'Clock—for that is the time the Noise is generally heard.

Tin. And look ye, old Gentleman, if thou dost not do thy Business well, I can tell thee by the little Skill I have,
that

that thou wilt be tofs'd in a Blanket before Ten. We'll do our Endeavour to send thee back to the Stars again.

Sir G. I'll go and prepare myself for the Ceremonies-- And, Lady, as you expect they shou'd succeed to your Wishes, treat that Fellow with the Contempt he deserves.

[*Exit Sir George.*]

Tin. The sauciest Dog I ever talked with in my whole Life!

Lady. Methinks he's a diverting Fellow; one may see he's no Fool.

Tin. No Fool! Ay, but thou dost not take him for a Conjuror.

Lady. Truly I don't know what to take him for; I am resolv'd to employ him however. When a Sickness is desperate, we often try Remedies that we have no great Faith in.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Madam, the Tea is ready in the Parlour as you ordered.

Lady. Come, Mr. *Tinsel*, we may there talk of the Subject more at leisure. [*Exeunt Lady and Tinsel.*]

Abigail sola.

Sure never any Lady had such Servants as mine has! Well, if I get this Thousand Pound, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see, I'll have a pretty tight Girl—just such as I was ten Years ago (I'm afraid I may say twenty) she shall dress me and flatter me—for I will be flatter'd that's pos! My Lady's cast Suits will serve her after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a Thousand Pound, I shall certainly carry off the Steward—Madam *Vellum*—how prettily that will sound! here, bring out Madam *Vellum's* Chaise—Nay I do not know but it may be a Chariot—it will break the Attorney's Wife's Heart—for I shall take place of every Body in the Parish but my Lady. If I have a Son, he shall be call'd *Fantome*. But see Mr. *Vellum*, as I cou'd wish. I know his Humour, and will do my utmost to gain his Heart.

Enter

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 41

Enter Vellum with a Pint of Sack.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail*, don't I break in upon you unseasonably!

Ab. Oh, no, Mr. *Vellum*, your Visits are always seasonable!

Vel. I have brought with me a Taste of fresh Canary, which I think is delicious.

Ab. Pray set it down—I have a Dram-Glass just by——— [Brings in a Rummer.
I'll pledge you; my Lady's good Health.

Vel. And your own with it——sweet Mrs. *Abigail*.

Ab. Pray, good Mr. *Vellum*, buy me a little Parcel of this Sack, and put it under the Article of Tea—I would not have my Name appear to it.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail*, your Name seldom appears in my Bills——and yet——if you will allow me a merry Expression——You have been always in my Books, Mrs. *Abigail*. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Vellum*, you are such a dry jesting Man!

Vel. Why, truly Mrs. *Abigail*, I have been looking over my Papers——and I find you have been a long time my Debtor.

Ab. Your Debtor! For what, Mr. *Vellum*!

Vel. For my Heart, Mrs. *Abigail*——And our Accounts will not be balanc'd between us till I have yours in Exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! You are the most gallant Dun, Mr. *Vellum*.

Vel. But I am not us'd to be paid by Words only, Mrs. *Abigail*; when will you be out of my Debt?

Ab. Oh, Mr. *Vellum*, you make one blush——My humble Service to you.

Vel. I must answer you, Mrs. *Abigail*, in the Country Phrase.——Your Love is sufficient. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I must own I love a merry Man!

Vel.

Vel. Let me see, how long is it, Mrs. *Abigail*, since I first broke my Mind to you——It was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi*——We have conversed together these fifteen Years——and yet Mrs. *Abigail*, I must drink to our better Acquaintance. He, he, he——Mrs. *Abigail*, you know I am naturally jocose.

Ab. Ah, you Men love to make Sport with us silly Creatures.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail*, I have a Trifle about me, which I would willingly make you a Present of. It is indeed but a little Toy.

Ab. You are always exceedingly obliging.

Vel. It is but a little Toy——scarce worth your Acceptance.

Ab. Pray don't keep me in Suspence; what is it, Mr. *Vellum*?

Vel. A Silver Thimble.

Ab. I always said Mr. *Vellum* was a generous Lover.

Vel. But I must put it on myself, Mrs. *Abigail*——You have the prettiest Tip of a Finger—I must take the Freedom to salute it.

Ab. Oh fy! you make me asham'd, Mr. *Vellum*; how can you do so? I protest I am in such a Confusion——

[*A feign'd struggle.*]

Vel. This Finger is not the Finger of Idleness; it bears the honourable Scars of the Needle——But why are you so cruel as not to pare your Nails?

Ab. Oh, I vow you press it so hard! pray give me my Finger again.

Vel. This middle Finger, Mrs. *Abigail*, has a pretty Neighbour——A Wedding Ring would become it mightily——He, he, he.

Ab. You're so full of your Jokes. Ay, but where must I find one for't.

Vel. I design this Thimble only as the Forerunner of it, they will set off each other, and are——indeed a twofold Emblem. The first will put you in mind of being a good Housewife, and the other of being a good Wife. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab.

Ab. Yes, yes, I see you laugh at me.

Vel. Indeed I am serious.

Ab. I thought you had quite forsaken me—I am sure you cannot forget the many repeated Vows and Promises you formerly made me.

Vel. I should as soon forget the Multiplication Table.

Ab. I have always taken your Part before my Lady.

Vel. You have so, and I have *Item'd* it in my Memory.

Ab. For I have always look'd upon your Interest as my own.

Vel. It is nothing but your Cruelty can hinder them from being so.

Ab. I must strike while the Iron's hot. [*Aside.*]—— Well, Mr. *Vellum*, there is no refusing you, you have such a bewitching Tongue!

Vel. How? Speak that again!

Ab. Why then in plain *English* I love you.

Vel. I am overjoy'd!

Ab. I must own my Passion for you.

Vel. I'm transported! [*Catching her in his Arms.*]

Ab. Dear charming Man!

Vel. Thou Sum Total of all my Happiness! I shall grow Extravagant! I can't forbear!—to drink thy virtuous Inclinations in a Bumper of Sack. Your Lady must make haste, my Duck, or we shall provide a young Steward to the Estate, before she has an Heir to it—— pr'ythee, my Dear, does she intend to marry Mr. *Tinsel*.

Ab. Marry him! my Love. No, no! we must take care of that! there wou'd be no staying in the House for us if she did. That young Rake-hell wou'd send all the old Servants a Grazing. You and I shou'd be discarded before the Honey-Moon was at an end.

Vel. Pr'ythee, sweet One does not this Drum put the Thoughts of Marriage out of her Head?

Ab. This Drum, my Dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no less than a Thousand Pound in our way.

Vel. Ay, say'st thou so, my Turtle?

Ab.

Ab. Since we are now as good as Man and Wife——
I mean, almost as good as Man and Wife——I ought
to conceal nothing from you.

Vel. Certainly, my Dove, not from thy Yoke-fellow,
thy Help Mate, thy own Flesh and Blood!

Ab. Hush! I hear Mr. *Tinsel's* Laugh; my Lady and
he are a coming this way; if you will take a turn with-
out, I'll tell you the whole Contrivance.

Vel. Give me your Hand, Chicken.

Ab. Here take it, you have my Heart already.

Vel. We shall have much Issue. [Exeunt.





A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Vellum and Butler.

Vel. JOHN, I have certain Orders to give you—and therefore be attentive.

But. Attentive! Ay, let me alone for that—I suppose he means being sober. [*Aside.*

Vel. You know I have always recommended to you a Method in your Business; I would have your Knives and Forks, your Spoons and Napkins, your plate and Glasses laid in a Method.

But. Ah, Master *Vellum*, you are such a sweet-spoken Man, it does one's Heart good to receive your Orders.

Vel. Method, *John*, makes Business easy, it banishes all Perplexity and Confusion out of Families.

But. How he talks! I cou'd hear him all Day.

Vel. And now, *John*, let me know whether your Table-linen, your Side-Board, your Cellar, and every thing else within your Province, are properly and methodically dispos'd for an Entertainment this Evening.

But. Master *Vellum*, they shall be ready at a quarter of an Hour's Warning. But pray, Sir, is this Entertainment to be made for the Conjuror?

Vel. It is, *John*, for the Conjuror, and yet it is not for the Conjuror.

But. Why, look you, Master *Vellum*, if it be for the Conjuror, the Cook-maid should have Orders to get him some Dishes to his Palate. Perhaps he may like a little Brimstone in his Sauce.

Vel.

Vel. This Conjuror, *John*, is a complicated Creature, an amphibious Animal, a Person of a twofold Nature—But he eats and drinks like other Men.

But. Marry, Master *Vellum*, he shou'd eat and drink as much as two other Men, by the Account you give of him.

Vel. Thy Conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double Man, ha, ha, ha.

But. Ha! I understand you, He's one of your Hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

Vel. He is married, and he is not married——He hath a Beard, and he hath no Beard. He is old, and he is young.

But. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Master *Vellum*, you could make a Riddle. The same Man old and young! How do you make that out, Master *Vellum*?

Vel. Thou hast heard of a Snake casting his Skin, and recovering his Youth. Such is this sage Person.

But. Nay, 'tis no wonder a Conjuror shou'd be like a Serpent.

Vel. When he has thrown aside the old Conjuror's Slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young Gentleman as ever was seen in this House.

But. Does he intend to sup in his Slough?

Vel. That Time will show.

But. Well, I have not a Head for these things. Indeed Mr. *Vellum*, I have not understood one Word you have said this half Hour.

Vel. I did not intend thou shouldst——But to our Business——Let there be a Table spread in the Great Hall. Let your Pots and Glassees be wash'd, and in a readiness. Bid the Cook provide a plentiful Supper, and see that all the Servants be in their best Liveries.

But. Ay! now I understand every Word you say. But I wou'd rather hear you talk a little in that t'other Way.

Vel. I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by—Bid *Susan* lay two Pillows upon your Lady's Bed.

But. Two Pillows! Madam won't sleep upon 'em both! She is not a double Woman too?

Vel. She will sleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. *Abigail*, I think I hear her chiding the Cook-maid.

But. Then I'll away, or it will be my Turn next: She I am sure, speaks plain *English*, one may easily understand every Word She says. [Exit Butler.

Vellum solus.

Vel. Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an Opinion of the Person's Understanding who has the Direction of them.—But see, Mrs. *Abigail*! she has a bewitching Countenance, I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good Earnest.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Ha! Mr. *Vellum*.

Vel. What brings my Sweet one hither?

Ab. I am coming to speak to my Friend behind the Wainscot. It is fit, Child, he should have an Account of this Conjuror, that he may not be surpriz'd.

Vel. That wou'd be as much as thy Thousand Pound is worth.

Ab. I'll speak low——Walls have Ears.

[Pointing at the Wainscot.

Vel. But hark you, Duckling! be sure you don't tell him that I am let into the Secret.

Ab. That's a good one indeed! as if I should ever tell what passes between you and me.

Vel. No, no, my Child, that must not be! he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

Ab. You will always be waggish.

Vel. Adieu, and let me hear the Result of your Conference.

Ab. How can you leave one so soon? I shall think it an Age 'till I see you again.

Vel. Adieu, my pretty One.

Ab. Adieu, sweet Mr. *Vellum*.

Vel. My pretty One——

[As he is going off.

Ab. Dear Mr. *Vellum*.

Vel. My pretty One!

[Exit Vellum.
Abigail

Abigail sola.

Ab. I have him—If I can but get this Thousand Pound.
Fant. gives three Raps upon his Drum behind the Wainscot.

Ab. Ha. Three Raps upon the Drum! the Signal
 Mr. *Fantome* and I agreed upon, when he had a mind
 to speak with me. [*Fantome raps again.*

Ab. Very well, I hear you; come, Fox, come out of
 your Hole.

SCENE opens, and *Fantome* comes out.

Ab. You may leave your Drum in the Wardrobe, 'till
 you have Occasion for it.

Fan. Well, Mrs. *Abigail*, I want to hear what's doing
 in the World.

Ab. You are a very inquisitive Spirit. But I must tell
 you, if you do not take care of yourself, you will be
 laid this Evening.

Fan. I have overheard something of that matter.
 But let me alone for the Doctor—I'll engage to give
 a good Account of Him. I am more in pain about
Tinsel. When a Lady's in the Case, I'm more afraid of one
 Fop than twenty Conjurers.

Ab. To tell you truly, he presses his Attacks with so
 much Impudence, that he has made more Progress with
 my Lady in two Days, than you did in two Months.

Fan. I shall attack her in another manner, if thou
 canst but procure me another Interview. There's no-
 thing makes a Lover so keen, as being kept up in the
 Dark.

Ab. Pray no more of your distant Bows, your respect-
 ful Compliments—Really, Mr. *Fantome*, you're only fit
 to make love across a Tea-Table.

Fan. My dear Girl, I can't forbear hugging thee for
 thy good Advice.

Ab. Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why
 don't you do so to my Lady?

Fan. Child, I always thought your Lady lov'd to be
 treated with Respect.

Ab.

Ab. Believe me, Mr. *Fantome*, there is not so great a Difference between Woman and Woman, as you imagine. You see *Tinsel* has nothing but his Sauciness to recommend him.

Fan. *Tinsel* is too great a Coxcomb to be capable of Love——And let me tell thee, *Abigail*, a Man, who is sincere in his Passion, makes but a very awkward Profession of it——But I'll mend my Manners.

Ab. Ay, or you'll never gain a Widow——Come, I must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my Lady, and let me see how you'll behave yourself.

Fan. I'm afraid, Child, we han't time for such a Piece of Mummery.

Ab. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your Part well.

Fan. Why then, dear Mrs. *Ab*——I mean, my Lady *Truman*.

Ab. Ay! but you han't saluted me.

Fan. That's right; Faith I forgot that Circumstance.
[*Kisses her.*] *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*!

Ab. That's very well——

Fan. How long must I be condemn'd to languish! when shall my Sufferings have an end! My Life, my Happiness, my all is wound up in you——

Ab. Well! why don't you squeeze my Hand.

Fan. What, thus?

Ab. Thus? Ay——Now throw your Arm about my Middle: Hug me closer.——You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a Volley of Rapture and Nonsense till you are out of Breath.

Fan. Transport and Ecstasy! where am I! —my Life, my Bliss!——I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die.

Ab. Go on, go on.

Fan. Flames and Darts———Bear me to the gloomy Shade, Rocks, and Grottoes———Flowers, *Zephyrs*, and purling Streams.

Ab. Oh! Mr. *Fantome*, you have a Tongue wou'd undo a Vestal! You were born for the Ruin of our Sex.

Fan. This will do then, *Abigail*?

C

Ab.

Ab. Ay, this is talking like a Lover, Tho' I only represent my Lady, I take a Pleasure in hearing you. Well, o'my Conscience when a Man of Sense has a little Dash of the Coxcomb in him, no Woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand Pound is as good as in my Pocket.

Fan. I shall think it an Age till I have an Opportunity of putting this Lesson in Practice.

Ab. You may do it soon, if you make good use of your Time; Mr. *Tinsel* will be here with my Lady at Eight, and at Nine the Conjuror is to take you in hand.

Fan. Let me alone with both of them.

Ab. Well! forewarn'd, forearm'd. Get into your Box, and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your Favour.

[*Fantome goes in. Exit Abigail.*

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* is withdrawn.— I was in hopes to have heard what pass'd between her and her invisible Correspondent.

Enter Tinsel.

Tin. *Vellum! Vellum!*

Vel. [*Aside.*] *Vellum!* We are methinks very familiar; I am not us'd to be call'd so by any but their Ho--nours —What would you, Mr. *Tinsel*?

Tin. Let me beg a Favour of thee, old Gentleman.

Vel. What is that, good Sir?

Tin. Pr'ythee run and fetch me the Rent-Roll of thy Lady's Estate.

Vel. The Rent-Roll?

Tin. The Rent-Roll? Ay, the Rent-Roll! Dost not understand what that means?

Vel. Why, have you thoughts of purchasing it!

Tin. Thou hast hit it, old Boy; that is my very Intention.

Vel. The Purchase will be considerable.

Tin. And for that Reason I have bid thy Lady very high—She is to have no less for it than this entire Person of mine.

Vel. Is your whole Estate Personal, Mr. *Tinsel*—he, he, he!

Tin.

Tin. Why, you queer old Dog, you don't pretend to jest, d'ye? Look ye, *Vellum*, if you think of being continued my Steward, you must learn to walk with your Toes out.

Vel. [*Aside.*] An insolent Companion!

Tin. Thou'rt confounded rich, I see, by that Dangling of thy Arms.

Vel. [*Aside.*] An ungracious Bird!

Tin. Thou shalt lend me a couple of Thousand Pounds.

Vel. [*Aside.*] A very Profligate!

Tin. Look ye, *Vellum*, I intend to be kind to you—I'll borrow some Money of you.

Vel. I cannot but smile to consider the Disappointment this young Fellow will meet with; I will make myself merry with him. [*Aside.*] And so, Mr. *Tinsel*, you promise you will be a very kind Master to me.

[*Stifling a Laugh.*]

Tin. What will you give for a Life in the House you live in?

Vel. What do you think of Five Hundred Pounds? — Ha, ha, ha!

Tin. That's too little.

Vel. And yet it is more than I shall give you—And I will offer you two Reasons for it.

Tin. Pr'ythee what are they?

Vel. First, because the Tenement is not in your Disposal, and, Secondly, because it never will be in your Disposal, and so fare you well, good Mr. *Tinsel*. Ha, ha, ha! You will pardon me for being jocular.

[*Exit Vellum.*]

Tin. This Rogue is as saucy as the Conjurer: I'll be hang'd if they are not akin.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel*! what, all alone? You Free-thinkers are great Admirers of Solitude.

Tin. No, faith, I have been talking with thy Steward; a very grotesque Figure of a Fellow, the very Picture of one of our Benchers. How can you bare his Conversation?

Lady. I keep him for my Steward, and not my Companion. He's a sober Man.

Tin. Yes, yes, he looks like a Put, a queer old Dog, as ever I saw in my Life: We must turn him off, Widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

Lady. Indeed you're mistaken; he has always had the Reputation of being a very honest Man.

Tin. What! I suppose he goes to Church.

Lady. Goes to Church! so do you too, I hope.

Tin. I would for once, Widow, to make sure of you.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinsel*, a Husband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the Promises he made there.

Tin. Faith, very innocent, and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, Widow, thou wouldst not for the World marry a Sabbath-breaker!

Lady. Truly they generally come to a bad End. I remember the Conjuror told you, you were short-liv'd.

Tin. The Conjuror! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Indeed you're very witty!

Tin. Indeed you're very handsom. [*Kisses her Hand.*]

Lady. I wish the Fool does not love me. [*Aside.*]

Tin. Thou art the Idol I adore: Here must I pay my Devotion — Pr'ythee, Widow, hast thou any Timber upon thy Estate.

Lady. The most impudent Fellow I ever met with.

Tin. I take notice thou hast a great deal of old Plate here in the House, Widow. [*Aside.*]

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel*, you are a very observing Man.

Tin. Thy large Silver Cistern would make a very good Coach; and half a Dozen Salvers that I saw on the Side-board, might be turned into six as pretty Horses as any that appear in the Ring.

Lady. You have a very good Fancy, Mr. *Tinsel*. — What pretty Transformations you could make in my House — But I'll see where 'twill end. [*Aside.*]

Tin. Then I observe, Child, you have two or three Services of gilt Plate; we'd eat always in China, my Dear. *Lady.*

Lady. I perceive you are an excellent Manager—How quickly you have taken an Inventory of my Goods!

Tin. Now, hark ye, Widow, to shew you the Love that I have for you——

Lady. Very well; let me hear.

Tin. You have an old-fashion'd Gold Caudle Cup, with a Figure of a Saint upon the Lid on't.

Lady. I have; What then?

Tin. Why look ye, I'd sell the Caudle-Cup with the old Saint for as much Money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a Diamond Buckle, and make you a Present of it.

Lady. Oh you are generous to an Extravagance. But, pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, don't dispose of my Goods before you are sure of my Person. I find you have taken a great Affection to my Moveables.

Tin. My Dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

Lady. I see you do, Sir; you need not make any Protestations upon that Subject.

Tin. Pho, pho, my Dear, we are growing serious; and let me tell you that's the very next step to being dull. Come, that pretty Face was never made to look grave with.

Lady. Believe me, Sir, whatever you think, Marriage is a serious Subject.

Tin. For that very Reason, my Dear, let us run over it as fast as we can.

Lady. I should be very much in haste for a Husband, if I married within fourteen Months after Sir *George's* Decease.

Tin. Pray, my Dear, let me ask you a Question; Dost not thou think that Sir *George* is as dead at present to all Intents and Purposes, as he will be a Twelve-month hence?

Lady. Yes; but Decency! Mr. *Tinsel*.——

Tin. Or dost thou think thou'lt be more a Widow then, than thou art now?

Lady. The World would say I never lov'd my first Husband.

Tin. Ah, my Dear, they would say you lov'd your Second; and they would own I deserv'd it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

Lady. But what would People think?

Tin. Think! why they would think thee the Mirror of Widowhood——That a Woman should live fourteen whole Months after the Decease of her Spouse, without having engag'd herself. Why, about Town, we know many a Woman of Quality's Second Husband, several Years before the Death of the First.

Lady. Ay, I know you Wits have your commonplace Jests upon us poor Widows.

Tin. I'll tell you a Story, Widow; I know a certain Lady, who, considering the Craziness of her Husband, had, in Case of Mortality, engag'd herself to two young Fellows of my Acquaintance. They grew such desperate Rivals for her, while her Husband was alive, that one of them pink'd the other in a Duel. But the good Lady was no sooner a Widow, but what did my Dowager do? Why, faith, being a Woman of Honour, she married a Third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first Promise.

Lady. And this is a true Story upon your own Knowledge?

Tin. Every Tittle, as I hope to be married, or never believe *Tom Tinsel*.

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, do you call this talking like a Wit or like a Rake?

Tin. Innocent enough. He, he, he! Why, where's the Difference, my Dear;

Lady. Yes, Mr. *Tinsel*, the only Man I ever lov'd in my Life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

Tin. Nay, now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'st the Drum by and by.

Lady. If you had been here last Night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

Tin. About this time, say'st thou! Come, faith, for Humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

Lady.

Lady. I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

Tin. Serious! never fear me, Child, Ha, ha, ha! Dost not hear him?

Lady. You break your Word already. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, do you laugh to shew your Wit or your Teeth?

Tin. Why both, my Dear——I'm glad, however, that she has taken notice of my Teeth. [*Aside.*] But you look serious, Child; I fancy thou hear'st the Drum, dost not?

Lady. Don't talk so rashly.

Tin. Why, my Dear, you could not look more frightened if you had *Lucifer's* Drum-major in your House.

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel*, I must desire to see you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle Way of Talking.

Tin. Child, I thought I had told you what is my Opinion of Spirits, as we were drinking a Dish of Tea but just now——There is no such thing, I give thee my Word.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinsel*, your Authority must be of great Weight to those that know you.

Tin. For my part, Child, I have made myself easy in those Points.

Lady. Sure nothing was ever like this Fellow's Vanity, but his Ignorance. [*Aside.*]

Tin. I'll tell thee what now, Widow——I would engage by the help of a white Sheet, and a Pennyworth of Link in a dark Night, to frighten you a whole Country Village out of their Senses, and the Vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats*] Hark! hark! what Noise is that! Heaven defend us! This is more than Fancy.

Lady. It beats more terrible than ever.

Tin. 'Tis very dreadful! What a Dog have I been to speak against my Conscience, only to shew my Parts!

Lady. It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not anger'd it by your foolish Discourse.

Tin. Indeed, Madam, I did not speak from my Heart: I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmless Rallery

Lady. Harmless, d'ye call it? it beats hard by us, as if it wou'd break thro' the Wall!

Tin. What a Devil had I to do with a white Sheet?

[Scene opens, and discovers Fantome.

Mercy on us! it appears.

Lady. Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himself! 'tis Sir George!
'tis my Husband! *[She faints.]*

Tin. Now would I give Ten Thousand Pounds that I were in Town. *[Fantome advances to him Drumming.]* I beg Ten Thousand Pardons: I'll never talk at this rate any more. *[Fantome still advances Drumming.]* By my Soul, Sir George, I was not in earnest, *[Falls on his Knees.]* Have Compassion on my Youth, and consider I am but a Coxcomb—*[Fantome points to the Door.]* But see he waves me off——Ay, with all my Heart——What a Devil had I to do with a white Sheet? *[He steals off the Stage, mending his Pace as the Drum beats.]*

Fan. The Scoundrel is gone, and has left his Mistress behind him; I'm mistaken if he makes Love in this House any more. I have now only the Conjuror to deal with. I don't question but I shall make his Reverence scamper as fast as the Lover: and then the Day's my own. But the Servants are coming, I must get into my Cupboard. *[He goes in.]*

Enter Abigail and Servants.

Ab. Oh my poor Lady! This wicked Drum has frightened Mr. *Tinsel* out of his Wits, and my Lady into a Swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the fresh Air, and she'll recover. *[They carry her off.]* This is a little barbarous to my Lady; but 'tis all for her good: And I know her so well, that she would not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her Friends should blame me for it hereafter,

*I'll clap my Hand upon my Purse, and tell 'em,
'Twas for a Thousand Pounds, and Mr. Vellum.*

ACT



A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Sir George in his Conjuror's Habit, the Butler marching before him with two large Candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little Table, and another a Chair.

But. A N'T please your Worship, Mr. Conjuror, the Steward has given us all Orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same Respect, as if you were our Master.

Sir G. Thou say'st well.

Gard. An't please your Conjurorship's Worship, shall I set the Table down here?

Sir G. Here, *Peter*.

Gard. Peter!——He knows my Name by his Learning. *[Aside.]*

Coach. I have brought you, Reverend Sir, the largest Elbow-Chair in the House; 'tis that the Steward sits in when he holds a Court.

Sir G. Place it there.

But. Sir, will you please to want any thing else?

Sir G. Paper, and a Pen and Ink.

But. Sir, I believe we have Paper that is fit for your Purpose! my Lady's mourning Paper, that is black'd at the Edges——Would you choose to write with a Crow-Quill?

Sir G. There is none better.

But. Coachman, go fetch the Paper and Standish out of the little Parlour.

Coach. *[To Gard.]* *Peter*, pr'ythee do thou go along, with

with me——I'm afraid —— You know I went with you last Night into the Garden, when the Cook-maid wanted a handful of Parsley.

But. Why, you don't think I'll stay with the Conjuror by myself!

Gard. Come, we'll all three go and fetch the Pen and Ink together. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Sir G. solus. There's nothing I see makes such strong Alliances as Fear. These Fellows are all enter'd into a Confederacy against the Ghost. There must be abundance of Business done in the Family at this rate. But here comes the Tripple-Alliance. Who could have thought these three Rogues cou'd have found each of'em an Employment in fetching a Pen and Ink!

Enter Gardiner with a Sheet of Paper, Coachman with a Standish, and Butler with a Pen.

Gard. Sir, there is your Paper.

Coach. Sir, there is your Standish.

But. Sir, there is your Crow-Quill Pen —— I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aside.*]

Gard. [*Aside.*] He forgets that he's to make a Circle—— Doctor, shall I help you to a Bit of Chalk?

Sir G. It is no matter.

But. Look ye, Sir, I shou'd you the Spot where he's heard ofteneft, if your Worship can but ferret him out of that old Wall in the next Room——

Sir G. We shall try.

Gard. That's right, *John*. His Worship must let fly all his Learning at that old Wall.

But. Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I wou'd have a Bottle of good *October* by me. Shall I set a Cup of Stingo at your Elbow?

Sir G. I thank thee——we shall do without it.

Gard. *John*, he seems a very good-natur'd Man for a Conjuror.

But. I'll take this Opportunity of enquiring after a bit of Plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my Lady's Pay, one may hedge in a Question or two into the Bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a Word in your Ear?

Sir G. What wouldst thou?

But.

But. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost one of my Silver Spoons last Week.

Sir G. Mark'd with a Swan's Neck——

But. My Lady's Crest! He knows every thing. [*Aside.* How wou'd your Worship advise me to recover it again?

Sir G. Hum!

But. What must I do to come at it?

Sir G. Drink nothing but Small-Beer for a Fortnight--

But. Small-Beer! Rot-gut!

Sir G. If thou drink'st a single drop of Ale before fifteen Days are expir'd —— It is as much —— as thy Spoon——is worth.

But. I shall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aside.*

Coach. D'ye mind how they whisper?

Gard. I'll be hang'd if he be not asking him something about *Nell*.——

Coach. I'll take this Opportunity of putting a Question to him about poor *Dobbing*: I fancy he could give me better Counsel than the Farrier.

But. [*To Gard.*] A prodigious Man! he knows every thing: Now is the time to find out thy Pick-ax.

Gard. I have nothing to give him; Does not he expect to have his Hand cross'd with Silver?

Coach. [*To Sir G.*] Sir, may a Man venture to ask you a Question?

Sir G. Ask it.

Coach. I have a poor Horse in the Stable that's bewitch'd——

Sir G. A bay Gelding.

Coach. How cou'd he know that? [*Aside.*

Sir G. Bought at *Banbury*.

Coach. Whew——so it was o'my Conscience. [*Whistles.*

Sir G. Six Years old last *Lammas*.

Coach. To a Day. [*Aside.*] Now, Sir, I would know whether the poor Beast is bewitch'd by *Goody Crouch* or *Goody Fly*.

Sir G. Neither.

Coach. Then it must be *Goody Gurton*; for she is the next oldest Woman in the Parish. [*Gard.*

Gard. Haft thou done, *Robin*?

Coach. [*To Gard.*] He can tell thee any thing.

Gard. [*To Sir G.*] Sir, I wou'd beg to take you a little further out of Hearing——

Sir G. Speak.

Gard. The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in Love at the same time with a certain Person.

Sir G. A Woman.

Gard. How cou'd he know that? [*Aside.*]

Sir G. Go on.

Gard. This Woman has lately had two Children at a Birth.

Sir G. Twins.

Gard. Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aside.*]

Sir G. Proceed.

Gard. Now, because I us'd to meet her sometimes in the Garden, she has laid them both——

Sir G. To thee.

Gard. What a Power of Learning he must have! he knows every thing. [*Aside.*]

Sir G. Haft thou done?

Gard. I wou'd desire to know whether I am really Father to them both.

Sir G. Stand before me, let me survey thee round.

[*Lays his Wand upon his Head and makes him turn about.*]

Coach. Look yonder, *John*, the silly Dog is turning about under the Conjuror's Wand. If he has been saucy to him, we shall see him puff'd off in a Whirlwind immediately.

Sir G. Twins, dost thou say? [*Still turning him.*]

Gard. Ay, are they both mine, d'ye think?

Sir G. Own but one of them.

Gard. Ay, but Mrs. *Abigail* will have me take care of them both——she's always for the Butler——if my poor Master *Sir George* had been alive, he wou'd have made him go Halves with me.

Sir G. What, was *Sir George* a kind Master?

Gard. Was he! Ay, my Fellow-Servants will bear me Witness.

Sir G.

Sir G. Did ye love Sir George?

But. Every Body lov'd him——

Coach. There was not a dry Eye in the Parish at the News of his Death——

Gard. He was the best Neighbour ——

But. The kindest Husband——

Coach. The truest Friend to the Poor——

But. My good Lady took on mightily, we all thought it would have been the Death of her——

Sir G. I protest these Fellows melt me! I think the Time long till I am their Master again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aside.*

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Have you provided the Doctor every thing he has Occasion for? if so,——you may depart.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir G. I can as yet see no hurt in my Wife's Behaviour: but still have some certain Pangs and Doubts, that are natural to the Heart of a fond Man. I must take the Advantage of my Disguise to be thoroughly satisfied. It would neither be for her Happiness, nor mine, to make myself known to her till I am so. [*Aside.*] Dear *Vellum*! I am impatient to hear some News of my Wife; how does she after her Fright?

Vel. It is a Saying somewhere in my Lord *Coke*, that a Widow——

Sir G. I ask of my Wife, and thou talk'st to me of my Lord *Coke*——pr'ythee tell me how she does, for I am in pain for her.

Vel. She is pretty well recover'd. Mrs. *Abigail* has put her in good Heart; and I have given her great Hopes from your Skill.

Sir G. That I think cannot fail, since thou hast got this Secret out of *Abigail*! But I could not have thought my Friend *Fantome* would have serv'd me thus——

Vel. You will fancy you are a living Man——

Sir G. That he should endeavour to ensnare my Wife——

Vel. You have no Right in her after your Demise. Death extinguishes all Property,—*Quoad hanc*---It is a Maxim in the Law. Sir

Sir G. A Pox on your Learning! Well, but what is become of *Tinsel*.

Vel. He rush'd out of the House, call'd for his Horse, clap'd Spurs to his Sides, and was out of Sight in less time than I—can—tell—Ten.

Sir G. This is whimsical enough! my Wife will have a quick Succession of Lovers, in one Day—*Fantome* has driven out *Tinsel*, and I shall drive out *Fantome*.

Vel. Ev'n as one Wedge driveth out another—he, he, he! you must pardon me for being Jocular.

Sir G. Was there ever such a provoking Blockhead? but he means me well—Well, I must have satisfaction of this Traitor *Fantome*; and cannot take a more proper one than by turning him out of my House, in a manner that shall throw Shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives—You must remember, *Vellum*, you have abundance of Business upon your hands, and I have but just Time to tell it you over; all I require of you is Dispatch, therefore hear me.

Vel. There is nothing more requisite in Business than Dispatch—

Sir G. Then hear me.

Vel. It is indeed the Life of Business—

Sir G. Hear me then, I say.

Vel. And as one has rightly observ'd, the Benefit that attends it is fourfold. First—

Sir G. There is no bearing this! Thou art going to describe Dispatch, when thou shouldst be practising it.

Vel. But your Ho---nour will not give me the Hearing—

Sir G. Thou wilt not give me the Hearing. [*Angrily.*

Vel. I am still.

Sir G. In the first Place, you are to lay my Wig, Hat, and Sword ready for me in the Closet, and one of my Scarlet Coats. You know how *Abigail* has describ'd the Ghost to you.

Vel. It shall be done.

Sir G. Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this Ghost, you are to prepare my Wife for the Reception
of

of her real Husband; tell her the whole Story, and do it with all the Art you are master of, that the Surprise may not be too great for her.

Vel. It shall be done—But since her Ho-nour has seen this Apparition she desires to see you once more, before you encounter it.

Sir G. I shall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent Rogue *Tinsel*, I hope thou hast not told *Abigail* any thing of the Secret.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* is a Woman; there are many Reasons why she should not be acquainted with it: I shall only mention Six——

Sir G. Hush, here she comes! O my Heart!

Enter Lady and Abigail.

Sir G. [*Aside, while Vellum talks in dumb Show to Lady.*] O that lov'd Woman! How I long to take her in my Arms! If I find I am still dear to her Memory, it will be a return to Life indeed! But I must take care of indulging this Tenderness, and put on a Behaviour more suitable to my present Character.

[*Walks at a Distance in a pensive Posture, waving his Wand.*]

Lady. [*to Vellum.*] This is surprising indeed! So all the Servants tell me; they say he knows every thing that has happened in the Family.

Ab. [*Aside.*] A Parcel of credulous Fools! they first tell him their Secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit Vellum, exchanging fond Looks with Abigail.*]

Lady. Learned Sir, may I have some Conversation with you, before you begin your Ceremonies?

Sir G. Speak! but hold—first let me feel your Pulse?

Lady. What can you learn from that?

Sir G. I have already learn'd a Secret from it, that will astonish you.

Lady. Pray what is it?

Sir G. You will have a Husband within this half Hour.

Ab. [*Aside.*] I am glad to hear that——He must mean
Mr.

Mr. *Fantome*; I begin to think there's a good deal of Truth in his Art.

Lady. Alas! I fear you mean I shall see Sir *George's* Apparition a second time.

Sir G. Have Courage, you shall see the Apparition no more. The Husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

Ab. Mr. *Fantome* to be sure.

[*Aside*.

Lady. Impossible! I lov'd my first too well.

Sir G. You cou'd not love the first better than you will love the second.

Ab. [*Aside*.] I'll be hang'd if my dear Steward has not instructed him; he means Mr. *Fantome* to be sure; the thousand Pound is our own.

Lady. Alas! you did not know Sir *George*.

Sir G. As well as I do myself—I saw him with you in the red Damask Room, when he first made Love to you; your Mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a Visit from Mrs. *Hawthorn*, on her Return from *London*.

Lady. This is astonishing.

Sir G. You were a great Admirer of a single Life for the first half Hour; your Refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what Ecstasy did Sir *George* kiss your Hand, when you told him you should always follow the Advice of your *Mamma*.

Lady. Every Circumstance to a tittle!

Sir G. Then, Lady, the Wedding Night! I saw you in your white Sattin Night-gown: You would not come out of your Dressing room, till Sir *George* took you out by force. He drew you gently by the Hand——You struggled——but he was too strong for you——You blush'd; he——

Lady. Oh! stop there! go no further!——He knows every thing.

[*Aside*.

Ab. Truly, Mr. *Conjurer*, I believe you have been a Wag in your Youth.

Sir G. Mrs. *Abigail*, you know what your good Word cost Sir *George*, a Purse of Broad Pieces, Mrs. *Abigail*——

Ab.

Ab. The Devil's in him. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my Lady that I refus'd to take them.

Sir G. 'Tis true, Child, he was forc'd to thrust them into your Bosom.

Ab. This Rogue will mention the Thousand Pound, if I don't take care. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, though you are a Conjuror, methinks you need not be a Blab——

Lady. Sir, since I have now no Reason to doubt of your Art, I must beseech you to treat this Apparition gently-- It has the Resemblance of my deceas'd Husband; if there be any undiscover'd Secret, any thing that troubles his Rest, learn it of him.

Sir G. I must to that end be sincerely inform'd by you, whether your Heart be engag'd to another. Have not you receiv'd the Addresses of many Lovers since his Death?

Lady. I have been oblig'd to receive more Visits than have been agreeable.

Sir G. Was not *Tinsel* welcome? — I'm afraid to hear an answer to my own Question. [*Aside.*]

Lady. He was well recommended.

Sir G. Racks? [*Aside.*]

Lady. Of a good Family.

Sir G. Tortures! [*Aside.*]

Lady. Heir to a considerable Estate!

Sir G. Death! [*Aside.*] And you still love him? — I'm distracted! [*Aside.*]

Lady. No, I despise him. I found he had a Design upon my Fortune; was base, profligate, cowardly, and every thing that cou'd be expected from a Man of the vilest Principles.

Sir G. I'm recover'd. [*Aside.*]

Ab. Oh, Madam, had you seen how like a Scoundrel he look'd when he left your Ladyship in a Swoon! Where have you left my Lady? says I. In an Elbow-chair, Child, says he. And where are you going? says I. To Town Child, says he: For to tell thee truly, Child, says he, I don't care for living under the same Roof with the Devil.
Sir G.

Sir G. Well, Lady, I see nothing in all this, that may hinder Sir *George's* Spirit from being at rest.

Lady. If he knows any thing of what passes in my Heart, he cannot but be satisfied of that Fondness which I bear to his Memory. My Sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest—Tears will not let me go on—

Sir G. This quite overpowers me—I shall discover myself before my Time. [*Aside.*]—Madam, you may now retire, and leave me to myself.

Lady. Success attend you!

Ab. I wish Mr. *Fantome* gets well off from this old Don—I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt Lady and Abigail.*]

Sir George solus.

Sir G. My Heart is now at Ease; she is the same dear Woman I left her—Now for my Revenge upon *Fantome*.——I shall cut the Ceremonies short——A few Words will do his Business——Now let me seat myself in form——A good easy Chair for a Conjuror this!——Now for a few mathematical Scratches——a good lucky Scrawl, that——Faith I think it looks very Astrological—These two or three magical Pot-hooks about it, make it a compleat Conjuror's Scheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha, ha, ha, Sir, are you there! [*Enter Drummer.*] Now must I pore upon my Paper.

Enter Fantome, beating his Drum.

Sir G. Pr'ythee don't make a Noise, I'm busy.

[*Fantome beats.*]

Sir G. A pretty March? pr'ythee beat that over again.

[*He beats and advances.*]

Sir G. [*Rising.*] Ha! you're very perfect in the Step of a Ghost. You stalk it majestically. [*Fantome advances.*]

Sir G. How the Rogue stares, he acts it to Admiration; I'll be hang'd if he has not been practising this half Hour in Mrs. *Abigail's* Wardrobe.

[*Fantome starts, gives a Rap upon his Drum.*]

Sir G. Pr'ythee don't play the Fool. [*Fantome beats.*]

Sir G. Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. *Fantome*.

Fan.

Fan. [*Aside*] Death! I'm discover'd. This Jade *Abigail* has betray'd me.

Sir G. Mr. *Fantome*, upon the Word of an Astrologer, your Thousand Pound Bribe will never gain my Lady *Truman*.

Fan. 'Tis plain, she has told him all. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my Art, Mr. *Ghost* will have his Bones broke.

Fan. [*To Sir G.*] Look ye, old Gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this Secret from Mrs. *Abigail*.

Sir G. I have learnt it from my Art.

Fan. Thy Art! pr'ythee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a Cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my Counsel, I'll give thee ten broad Pieces.—

Sir G. I am not mercenary! Young Man, I scorn thy Gold.

Fan. I'll make them up Twenty.—

Sir G. Avant! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an Apparition as shall—

Fan. An Apparition, old Gentleman! you mistake your Man, I'm not to be frightened with Bugbears!—

Sir G. Let me retire but for a few Moments, and I will give thee such a Proof of my Art—

Fan. Why, if thou hast any *Hocus-pocus* Tricks to play, why can't thou not do them here?

Sir G. The raising of a Spirit, requires certain secret Mysteries to be performed, and Words to be mutter'd in private—

Fan. Well, if I see through your Trick, will you promise to be my Friend?

Sir G. I will—attend and tremble. [*Exit.*

Fantome solus.

Fan. A very solemn old Afs! But I smoke him,—he has a mind to raise his Price upon me. I cou'd not think this Slut wou'd have us'd me thus.—I begin to grow horribly tir'd of my Drum. I wish I was well rid of it. However, I have got this by it, that it has driven off *Tinsel* for good and all; I shan't have the Mortification to see my Mistress carry'd off by such a Rival. Well, what-

whatever happens, I must stop this old Fellow's Mouth, I must not be sparing in Hush-Money. But here he comes.

Enter Sir George in his own Habit.

Fan. Ha! what's that! *Sir George Truman!* This can be no Counterfeit. His Dress! his Shape! his Face! the very Wound of which he dy'd! Nay, then 'tis time to decamp! *[Runs off.]*

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good *Sir George*—The Enemy has left me Master of the Field: Here are the Marks of my Victory. This Drum will I hang up in my great Hall as the Trophy of the Day.

Enter Abigail.

Sir George stands with his Hand before his Face in a musing Posture.

Ab. Yonder he is. O'my Conscience he has driven off the Conjuror. *Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome!* I give you Joy, I give you Joy. What do you think of your Thousand Pounds now, why does not the Man speak?

[Pulls him by the Sleeve.]

Sir G. Ha!

[Taking his Hand from his Face.]

Ab. Oh! 'tis my Master!

[Shrieks.]

[Running away he catches her.]

Sir G. Good Mrs. *Abigail*, not so fast.

Ab. Are you alive, Sir! He has given my Shoulder such a cursed Tweak! they must be real Fingers, I feel 'em I'm sure.

Sir G. What dost thou think?

Ab. Think, Sir? think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, Sir, how——

Sir G. No Questions, good *Abigail*; thy Curiosity shall be satisfied in due time. Where's your Lady?

Ab. Oh, I'm so frightened!——and so glad——

Sir G. Where's your Lady! I ask you——

Ab. Marry I don't know where I am myself—I can't forbear weeping for Joy——

Sir G. Your Lady! I say your Lady! I must bring you to yourself with one Pinch more——

Ab. Oh! She has been talking a good while with the Steward.

Sir G.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 69

Sir G. Then he has open'd the whole Story to her. I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here she comes.

Enter Lady follow'd by Vellum.

Lady. Where is he? let me fly into his Arms? my Life? my Soul! my Husband!

Sir G. Oh! let me catch thee to my Heart, dearest of Women.

Lady. Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my Sense! Now am I happy indeed!

Sir G. My Heart is too full to answer thee.

Lady. How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that Joy which you knew I must receive from your Presence? You have robb'd my Life of some Hours of Happiness that ought to have been in it.

Sir G. It was to make our Happiness the more sincere and unmixt: There will be now no Doubts to dash it. What has been the Affliction of our Lives, has given a Variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand Materials to talk of.

Lady. I am now satisfied that it is not in the Power of Absence to lessen your Love towards me.

Sir G. And I am satisfied that it is not in the Power of Death to destroy that Love which makes me the happiest of Men.

Lady. Was ever Woman so blest! to find again the Darling of her Soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a kind of second Marriage with the only Man whom she was ever capable of loving!

Sir G. May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my Dear, I want Words to express those Transports of Joy and Tendernefs which are every Moment rising in my Heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter Servants.

But. Just as the Steward told us, Lads! Look you there, if he ben't with my Lady already?

Gard. He! he! he! what a joyful Night will this be for Madam.

Coach. As I was coming in at the Gate, a strange
Gen-

Gentleman whisk'd by me; but he took to his Heels, and made away to the *George*. If I did not see Master before me, I shou'd have sworn it had been his Honour!

Gard. Hast thou given Orders for the Bells to be set a ringing?

Coach. Never trouble thy Head about that, 'tis done.

Sir G. [*to Lady.*] My Dear, I long as much to tell you my whole Story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while I am to look upon this as my Wedding-Day. I'll have nothing but the Voice of Mirth and Feasting in my House. My poor Neighbours and my Servants shall rejoice with me. My Hall shall be free to every one, and let my Cellars be thrown open.

But. Ah! bless your Honour, may you never die again!

Coach. The same good Man that ever he was!

Gard. Whurra!

Sir G. Vellum, thou hast done me much Service to day. I know thou lov'st *Abigail*, but she's disappointed in a Fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a Thousand Pound with her. It is not fit there shou'd be one sad Heart in my House to-night.

Lady. What you do for *Abigail*, I know is meant as a Compliment to me. This is a new Instance of your Love.

Ab. Mr. *Vellum*, you are a well-spoken Man: Pray do you thank my Master and my Lady.

Sir G. Vellum, I hope you are not displeas'd with the Gift I make you.

Vel. The Gift is twofold. I receive from you
A virtuous Partner, and a Portion too;
For which in humble wise, I thank the Donors:
And so we bid Good-night to both your Ho—nours.



E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.

TO-night, the Poet's Advocate I stand;
And he deserves the Favour at my Hand,
Who in my Equipage their Cause debating,
Has plac'd two Lovers, and a third in waiting:
If both the first should from their Duty swerve,
There's one behind the Wainscot in reserve.
In his next Play, if I would take this Trouble,
He promis'd me to make the Number double:
In troth 't was spoke like an obliging Creature,
For though 'tis simple, yet it shews Good-nature.

My Help thus ask'd, I could not choose but grant it,
And really I thought the Play would want it,
Void as it is of all the usual Arts
To warm your Fancies, and to steal your Hearts:
No Court-intrigue, nor City Cuckoldom,
No Song, no Dance, no Musick—but a Drum——
No smutty Thought in doubtful Phrase exprest,
And, Gentlemen, if so, pray where's the Jest?
When we would raise your Mirth, you hardly know
Whether, in strictness, you should laugh or no;
But turn upon the Ladies in the Pit,
And if they redden, you are sure 'tis Wit.

Protect him then, ye Fair ones; for the Fair
Of all Conditions are his equal Care.

He

EPILOGUE.

*He draws a Widow, who, of blameless Carriage,
True to her Jointure, hates a second Marriage;
And, to improve a virtuous Wife's Delights,
Out of one Man contrives two Wedding-nights;
Nay to oblige the Sex in ev'ry State,
A Nymph of Five and Forty finds her Mate.*

*Too long has Marriage, in this tasteless Age,
With ill-bred Rallery supply'd the Stage:
No little Scribbler is of Wit so bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded Pair.
Our Author deals not in Conceits so stale:
For should th' Examples of his Play prevail,
No Man need blush, though true to Marriage-vows,
Nor be a Jest, though he should love his Spouse.
Thus has he done you British Consorts right,
Whose Husbands, should they pry like mine to-night,
Would never find you in your Conduct Slipping,
Though they turn'd Conjurers to take you Tripping.*

F I N I S.





J. Vanderbank inv.

G. Vander Gucht Sculp.

THE
Fair Quaker of Deal:

OR, THE
Humours of the Navy.

A
COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By Mr. CHARLES SHADWELL.

LONDON:

Printed for T. LOWNDS, at his Circulating Library,
near Salisbury Court, Fleet-street.

M DCC LXI.

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*To my Generous and Obliging
Friends of the County of KENT.*

GENTLEMEN,

 HIS Play was both design'd and finish'd in your County, and therefore comes for Protection to the Place of its Nativity. It drags not a sluggish and unwilling Pace, as timorous of its Reception, and the Hardiness of its Fate; but pants for its Native Air, where it was brought forth with Pleasure, and flies to the good Treatment of Your experienced Hospitality.

To fix upon any particular Patron from among You, would be a general Offence, because so many of you have a special Claim to my Gratitude for Your peculiar Favours: And to incorporate You, by Name, into one common Body, would require a College of Heralds to order the Precedence, and a more difficult Exactness to marshal my Obligations: I rather chuse to confess them by a general Acknowledgment; and as each of You know what Title you have to my Thanks, I pay them in due Proportion, with the utmost Chearfulness, and with the profoundest Respect.

There is a Nicety, it seems, in Love, and some will have it, in Friendships which will not endure Numbers in such a Strictness of Union. Did I presume to claim Friendships as unbounded as my Dedication, I would adventure to oppose that ungenerous Notion: But as I only take to myself the less envy'd Name of a Client, and declare my good

Fortune in having met with so many singular Patrons; Gratitude, I hope, without Cavil, may be as unlimited as Favours, and Favours will be as diffusive as Good-Nature and Ability can make them.

The Wonder will be, that under the happy Influence of such a general kind Treatment, I have not been able to produce a more strenuous and lively Play. It may be, Your Indulgence to the Parent has spoil'd his Off-spring; for Writers, they say, as well as Breeders, must be under Diet and Prescription: mine, if it is a Muse, has been under no such Restraint; but has fed high, and liv'd well among You, and must plead your Bounty in excuse of her Irregularities.

Accept this Play then, as an Offering, Gentlemen, and skreen it as a Composure. It should, indeed, have been more perfect, considering to whom, and for what Reasons it is address'd; but 'tis my first Effort, and therefore the first publick Opportunity I could take of declaring how much I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most Obliged,

Most Thankful, and

Obedient Servant,

C. S.

P R E F A C E.

THIS Play was writ about three Years since, and put into the Hands of a famous Comedian belonging to the Hay-Market Play-House, who took care to beat down the Value of it so much, as to offer the Author to alter it fit to appear on the Stage, on Condition he might have half the Profits of the Third Day, and the Dedication entire: that is as much as to say, that it may pass for one of his, according to Custom. The Author not agreeing to this reasonable Proposal, it lay in his Hands till the Beginning of this Winter; when Mr. Booth read it, and lik'd it, and persuaded the Author that with a little Alteration it would please the Town. Indeed the Success of it has been wonderful; notwithstanding the Trial in Westminster-Hall, and the Rehearsal of the new Opera, it has answer'd the Ends of the Poet, and, he hopes, that of the Town too.

I cannot omit mentioning the extraordinary Performances of Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Santlow, Mr. Pack, and Mr. Leigh, who are the only People, on the English Stage, that could have acted those Parts so much to the Life.

It may be expected I should give some Reasons for my Scribbling, and make Excuses for the Irregularities of the Play, find fault with those things the Town are good-natur'd enough to overlook, most arrogantly stand up for Time and Place, brag of the Newness of the Characters, &c. But I beg Pardon for not shewing the conceited Part of me. I am call'd in haste to my Duty in Portugal, but, at my Return, it's probable, I may be as insolent as the rest of the Scribblers of the Town.

PROLOGUE.

IN early Times, when Plays were first in Fashion,
The Bus'ness of the Stage was Reformation;
The well-wrought Scene for publick Good design'd,
With imitable Virtue fill'd the Mind,
And lash'd the growing Follies of Mankind.
That was its golden Age, which soon outworn,
Romantick Love and Honour took their Turn.
Such Windmill Knights, such odd fantastick Ladies,
Sprung from the Brain of their Poetick Daddies;
Prince Prettyman and Amaryllis scarce
Cou'd turn the lulling Nonsense into Farce.
Drove from those Beds of dreaming Indolence,
The Muse flew downwards till she gave Offence;
For as our sage Inquisitors do tell us,
Her finest Parts were Filts and Rakish Fellows.
And as Corrupters of this harmless Town,
We were presented, and almost put down.
How would your useless Time, 'twixt Five and Eight,
Have drag'd its Wings without this lov'd Retreat?
What other nameless Place would be so fit
For Pit to ogle Boxes, Boxes Pit?
At length, kind Judges, merry be your Hearts,
You're pleas'd to relish best our lowest Parts;
Give you but Humour, tickle but your Spleen,
No matter how we furnish Plot or Scene.
Soon pleas'd, but that, alas! you're squeamish too,
You're light Digestion must have something new,
Or else you'll drive away to Puppet-Shew.
Under these Terms of Grace young Bays has writ,
With double Title to be dubb'd a Wit,
First, 'cause Poeta nascitur, non fit.
From a fam'd Stock our tender Cyon grows,
And may be Laureat too himself, who knows?
But that his other Plea may be admitted,
You're both with new and merry Humour fitted.
Come, break him in, and when he writes again,
Perhaps he'll find a more diverting Pen.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the FAIR QUAKER.

Friends, doth it please you that this Trifle pass?
Are you contented not to damn the Ass?
Or doth it to your wiser Judgment seem
More fit this leading Folly to condemn,
For fear of being charg'd with more of them?
Sedately think, and let your equal Zeal
Weigh both the publick and his private Weal.
First then, i'th' publick Name, debate it whether
Ye can subsist, keep Life and Soul together,
Without the Privilege of coming hither.
If that you can spin out your life-long Days,
Without the Varsity of seeing Plays,
Down with this Scribbler's Hopes, this House and all,
Let both these Marts for Lewdness, tumble, fall.
For, ah, it cutteth, it provoketh Passion,
To think you should indulge Abomination.
But if you're harden'd, stung, as I may say,
With moral Madness like Tarantula,
That nothing else but Noise and Dance can cure you,
Then pray encourage what you have before you,
For as these Triflers now-a-days do write,
No Mirth's more innocent than this To-night.
Now, Sirs, I come to plead our Stripling's Cause,
All the young Fellow wants, is your Applause.
Poet's a sounding, empty Name,
Born on Parnassus' Cliffs, he pants for Fame;
Not ev'n your Third Night's Bounty would content him,
If of the grand Sophies you should prevent him;
That Word my Skill in Languages has lent him.
Nay, for my own Sake I demand this Grace,
Because with much Constraint I've set my Face,
To carry on a Quaker's dull Grimace:
And ill, my Friends, you would reward my Pains,
If I should suffer for his want of Brains;
For where the luckless Poet feels your Hate,
The undistinguish'd Players share your Fate.

Dramatis Personæ.

At *Drury-Lane*, 1757.

M E N

<i>Flip</i> , the Commodore, a most illiterate <i>Wappineer</i> -Tar, hates the Gentlemen of the Navy, gets drunk with his Boat's Crew, and values himself upon the brutish Management of the Navy,	}	Mr. <i>Yates</i> .
<i>Mizen</i> , a finical Sea-Fop, a mighty Reformer of the Navy, keeps a Visiting-Day, and is <i>Flip</i> 's Opposite,		
<i>Worthy</i> , a Captain of the Navy, a Gentleman of Honour, Sense and Reputation,	}	Mr. <i>Obrien</i> .
<i>Roverwell</i> , a Gentleman of Fortune, and true Lover of the Officers of the Navy,		
Sir <i>Charles Pleasant</i> , <i>Worthy</i> 's Lieutenant, a Man of Quality,	}	Mr. <i>Palmer</i> .
<i>Cribidge</i> , <i>Flip</i> 's Lieutenant, a brisk young Fellow,		
<i>Easy</i> , a Lieutenant of Marines.	}	Mr. <i>Packer</i> .
<i>Indent</i> , <i>Flip</i> 's Purser.		
<i>Scruple</i> , a Corporation Justice, a canting Hypocrite.	}	

Cockswain, Mr. *Beard*.

Sailors, Mr. *Vaughan*, Mr. *Blakes*, &c.

W O M E N.

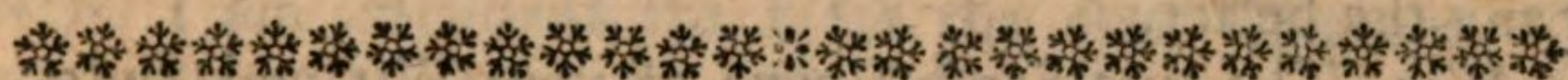
<i>Arabella Zeal</i> , bred a Churchwoman,	}	Miss <i>Macklin</i> .
<i>Dorcas Zeal</i> , her Sister, bred a Quaker,		
<i>Belinda</i> , a Woman of Fortune,	}	Mrs. <i>Davies</i> .
<i>Jenny Private</i> ,		
<i>Jiltup</i> ,	}	Miss <i>Haughton</i> .
<i>Advocate</i> , <i>Belinda</i> 's Maid.		
Maid to <i>Arabella</i> .	}	Mrs. <i>Abington</i> .
Bar-Maid.		
	}	Mrs. <i>Bradshaw</i> .

S C E N E, D E A L.

Time Five Hours.



T H E
Fair Quaker of Deal:
O R T H E
Humours of the Navy.



A C T I.

S C E N E, D E A L.

Enter Worthy as from on board, Cockswain and Crew following.

Wor.  O, thank Heaven, I have at last reach'd my Native Land. Cockswain, take care the Water be sent on Board with Expedition, and bid the Purser hasten to *Dover* for fresh Provisions, and let the sick Men be set on Shore the next Trip: There's something for the Boat's Crew, go and refresh yourselves.

Cock. All your Orders shall be punctually comply'd with.

All Sailors. Thank your noble Honour, huzza, huzza.
[*Exeunt Crew.*]

Enter Rovewell.

Wor. My dear *Rovewell*!

Rov. Welcome on Shore, dear *Worthy*! how have you

you far'd this Voyage? Prithee relate me some of your Adventures.

Wor. Why, faith *Roverwell*, my Voyage was attended with little Pleasure, being generally confin'd to the barbarous Conversation of *Flip* my Commodore, a most obstinate, positive, ignorant *Wappineer-Tar*; in short, he has been my eternal Plague.

Row. Why, was only you two the Convoy?

Wor. Yes, to make me compleatly wretched, *Beau Mixen* was the third Man; a Sea-Fop, of all Creatures the most ridiculous.

Row. I can't say I'm sorry for the Usage you have met with, because I am in hopes the nauseous Conversation of these Coxcombs will make you relish my Company the better.

Wor. The true Sense I have of your Wit and Judgment will always make me covet your Acquaintance; therefore I needed not the wretched Preparative I have met with — But how does all our *Deal* Angels?

Row. Why the few virtuous Women are as proud and as insolent as they us'd to be, and the Whores you left here about ten Months since, are dead with Rottenness, and young Strums supply their Rooms. This is a monstrous Place for Wickedness! Fornication flourishes more here than in any Sea Port of *Europe*. You Gentlemen of the Navy are great Encouragers of Sin, and traffick mightily in that Sort of Merchandize; and for your Money receive as lasting *French* Diseases here, as any you can meet with in *Covent-Garden*, or the *Mediterranean*.

Wor. Ay; as thou observest, *Roverwell*, the Marine Race are a debauch'd Generation. The Poets will tell us, that *Venus* herself was born of the Sea; troth, her fabulous Divinity has too many real Worshipers bred up upon her own Salt Element.

Row. 'Tis a strange thing that People that face Death so near, and so often, should have no Thoughts of saving their Souls.

Wor. Being constantly in danger of them so, that they look Death in the Face with as much Impudence as a *Deal* Whore does a poor Tar after a long Voyage. — But what News of my dear Quaker?

Row.

Rov. She's as proud and as beautiful as ever, and faith I believe as constant too: You'll never leave playing the Fool with that spiritual Creature, till she draws you into Matrimony; ten thousand Pounds, with Beauty and Virtue, are very great Temptations.

Wor. Then do you really think I have any Interest in that dear Creature?

Rov. Had you as much with the Lords of the Admiralty you wou'd be a great Man; for she doats on you. Could you have but seen the Countenance she put on, when there was a Report that you were kill'd; the Sighs, the Agonies, and the Groans she had upon that Occasion, were more sincere than those her Religion obliges her to.

Wor. I am impatient till I see the dear Charmer. But how goes thy Affair on with *Belinda*?

Rov. Much after the Manner of the *French* King's Affairs; they have a dismal Aspect; we quarrel like Man and Wife, or High Church and Low. She knows her Ascendant over my Heart is so rivetted, that she can't lose me, and therefore she uses me as tyrannically as if she was the *French* King, and I one of the Protestants.

Wor. I hope no Persecution will make you leave her Kingdom.

Rov. To carry on the Simile, I am somewhat stubborn; but rather than lose her Money, I shall be a Convert.

Wor. But see the Commodore.

Enter Flip.

Flip. Ha! *Roverwell*, what Chear, what Chear, my Lad?

Rov. Most noble Commodore, your humble Servant.

Flip. Noble! a Pox of Nobility, I say; the best Commodores that ever went between two Ends of a Ship, had not a Drop of Nobility in 'em, thank Heaven.

Rov. Then you still value yourself for being a Brute, and think Ignorance a great Qualification for a Sea-Captain?

Flip.

Flip. I value myself for not being a Coxcomb ; that is what you call a Gentleman Captain ; which is a new Name for our Sea-Fops, who forsooth, must wear white Linen, have Field Beds, lie in Holland Sheets, and load their Noddles with thirty Ounces of Whores Hair, which makes 'em hate the Sight of an Enemy, for fear Bullets and Gun-Powder shou'd spoil the Beau Wig, and lac'd Jacket. They are indeed pretty Fellows at single Rapier, and can, with a little Drink in their Heads, cut the Throats of their best Friends ; but catch 'em Yard-Arm and Yard-Arm with a *French* Man, and down goes the Colours. Oh ! it was not so in the *Dutch* Wars, then we valu'd ourselves upon Wooden Legs, and Stumps of Arms, and fought as if Heaven and Earth was coming together.

Rov. Yes, yes, you fought very gloriously, when you let the *Dutch* burn the Fleet at *Chatham*.

Flip. That Accident was owing to the Treachery of some Rogues at Land, and not to us Sea-faring Folks.

Wor. Come, leave railing, my good Commodore ; I believe thou art honest and brave ; but wanting Sense and good Manners, would fain put the World out of Conceit with those Accomplishments. You old Captains, who sit at Court-Martials, are very envious ; and often mulct a young Fellow for Actions, which were reckon'd glorious ones, when done by any of your stupid Selves.

Flip. By the Loadstone I swear, I am none of those. I have serv'd in ev'ry Office belonging to a Ship, from Cook's Boy to a Commodore ; and have all the Sea Jest by Heart, from the Fore-Castle to the Great-Cabin ; and I love a Sailor.

Wor. Ay, so well as to get drunk with every Mess in the Ship once a Week.

Flip. Why, that makes the Rogues love me : my Joculariousness with them, makes them fight for me ; they keep me out of a *French* Goal. I'll follow my old Method, till I am Superhanded ; which I believe, I shan't petition for this twenty Years.

Wor. Since you love your common Sailors so well, what Reason can you have for using your Lieutenant so like a Dog ?

Flip.

Flip. Because he sets up for a fine Gentleman, and lies in Gloves to make his Hands white: And tho' 'tis his Watch, when I ring my Bell, the Rogue is above coming to my Cabbin. I sent him ashore Yesterday to the Post-house, with a Letter to the Ambrality; I ordered him to buy me a Quarter of Mutton, and three-score Cabbages for my own Use, and the Land-Lubber (for he is no Sailor) had the Impudence to tell me, he would not be my Boy. I told him I'd bring him to a Court Martial, and he threatened to throw up his Commission, and cut my Throat.

Rov. Ha! ha! I'm glad thou hast met with a young Fellow of Life and Vigour, that knows how to use you according to your Deserts: but see who comes here so gay!

Flip. 'Tis a Water-Beau; one Water-Spaniel is worth fifty of such Fair-Weather Fops; do but observe him now, oh monstrous!

Enter Mizzen and Cockswain.

Miz. Go you to the Perfumer's, buy me a Gallon of Orange-Flower-Water, and a Pint of Jessamin-Oil; let the Muffin-Curtains, and furbelow'd Toilet be washed out of hand: Carry on Board a Bushel of Sweet Powder; and tell the Purser, I am resolv'd every Man on Board my Ship shall have a clean white Shirt at his Charge. *Tuesday* next is my Visiting-Day; and I design to let the World see how much I have reform'd the Navy.

Flip. Ho, ho, ho, here's a fine Gentleman for you!

Miz. [*Seeing the Company.*] Dear *Roverwell*, split me on a Rock, if I am not transported at the Sight of you!

Flip. It would be well for the Nation, if such Butterflies as you were transported to some of the Plantations: I wish you were my Bow-Man, and the Wind blew strong at East, I'd spoil your Beauetry.

Miz. Why Lard, Commodore, won't you give a Man leave to be decent and clean? will nothing please you but what stinks of Tar and Tobacco?

Flip. Tar and Tobacco are sweeter, one would think,
than

than the Excrements of a Civetty-Cat; but I am well assured talking to you is like rowing against Wind and Tide, and therefore e'en steer your Compass your own way. Friend *Roverwell*, I don't care if you and I tols off a Can of *Sir Cludefly* before we fail.

Row. Where do you lodge?

Flip. At the *Three Mariners*.

Miz. May my Ship's Anchor come home if it be not an arrant Baudy-House! The Husband keeps a Bom-boat, the Wife a Brandy-shop, and the two Daughters are let out to all Comers and Goers.

Wor. Indeed the House is very notorious; why don't you frequent the *India Arms*?

Flip. Because all the Fops and Beardless Boys of the Navy go there; besides, I think the Husband too Blind, and the Wife has too much Sight: But *Tom Cragg* and I were Boatswains Mates together. As to its being a Baudy-House, that is no Offence to me; for all Houses in Sea-Ports have been reckon'd so, ever since I pick'd Aukam: I suppose, Brother *Finical*, you don't know what that is.

Miz. Why, dear *Commodore*, do you think because we Gentlemen put on clean Shirts every Day, that we can't understand the Affairs of the Navy, as well as those who wear their Shirts till they are lousy? Do you think Nastiness gives you a Title to Knowledge?

Row. Ay, as my Friend *Mixen* says, because Brutes are Sailors, can none be Sailors but Brutes?

Flip. I don't know what you mean by the Word Brute; but I can perceive that no Animal is so ridiculous as a Monkey, except it be his charming Imitator, a Beau.

Miz. Did you never see an unlick'd Bear? He, he, he.

Flip. He, he, he: Yes, I have Booby, what then?

Miz. Oh! dear Monster, be civil.

Flip. Bullets and Gunpowder, what do you mean! If the Government did but know what a Swab thou art, I shou'd be knighted for cutting thy Throat.

Row. Oh! fy, let's have no Quarrelling.

Miz. No, no, there's no fear of it; the *Commodore* knows the Length of my Sword, and nimble Turn of my Wrist, too well to pick a Quarrel with me.

Flip.

Flip. Why, thou canst only value thyself for being a Fencing-Master : Were we in a Saw-pit together, with each a Blunderbuss, I'd try if I could not make a Sieve of thy lac'd Jacket ; I'd soon finge thy Curls so, that thy Wig shou'd hang like a Parcel of Rigging after an Engagement.

Wor. This has been the continual Diversion of our Voyage.

Flip. Ay, ay, you're all alike. A Perriwig-maker covers your Noddles, and a Dancing-Master gives you a hitch in your Pace, but the Taylor finishes the Fop : I find there's no bringing your Folly to an Anchor, so long as the Wind blows strong in the Nonsensical Corner ; so fare you well. [Exit Flip.]

All. Your Humble Servant.

Rov. 'Tis a wretched Fellow !

Miz. I have not Words to express what a miserable Plague he has been to me, besides a Charge ! Would you believe it ? split me on a Rock, if he did not one Day break me forty Pounds worth of China !

Rov. For Heaven's sake where was it ?

Miz. Why, in my great Cabbin : I dare affirm it, no Town Lady's Withdrawing Room, nor Country Gentlewoman's Closet is nicer furnish'd than my Cabbin ; 'tis wainscoted with most charming *India, Japan,* and Looking-Glass ; I have a very noble Scrutore, and the most celebrated Screen in *Europe* : I have an Invention, which makes the great Guns in my Cabbin appear to be Elbow-Chairs cover'd with Cloth of *Tissue* : I have six and thirty Silver Sconces, and every Vacancy is cramm'd with China.

Rov. These Rarities are worth seeing indeed.

Wor. Oh, he keeps a Visiting Day, you and I'll wait on him.

Miz. I shall think myself prodigiously oblig'd to you : May be you'll see as great a Concourse of People, as there is at a General's when he returns victorious ; Barges, Pinnaces, *Deal* Yawls, and Long-Boats innumerable.

Rov. Pray who visits you in the Long-Boats ?

Miz. Why, *Dutch* Admirals. You must know I range

range them in the following Order : My Barges I call Coaches and six, my Pinnaces are Chariots with two Horses, my *Deal* Yawls are Sedans, and my Long-Boats Hackney-Coaches.

Wor. Very nice indeed.

Miz. All my Sconces are loaded with Wax-Tapers ; my Lieutenants and Warrant Officers, nicely dress'd and perfum'd, place themselves on each Side of my Steerage ; my Midshipmen, and Quarteers are rang'd from the Bulkhead to the Gang-way, in my own white Shirts ; the Ship's Side is mann'd by my Boat's Crew, in spruce Apparel and clean Gloves ; and the rest of the Ship's Company are ready upon all Occasions, to give Cheers and Huzza's according to the Quality of my Visitants.

Row. Well, and what Entertainment are we to meet with ?

Miz. Why, I generally treat with Tea, but the most modern Way is to give nothing.

Row. Pshaw, methinks a Bowl of Punch wou'd be most proper.

Wor. Oh beastly ! we at Sea always smoak when we drink, and that would spoil all the gay Furniture.

Miz. Oh wretched ! and the Stink would suffocate me.

Row. What is your Conversation ?

Miz. We imitate the Ladies as near as we can, and therefore scandalize every body : We laugh at the ridiculous Management of the Navy-Board ; pry into the Rogueries of the Victualling-Office ; and tell the Names of those Clerks who were ten Years ago bare-foot, and are now Twenty Thousand Pound Men : We hear Stories of the scandalous Marriages of our Captains ; the Lewdness of some of their Wives, and the Meanness of the rest : Sometimes we quarrel about whose Ship fails best, who makes the finest Punch ; or who has the greatest Hardships, by having great Mens Favourites put over their Heads : and I keep them within the Bounds of good Manners and Moderation.

Wor. That is a very great Point gain'd.

Miz. May I be keel-hawl'd, if any Man in the Universe has more reform'd the Navy than myself : I am now compiling a Book, wherein I mend the Language wonder-

wonderfully ; I leave out your Larboard and Starboard, Hawfers and Swabbs : I have no such Thing as hawl Cat hawl, nor Belay ; silly Words, only fit for *Dutchmen* to pronounce. I put fine Sentences into the Mouths of our Sailors, deriv'd from the Manliness of the *Italian*, and the Softness of the *French* : And by that Time I am made an Admiral, I doubt not of bringing every Sailor in the Navy to be more polite than most of our Country Gentlemen ; and the next Generation of them may pass very well for People of the first Quality. I'll get an Order for removing them from *Wapping* into the *Pall-mall* : and instead of frequenting Punch, Musick, and Bandy-Houses ; the Chocolate-Houses, Eating-Houses, and fine Taverns shall be oblig'd to receive them.

Enter to them a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Pray which is Captain *Worthy* ?

Wor. Friend, I am he.

Serv. Sir, here's a Letter for you.

Wor. Ha ! *Dorcas Zeal* ! oh let me kiss the Hand ten thousand times.

Rev. How keen a Sportsman a long Voyage makes a Man.

Wor. [Reads.] *Friend Worthy, if thou hast not forgot thy old Acquaintance, give but thy self the Trouble of coming to the North End of the Town, where thou hast often vented thy Vows of Sincerity, and thou wilt most assuredly find thine,*
Dorcas Zeal.

Harkee ; let the Lady know I'll wait on her instantly.

Miz. So, Brother, I find you have an Intrigue already ; I suppose I sha'n't be much behind hand with you, for I expect a *Billet Deux* from a Ten Thousand Pounder.

Rev. Prithee who is she ?

Miz. Why, she's a *Quaker* : An intimate Acquaintance of mine has promised me his Assistance in stealing her for me.

Wor. Death and Hell ! This is my Angel !

Rev. Patience ! Man.

Miz.

Miz. Now you must know, if we once get her upon the Beach, I whip her into my Boat, carry her on Board, marry her, lie with her, then come ashore and demand her Fortune; and after that, you know, if I don't like her, 'tis but heaving her out at the Cabbin-Window, and give out she had a Calenture, and so jump'd over-board. Well, dear Gentlemen, I must go and see about this Business; for such a Fortune is not to be neglected, especially when a Peace is so near [Exit.

Wor. Blood and Fire, what a Discovery's here!

Rev. Why truly it was a lucky one: I have a merry Thought comes into my Head; there's a *quondam* Friend of your's and mine, who in our sinful Days was very obliging to us.

Wor. What, *Jenny Private*?

Rev. The same.

Wor. Alas, poor Frailty! that once fair Pleasure-boat begins to lower her Sails, wears out in her Hulk, and sinks both in her Price and her Credit: besides, the new Reformation Wind blows so high, that every weather-beaten Vessel can't live in't.

Rev. Now for that very Reason, a sudden charitable Design is got into this fruitful Noddle, of putting off this very Creature to *Mizen* for a Wife, a just Punishment upon him for his barbarous Designs upon thy *Dorcas*.

Wor. Nay, but Thanks to Heaven, we have discover'd the Villainy, and I'll instantly to my *Dorcas*, and give her that due Caution as shall blow up his whole Conspiracy; and therefore mix a little Mercy with thy Justice.

Rev. No, I'll not carry on the Jest so cruelly as to undo the poor Dog neither; a little mortify him, but not ruin him.

Wor. I'll instantly then to my dear *Dorcas*, and make her our Confident in the Business: About an Hour hence I'll meet you at *Daniel's*, where we'll take a Sneaker of *Amy's* Punch; and afterwards spend our Evening with the Women; I'll send *Dorcas* to see *Belinda*, and there shall be the Rendezvous. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Dorcas Zeal, and Arabella.

Ara. Why, Sister, do you ever think to secure *Worthy* to yourself, with that senseless Religion of your's ? He'll certainly laugh at the Pleats and Folds of your Sarfnet Hood, and the diminutive Air of your flat Cap.

Dor. Why look thee, *Arabella*, my Religion and Dress may seem strange unto thee, because thou art of the Church belonging to the Wicked ; but I tell unto thee, *Worthy* loveth me so much, that I have hopes of drawing him to be one of the Pure Ones. 'Tis true, thou art a facetious young Creature, and the Education my Aunt hath given thee, maketh thy Thoughts run much upon the Vanity of this World ; and I suppose the Fortune my Father left thee, will be thrown into the Arms of one of the lewd Pillars of thy Steeple-House.

Ara. Look'ee, I'll have no Reflections upon Establishments. Liberty of Conscience gives you no Title to rail. I find you are resolv'd to persist in your whining Faith ; 'tis one stubborn Article of your Cant : But I am well assur'd *Worthy* will force you to Church ; if he don't, I'll part with my Maidenhead without a Husband.

Dor. And that thou art wild enough to do ; but I pray thee none of this vain Raillery before *Worthy*, if thou hast any Expectation of my living in Sisterly Love and Charity with thee.

Ara. Oh, you should have snuffed that thro' the Nose. In short, I'll always tease you ; you that have Sense and Beauty, thus to deform those Heavenly Graces, it makes me mad. If all the kind bewitching Airs, the tender Looks, and compassionate Words that Woman can invent, will draw *Worthy's* Love from you, I'll use them, and triumph in the Conquest.

Dor. Poor vain Creature ! thou art handsome, it's true ; but thou hast not the Virtues of the Mind to ensnare him with. But see he comes, forbear thy Follies, I say forbear.

Enter

Enter Worthy.

Wor. [*Embraces.*] This is a Reward for all my Labours ; the Fatigues of an hundred Voyages are forgot whilst I am in these Arms.

Dor. Be not vain, flatter not ; 'tis base, 'tis mean ; 'tis irreligious.

Wor. Dear Charmer, I am all Extasy.

Ara. So much of it, that, methinks you have forgot your Friends, good Captain,

Wor. Pardon me, Madam, (*Salutes her*) some of my Extasies are due to you ; for the Love I have to this Lady, makes me admire all her Relations.

Ara. Ay, wheedle her out of what she has ; get her Money, then use her like a Wife, turn her out of Doors, and compound with her for a Maintenance.

Dor. Sister, to shew thee that I think it is impossible for thee to debauch the Principles of my Friend *Worthy*, I now commit my self into his Hands.

Wor. Which Blessing I receive with all the Joy imaginable : This is a Reward indeed for all my Services.

Dor. Take to thy self my Hand, and thus I plight it with my Faith. Now, Sister, your threat'ning Words are vain, for all your Looks and Sighs can never take him from me.

Ara. Ha, ha, ha ; you see, *Worthy*, I have done the Work for you, reconciled even Contradiction itself, made the Flesh and the Spirit unite, and join'd an un-sanctify'd Brother of the Wicked, to a sanctify'd Sister of the Godly Ones.

Dor. Fye, Sister, do not triumph in my Weakness.

Ara. Thy Weakness ! No, thy Shame ; with all thy boasted Sanctity, to own before my Face a carnal Inclination ! Nay, and to put thy Hand to Pen and Paper to court him to thy Arms ! Out on thee ! I am asham'd of thee.

Dor. Nay, now thou art scurrilous ! I cannot bear this, thou raisest all the Blood into my Cheeks. Stay thou, dear *Worthy*, and rebuke her for it, whilst I retire

tire a while to recover my Confusion, and then I'll see thee again. [Exit Dor.]

Wor. Fye, *Arabella*, could you have the Heart to treat that innocent Thing so roughly? Nay, by Heavens I'm amaz'd! I cannot guess the meaning of all this.

Ara. Fye, stupid *Worthy*, can't you apprehend the Reason why I study to make a Breach betwixt my Sister and yourself?

Wor. 'Tis all a Myſtery to me!

Ara. Spare a Virgin's Blushes, and let your Apprehensions tell you what my trembling Tongue is loth to utter.

Wor. Fine Heroicks, truly! I'm too well acquainted with your Manner of Bantering, to take Notice of any thing you ſay; yet it would divert me, had not my charming Quaker's laſt dear Words wrapt up my Soul to a diviner Contemplation.

Ara. Muſt I then ſay I love, and be refus'd? conſider my Fortune's equal to my Siſter's; my Face and my Religion too, I think, may vie with her's.

Wor. Your Words are ſpoke with a Sound of Truth, and were I not engag'd by ten thouſand Oaths, I ſhould have manlike Vanity enough to think what you ſay real.

Ara. The Inequality of the Match between you, ſoon abſolves you from ſuch empty Vows: I own I long have lov'd, and, before your laſt Voyage, intended to diſcover it to you, but you unexpectedly fail'd. I never believ'd you had a real Paſſion for my Siſter, her Religion and her Principles being ſo averſe to your's.

Wor. Madam, I know my own Unworthineſs too well to believe you are in earneſt; but were it ſo, my Honour tells me I muſt not be ſo baſe as to wrong your Siſter. The Reſolution ſhe has made will ſoon be void, when I tell her your Romantick Story, which tho' I don't believe, I'll ſtrive to make her do it. Pardon my Abſence, dear Madam, for I'm impatient until I undeceive her. [Exit.]

Ara. And is my Youth, my Beauty, and my Fortune thus deſpis'd! By Heavens, I hate him now, and am reſolv'd to muſter up all the Spirit of my Sex to meditate Revenge: The Plots of Plays, and the Deſigns
of

24 *The Fair Quaker of Deal : Or,*

of injur'd Lovers I'll instantly peruse, and make them all my own. [Exit.]

Enter Dorcas, Worthy following.

Wor. By all my Honour and my Love 'tis true ; nay more, she lov'd, and said she had long.

Dor. Nay, then I am convinc'd her Falshood's great ; I ne'er express'd a Satisfaction for thee, but still she strove to cool my Friendship, by strange Stories of thy Inconstancy and Unfaithfulness, which I must own I ne'er believ'd.

Wor. Kind Creature ! since by envious Ways she strives to break the Cord of our united Hearts, let us instantly put it out of her's and Fortune's Power.

Dor. To-morrow then I will be thine, according to the foolish Custom of thy Church, the Priest shall join our Hands.

Wor. Then I am compleatly bless'd ! ——— Now I must tell you I have discover'd a most villainous Design against your Person:

Dor. As how !

Wor. This Day you were to have been stolen by a nauseous Coxcomb of the Navy ; 'twas luckily discover'd by *Roverwell* and myself, who hope to counterplot their Design so far as to punish the vain Fop's Intentions : If you meet us about two Hours hence at *Belinda's*, you then shall know the whole Story.

Dor. I had Thoughts of spending this Evening with her ; I'll to her instantly, for she is so much my Friend, that she will be overjoy'd thou art arriv'd : But I think I will not mention the Vileness of my Sister, lest she becometh a Laughing-Stock unto the whole Town.

Wor. Do as you think fit in that : Adieu, my Soul.

Dor. Fare thee well.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Flip's Cockswain, to him a Sailor.

Sail. Oh, Cockswain, have I found you ! Yonder's the Commodore swearing and storming as if the Ship had struck on a Rock ; there's all the Boat's Crew with him, except

excepting yourself; he sets with as good a Bucket of Flip before him, as ere was tofs'd up betwixt the Stem and Stern of a Ship.

Cockf. A Pox of his Kindness, I'd rather be in an Engagement of twenty-four Hours, than mess with him to-night; I know his way well enough, he makes us half-Seas over, and then we grow saucy; then after shipping in two or three Ladles full more, we fancy we're all before the Mast, and so shall go together by the Ears: for which, as soon as we come on board, there's Whips, Pickles, Guns, Gears, and Bilboes for us all.

Sail. Pshaw, pshaw, who would not stand all this, to have their upper and lower Teer well stowed with Flip? besides, we shall each of us have a Whore at his Charge.

Cockf. Ay, and so be clap'd: If he wou'd force the Surgeon to cure us at the Government's Charge, it wou'd be a mighty Encouragement to us; but our Rogue of a Loblolly Doctor, being not satisfied with his Two-pences, must have a Note for two Months Pay for every Cure; and the last time the Ship was paid, between the Officers, and the Sailors, he swept above half the Ship's Company's Money into his own Hat.

Sail. That's a Grievance truly; but come, prithee go, for an the Commadore gets into his Trantrum Humours, there's no coming within a Cable's length of him.

Cockf. Ay, that's true, therefore bear a hand.

[*Exit running.*]

End of the First Act.

B

A C T



A C T II.

Enter Sir Charles Pleasant, Lieutenant Cribidge, and Lieutenant Easy.

Plea. **W**HY, by your Report, old *Flip* makes your Life a very uneasy one : thank Heaven, my Captain has another way of Management ; with the affable, easy and genteel Air, he gains Applause from all.

Easy. I know he's a Gentleman, by being civil to our Corp ; 'Tis only the Brutes of the Navy that we Marine Officers disagree with.

Crib. Why I believe I shall frighten the old Pimp into some Civility ; for that Day we came to anchor, he had some Friends aboard : In the height of their Mirth, I was called into the Cabbin ; the Negro fills a Glass, and hands it over his Shoulder, with a Here, Lieutenant, will you drink ? I made as if I would take it, but overset it in his Collar, laid the Fault upon him, and pretending to be wet myself, went out of the Cabbin in a Passion.

Easy. Pho, these are small Faults, and natural to you Subs of the Navy ; but the old Dog had the Impudence to confine me three Months to my Cabbin, only for knocking down a Boatswain's Mate that had struck one of my Marines ; nay, if it had not been for Captain *Worthy*, would have broke me at a Court-Martial. If the Colonels of our Corp don't hinder this rascally Imposition upon us, nobody will buy Commissions of them.

Plea. That is a new Trick put upon you Gentlemen, and I fear will breed ill Blood amongst us.

Easy. Hang it, we agree well enough with all the young Fellows, 'tis the old Sots that hate we should come aboard them.

Crib. We agree well enough upon an equal Par; but most of you stay ashore 'till all the Money's gone, and then you come aboard and expect to mess with us: Who must find fresh Provisions for you?

Plea. We often slight them for their Poverty indeed; but hang it, what a strange want of Mercury do we young Fellows shew, to have been a ten Months Voyage, safely return'd, and landed two Hours, without having been among the Females! There's many a Lad in the Navy gets a Clap before the Ship's moor'd.

Easy. I believe my Friend *Cribidge* is in a better Condition to give than to receive one.

Crib. I cou'd wish a Punk of my noble Captain's was well pepper'd with it, I would fain see the old Dog snuffle once.

Plea. The Design's good, but first let's have a Sneaker of Punch.

Easy. With all my Heart; I'll just go and draw a Bill upon our Agent, get some Necessaries for the Men, cheat my Captain a little in the Sum Total, and wait upon you immediately. [Exit.

[*Indent crosses the Stage.*

Crib. See, yonder's *Indent* our Purser, gone to *Daniel's*; he'll be glad to be of our Company.

Plea. A very honest Fellow, and keeps a much better Character in the Navy, than People of his Employ generally do.

Crib. Why the Fellow has liv'd well; he was bred a Mercer in *Covent-Garden*, was ruin'd by a Whore of his own, and a Bully of his Wife's; but manag'd his Matters so well, he clear'd himself of a Goal by a Commission of Bankrupt, without forswearing himself, which is the only Precedent of that nature since the Act was made.

Plea. They say his Wife's handsome.

Crib. She was, when but Eighteen; but Whoring. and the Misfortunes which commonly follow that, has

made her look somewhat haggard, tho' but three and twenty.

Plea. If the young Wenches of Fifteen did but consider that the Vices of the Age ruin their Beauty more than the Small-Pox, their Pride would make them virtuous in spite of their Inclinations.

Crib. Why, as you say, Sir *Charles*, a virtuous Woman keeps her Complexion tolerably well till five and twenty, when a Whore is fain to borrow one of Mr. *White* and *Red* before she comes of Age.

Plea. By the Sense that you and I have of the Vanities of the World, it looks as if we had a mind to quit our Royal Mistress, and enter aboard some Merchant-Man for a Matrimonial Voyage.

Crib. Why, if she's richly laden, I could be content to go chief Mate.

Plea. And I suppose mutiny, as *Avery* did; turn your Captain ashore, then set up for a Pirate; and like *Drawcanfir* in the *Rehearsal*, kill both Friends and Foes.

Crib. A pretty Simile for Matrimony and Whoring!

Plea. If we chime into Harmony so well already, we may expect a Bowl of *Daniel's* Punch will make us talk like the Musick of the Spheres.

Crib. Why methinks there's a Tune in every Godown from a Punch-Bowl.

Plea. I wonder our coxcomby Poets don't write some fine Encomiums upon that heavenly Compound.

Crib. Why the Fellows are damnably poor, and not having Money enough to buy Victuals, drink the Lees of Sack to take away their Stomachs, which raises their Fancies no higher than a Lady's Fan, her Busk, or her Lap-Dog.

Plea. Faith the Poets of this Age are not so poor as those of the last, they have Wit enough to write themselves into good Places.

Crib. That is by wheedling a sort of People who love Flattery better than Wit.

Enter

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, Lieutenant *Easy*, and Parser *Indent*, would be glad to kiss your Hands at our Hou'e.

Plea. A polite Message: tell them we'll do ourselves the Honour immediately.

Draw. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Plea. Come, *Cribidge*,

Let's drink away our dismal Storms and Cares,

Those slavish Hardships that a Sailor bears:

Whilst proud Britannia may securely boast,

She safely sleeps whilst we secure her Coast.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Rovewell, meeting Worthy.

Rov. So, dear *Worthy*, once more well met; have you acquainted your little Quaker with our Design?

Wor. Part of it.

Rov. As how?

Wor. I'll tell you at *Daniel's*: But have you engag'd *Jenny*?

Rov. Oh, as you cou'd wish: the Jade is as overjoy'd, as a Dean at the Death of a Bishop; and to make our Story good, I have invited *Mixen* to the *India-Arms*, where I have order'd her to write to him. Will *Dorcas* meet us at *Belinda's*?

Wor. She will.

Rov. Come on then.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Bar at Daniel's, Drawers, &c. Bar-Maid.*

Enter Sir Charles Pleasant and Cribidge.

Plea. What! does my pretty Bar-Maid keep her Beauty still? I know thou'rt virtuous, because the Blue of the Plumb is not wore off yet.

Bar. Thanks to my own Honesty if I am so then, for here's rakish Lieutenants enough come here to debauch all the young Virgins in the Country, if they had but Money ; but the Government keeps them poor, or we should have a wretched Life with them.

Crib. Then nothing but Money is able to debauch you ; prithee how great a Sum will fit you to Lewdness ?

Bar. Not your eighteen Months Pay, added to the pinch of your Hat, and dangling of your Cane.

Plea. Well said, *Nanny*, kiss me, and tell him you are Meat for his Masters.

Bar. Pshaw, I wonder at you ; [*Kisses her*] you are all alike for that.

Crib. Fye, Sir *Charles*, why did you kiss her ; you see she likes it not ; come, my dear, I'll take it off again. [*Kisses her.*]

Bar. Oh intolerable ! I'll ne'er complain of a Fool again, for fear of being plagu'd with a worse ; show a Room there.

Draw. Sir, if you please, Purser *Indent* is this way. [*They follow, Exeunt.*]

Enter Mizen.

Miz. Thou divine pretty Bud of Beauty, one always finds you in your Cabbin, chalking upon your Log-board there.

Bar. If every body would but mind their own Business, I might sit still here ; but we have so many horfing Monsters of the Navy use our House, that one had better be a Punk amongst Footmen, and ply in the Upper Gallery, than be plagued with them.

Miz. Well, you shall see in a few Months, how the Navy will be reform'd ; all the Sea-Officers will be so full of Manners, that they shall look like a parcel of Beaus in a Side-Box, or Chocolate-house. [*A Noise within.*]

Bar. Do but listen, they are got to Horse and Bear, the constant Diversion of their Lives.

Miz. Indeed, I blush for them, my dear Angel.

[*Kisses her.*]

Enter

Enter Rovewell and Worthy.

Wor. Ha! Brother Tar, what so close, and in public too! If you take this Freedom in the Eye of the World, what would you do in private?

Bar. I don't know what he may do in private; but I hope you don't suspect me, Captain.

Wor. Not in the least, dear *Nanny*; thy known Virtue, and prudent Management, is somewhat above the Censure of the World.

Bar. Oh, your Servant, Sir.

Rov. 'Tis a strange thing to see how Vice loves to be flatter'd! There's scarce a Punk in Town, be she never so notorious, but would fain be thought virtuous: and hates to be called Whore, even from the Fellow that made her so.

Bar. I never expect your good Word, Mr. *Rovewell*; I have deny'd you the Favour too often.

Rov. Why, I may have ask'd you the Question when drunk; but assure yourself I repented of it when sober.

Bar. Lord, you need not be angry with yourself for it, I have deny'd several Admirals.

Rov. And at the same time have taken up with their Cockswains.

Bar. Sir, you grow scurrilous.—Show a Room there.

Wor. Mind him not, he's a splenetick Fellow; has my Lieutenant, Sir *Charles Pleasant*, been here?

Bar. He's now in the House with Lieutenant *Cribidge*, *Easy*, and Purser *Indent*.

Wor. Come, we'll join Companies, they're all honest Fellows.

Miz. With all my Heart; if they're brutish, I'll try to reform them.

Draw. This way, Gentlemen. [Exeunt.]

2 *Draw.* A Sneaker of Punch in the *Crown*, score.

3 *Draw.* A Can of small Beer, a Quart of Brandy, and a Pound of Sugar in the Kitchen, score.

4 *Draw.* A Box of Dice for the *Mermaid*.

1 Draw. Make the great Bowl full for the Gentlemen in the *Fleecer*.

Bar. So, it begins to work in each Room, and I must be plagued this whole Night. [Scene shuts.]

Enter Belinda and Advocate.

Bel. I used to be troubled with the impertinent Visits of *Roverwell* three or four times a Day: Prithee *Advocate*, what's become of the Coxcomb?

Advoc. Oh! Madam, the *Virginia Fleet's* come in; and Captain *Worthy*, his old Acquaintance, is on Shore. They are inseparable Friends.

Bel. Why then I hate him: for if he won't sacrifice his All to my Humour, I'll ne'er part with the Freedom I enjoy, to be that dull insipid thing a Wife, to please his Humour.

Advoc. Well, Madam, you play with him as a Cat plays with a Mouse; you fret him and teaze him till he'll get away from you at last.

Bel. Impertinent Creature! do you think I value the Loss of a Fellow? The Red, the Blue, and the White Flags die for me.

Advoc. Ay, Madam, they are married Men; but have you a Gentleman, whose Sense, whose Reputation, whose Courage is to be nam'd in a Day, with that charming Man's, Mr. *Roverwell*?

Bel. How insipidly the Fool talks! If a Fellow without a Nose shou'd bribe thee as much as *Roverwell* has done, you would say as much in his Behalf. Why should we make such unfaithful Creatures as our Chambermaids are, our Confidants!

Advoc. Why, Madam, there's no Posts without Perquisites; since you Ladies have found out the way of trucking your old Cloaths for *China* (which was our due time out of mind) I hope you'll pardon us for trucking your Hearts away for a much brittler Ware.

Bel. Ay, *Advocate*, I should like that brittle Ware, a Husband, well enough, if one cou'd but break him, or give him away as one does *China*.

Advoc.

Advoc. Oh, Madam, 'tis easy to break his Heart; and if you don't do it effectually whene'er you marry, I'll be content to die a Chambermaid. But see, Madam, the *Fair Quaker* is come to visit you.

Enter Dorcas.

Dor. Friend *Belinda*, I am come resolved to chat away the Evening with thee.

Bel. My pretty Saint, thou'rt welcome. I need not ask you how *Worthy* does, I see it in your Eyes; the demure Aspect is vanished, and you begin to look like one of us.

Dor. Why, I am Flesh and Blood as well as thou art; and did not my Spirit get the better of my Clay, I should be vain as thou art.

Bel. Come, leave canting, and tell me where is my *Arabella*?

Dor. Why, I left her at home, not well; but may be she may see us anon. ——— Know, Friend *Belinda*, that I have at last got Faith enough to put my Trust in Man: *Worthy* and I have plighted Troths.

Bel. Why then the Flesh has got the better of the Spirit.

Dor. If thou wouldst prove a Friend indeed, thou must give thyself over unto *Roverwell*.

Bel. So because you have done a foolish thing, I must keep you in Countenance; no truly, I'll be confin'd to none of your Fellows.

Dor. Come, dissemble not, you know the Man is assuredly thy own.

Bel. Why, is it not better to say the Fellow's mine, than I his?

Dor. For thee it may be better; but what thinkest thou the World will say?

Bel. Why, not worse of me than I say of the World. But to keep thee no longer in suspense, I won't make a Vow of Chastity, nor will I forswear having the Fellow *Roverwell*: I don't know, but one time or another, when I am in a very maggotty Humour, I may

marry the Creature. Come into my Closet, and I'll tell thee more of my Mind. [Exeunt.]

Advoc. It is impossible to tell, whether this Mistress of mine will ever have *Roverwell* or not ; but since he pays me well, I'll teaze and wheedle in his behalf ; and if he gets her, I hope he'll make her a modern Husband. Well, if I cou'd get a Lover upon the first popping of the Question ; to fly into his Arms, and so good-night Maidenhead. It shews a wonderful Folly in Mankind, to whine and snivel after these coy peevish things. Bless me ! if they knew the way into a Lady's Heart so well as I do, there wou'd be no Sighing and Ogling, no Presents or Serenading, no dying at a Lady's Feet : Let them take the shortest way with the Dissenters, and the Business is done. [The Bell rings] Coming, coming. [Exit.]

Enter Jenny Private and a Sailor.

Jen. So, I think I am equipt like one of the Righteous ; I am overjoy'd at the Intrigue, and shall be pleas'd to see myself a real Captain's Lady ; I am sure I have been a sham one to many of them. Let me see, my Letter is penn'd in a true canting Form ; My Name is *Dorcas Zeal*, and my Fortune ten thousand Pound. Well, if I do not act the Babe of Grace, the formal Quaking Saint, with as much outside Sanctity, as a new-enter'd Nun, or an old Mother Abbess, I'll be content to truss up like *James Nailor*.—Here, Sailor, carry this to Captain *Mixen* ; then follow Captain *Worthy's* Orders.

Sail. Ay Friend, I'll hand it to him, and then look out sharp.

Jen. Now to the Place of Rendezvouz.

*And there, with Look demure, I'll pass for Saint ;
No such fair Colour as Religious Paint.*

[Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E *draws and discovers* Rovewell, Worthy, Mizen, Sir Charles Pleasant, Cribidge, Easy, and Purser Indent. — *A Bowl of Punch.*

Rov. Come, her Majesty's Health in a Bumper, and may she live for ever.

Wor. And may all her Subjects be as true to her as we are.

Miz. May they all take as much Pains to put her Affairs, Civil and Military, into as good order as I do. May I be hoisted over a Ship's Side, with a Tackle hook'd to a running Bowling, with a Knot under my left Ear, if I don't make her Navy one of the greatest Navies in the Universe.

Plea. Why, Sir, 'tis that already.

Miz. Ay, but Sir *Charles*, I don't mean a fighting Navy, for that's the least Part of our Business: I am for a polite Navy: ——— that is, a Navy full of Sense and good Manners; a Navy of proper, handsome, well-drest Fellows; that when it appears abroad, may be the Wonder of the World, for glittering, shining Coats, powder'd Wigs, Snuff-Boxes, and fashionable Airs.

Easy. So then, Sir, you are for saluting away the Queen's Powder.

Crib. No, he's for turning the Gun-Powder into Sweet-Powder, and the Iron Balls into Wash-Balls.

Miz. Well, Gentlemen, you'll have no Cause to complain at my Design.

Rov. Why, if thou shouldst offer this to an old Captain of the Navy, he'd bring thee to a Court Martial, and break thee for being crazy.

Miz. Oh, Sir, before I laid my Design at the Parliament-Door, I'd get an Order from the Admiralty to send all the Tar-Captains to the *West-Indies*.

Easy. What then, Sir?

Miz. Why then, Sir, they would lay down their Commissions, and so the Navy would be rid of them.

Crib.

Crib. That last Intention I like wonderfully ; then we young Fellows might have Hopes of jumping into Fifty-gun ships.

Row. But, *Mixen*, I have been thinking if the old Captains will not go to the *West-Indies* ; pray, who shall we get to go.

Miz. Why these young Fellows.

Sir Cha. Ay, with all our Hearts, faith : but suppose the Lot should fall upon yourself, Captain ?

Miz. Oh, there's no Fear of that, I know where to fix a Present to Somebody, that shall be nameless, to keep me off the List.

Wor. Indeed, that is prudent Management : I know Men of the Party, who quit when they're nominated ; but soon after, by the Help of Friends and Merits, they get better Ships.

Miz. You may think it Friendship, if you please ; but there's nothing done in this World without Money.

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Is Captain *Mixen* here ?

Miz. I am he, Friend, what want you, Sir ?

Sail. Why, here's a Ticket for you.

Miz. Ha ! — *Dorcas Zeal* ! oh Extacy ! oh Transport ! [*Reads*] Friend, I am informed thou hast a liking to my Person ; my Neighbour hath informed me thou art a sober good Man. I am now walking towards Deal-Castle, where, if thy Pretensions are sincere, we will consult about the Matter thy Friend spoke to me of this Day. I should not be thus free with thee, had it not charced, that passing by me at thy first Landing, I beheld thy comely Person, and liked it ; and therefore use this Plainness with thee, as becometh a Sister of that Congregation that hateth Ceremonies. Be secret, for Worthy is thy Rival, but his Pretensions will prove vain ; for my Heart is thine. *Dorcas Zeal.*

Miz. Oh, thou dear Creature ! — But hush ! no Transports before Arrival : Poor *Worthy*, how thy weak Foundation totters ! How sneakingly would the poor Mortal look, if he saw this Letter ! Well, *Dorcas* has

has seen me, and I have shot her with a side Glance. What a refined Creature is a sweet Beau, to a homely coarse Tar ; to carry off the Prize at one single Attack, which that dull Rogue has been laying a whole Year's Siege to ! But come, Gentlemen, about with the Glass. Here, *Worthy*, here's thy Mistress's Health.

Wor. I thank you, Sir.

Miz. Nay, don't think I drink to an unknown Fair : Here's honest *Roverwell* has made me a small Piece of a Confidant in thy Amour. Well, old Boy, when the Consummation-day comes with thy sanctified Bride, I'll make one at throwing the profane Stocking ——— and to her Health. [Drinks.]

Rov. Here's a Dog ! [Aside.]

Wor. Well, *Mizen*, to resume thy Compliment, when that happy Day does come, I'll bespeak thee for a Bride-man.

Miz. Nay, that will be too great an Honour. But cry ye mercy Gentlemen, I have a small Affair to dispatch, I must be forced to borrow myself from your Company ; but upon my Honour, I'll return again in a very few Moments. [Exit.]

Wor. Ha, ha, ha ! the Rogue swallows the Bait as we cou'd wish.

Sir Ch. What, some ridiculous Intrigue on foot : Pray let us join with you in your Mirth.

Crib. Nothing diverts so much, as using a Coxcomb according to his Deserts.

Easy. And so exquisite a Coxcomb as this, can't be used too ill.

Rov. Why the Design is pretty severe ; he is gone to marry *Jenny Private*, an old *quondam* Punk.

Ind. This will be a noble Revenge for his Impertinence : Oh, Lieutenant ! would we could clap such a Trick upon our Brute of a Commodore.

Rov. Ay, that may be done ; I have just such another blind Bargain for him too.

Wor. Come, to your good Success : The marrying these two Coxcombs, may provoke them to hang themselves, which will be a meritorious Service to the Navy.

Sir

Sir Ch. Oh for a Vacancy, that dear Delight to us young Fellows: Ha, *Cribidge.*!

Crib. Ay, the two Ships would serve us nicely.

Easy. Then we should have Commissions to wet.

Rov. So, the Bowl sucks; Empty is the Word.

Ind. Pray, Gentlemen, give me leave to pay for this Bowl.

All. Oh, by no means, Purser.

Ind. Pray, Gentlemen, let it be so; come Captain *Worthy*, I may be your Purser one time or another.

Wor. Why, if you shou'd, it won't be much to your Advantage; for I ne'er allow my Purser to oppress the Men; nor will I keep a whole Ship's Crew miserable, to make one Man rich.

Ind. Oh, Sir, I don't desire that, Sir; but you are so fine a Gentleman, Sir, that you won't hinder me from those common Perquisites allowed to all Purfers.

Sir Cha. The Word Perquisite comprehends a great deal of Roguery; and under that Notion, the Government is sufficiently cheated.

Ind. Ay, Sir, but all People have regard to the Methods of the Navy.

Wor. Why yes, Purser, I own you may plead Custom for Abundance of Villainies committed in the Navy: But we have now got Men of Honour at the Helm, who will not suffer Rogues to go unpunish'd.

Crib. It has been the Method, to let a stinking Butt of Beer stand six Days abroach, and when Complaint is made, the Captain (who should do the Sailors Justice) punishes the complaining Rascal for Mutiny.

Sir Cha. It has been the Method for Cooks, with Pitchforks sharp, to squeeze the Fat from out the Meat, for fear the Grease shou'd rise in poor Jack Sailors Stomachs.

Easy. It has been the Method to waste a Pound to Ounces ten; which makes the Bread, the Butter, and the Cheese, a poor Allowance for those hard-working Men.

Rov. In short, what with Chest-Money, Hospitals, Slops, Two-Pences, Groats, and Mulets, they're mere Galley-Slaves.

Sir

Sir Cha. The Captain uses them like Dogs, which forces them to run away; the checquering Clerk puts on the *R*, and then the Purser loads their Pay with Slops they never had, and so cheats the Queen and Subjects too.

Ind. Why, you may rail at these Proceedings; but when you stand the Captain and the Purser too, you'll often wish to be indenting; half Money, and half Stores, have tempted most of you.

Wor. Come, no more, since we have discover'd you, I hope you'll let us pay our Clubs.

Ind. No, faith Gentlemen, I'll treat you for all this: you mighty Pretenders to Honour are not much unlike Whores, who rail at that which they most commonly practise.

Rev. Come, *Worthy*, we must away; *Sir Charles*, your Company is desired too: we must spend this Evening at *Belinda's*. But stay, *Cribidge*, I must have one private Whisper with thee by the Way; *Revenge* is the Word, and I must engage thee in the Plot.

Crib. Ay, most willingly in such a Cause.

Rev. If we succeed in this Farce, it will be a most noble Revenge.

For Brutes and Fools were only made for Sport;

Nothing is like a Coxcomb to divert.

They cure the Spleen, and make the Toils of Life

An easy Burthen, and a pleasing Strife.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Second Act.

A C T



A C T III.

Enter Jenny Private.

Jen. SURE the Sailor has mistook, and given my Letter to a wrong Person ; my Heart goes pit-a-pat, for fear I should not succeed. But see, he comes !

Enter Mizen.

Miz. So, that must be my Quaker, by her sanctified Air ——— Madam ! Madam !

Jen. Would you ought with me, Friend ?

Miz. Only to desire the Favour of you, to give me Leave to throw myself at your Feet ; my Name is *Mizen*, I came hither by Appointment from your fair Hands—She is very beautiful ! Board me else. [*Aside.*

Jen. If thy Sincerity is answerable to the Character my Friend hath given me of thee, I am content, according to his Desire, to be thy Help-Mate.

Miz. Well, [*Aside*] old *Scruple* is a prevailing Rogue, and deserves the Fifty Guineas, poss. ——— Oh my Charmer ! I have been long sighing and wishing for this Opportunity, and hope you'll now give me Leave to make the best of my Time.

Jen. Will you change your vain Religion then ? Will you stand fast to the Faith ? In Perseverance, will you come over to the Congregation of the Upright ? Will you put off these gaudy Cloaths, those Vanity of Vanities ?

Miz. Yea verily, I will put off my Gaudiness, I will strip myself to the Nakedness of the Spirit.

Jen. Why then thou hast overcome me, and verily I will be thine in a few Months.

Miz.

Miz. Oh thou lovely Lamb, set not so terrible a Time; the Spirit moveth me to make thee Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone of my Bone, before the Sun shineth again.

Jen. I have some Fears upon me, that thy Eagerness to my Person, may proceed from a Desire thou hast to my Money.

Miz. Why, I say, thy Fears are uncharitable; for hadst thou nothing, nor that neither, my Zeal would be as much for thee as it is now.

Jen. Then I am satisfied; and, accordingly, here is my Hand.

Miz. Why I am transported to the highest Extasies! Look'e, my Boat waiteth on the Beach for me: If thy Yawnings are as great as mine are to thee, thou wilt venture thyself upon the Deep along with me: I have on board my Ship, a Man called a *Chaplain*, which, according to our Establishment, will link us together—— Turn me Keel upwards, if ever I carry'd on an Intrigue better in my Life. [*Aside.*]

Jen. Well, thou art a powerful Man; and I submit myself unto thee: But can help thee to one of thy Priests ashore. Admirably well manag'd! [*Aside.*]

Miz. Come, my Spirit, my Light, my Light of my Light, and——humph——let us go then.

[*Exeunt, hugging her.*]

Enter Rovewell, Worthy, and Sir Charles Pleasant.

Wor. So, off goes the Boat, and there's a Punk provided for.

Sir Cha. Merry be his Heart: This will put such a Damp upon his Undertakings, that we shall be troubled no more with his nonsensical Whimfies, about reforming the Navy.

Rov. I wish all our Friends were as well provided for as *Jenny*.

Wor. Why faith so do I: for when I enter the sacred Bonds, I'll give a Receipt in full to Lewdness, shake Hands with Vice, and bid adieu to Immorality.

Rov.

Row. And I am resolved to make the best of Husbands.

Sir Cha. These are pious Designs truly: I begin myself to be out of Conceit with Wickedness; and could I but succeed in my Amour to *Arabella*, I should willingly bid adieu to all the frail Part of Mortality. But she has used me so unmercifully, that I quite despair of Success.

Wor. Prithee, *Sir Charles*, Matters are not gone so far as to throw thee into Desperation.

Row. Let me alone to make up the Match: *Sir Charles*, 'tis a pretty Play-thing in time of Peace, which if some Care is not taken, these victorious Generals of ours will bring it to; and a Sea-Lieutenant with only Half a Crown a Day, will never agree with your Quality.

Sir Cha. I am wholly at your Devotion.

Row. Come on then, let's to *Belinda's*, where we shall see her.

Wor. I fear her late Disappointment will hinder her from appearing abroad this Evening; 'tis only *Belinda* has Interest enough to bring her. [Exeunt.]

Enter Cribidge, Easy and Jiltup.

Jilt. My dear Puppies, if you make me a Captain's Lady, my Husband shall hang himself, that there may be a Vacancy for one of you.

Crib. Why you must make use of all your Cunning to draw him into the Noose; get him but to the Word Parson, and I, like his evil Genius, will appear to him: You won't be the only Jilt married to a Sea-Captain this Day.

Jilt. How say you?

Easy. Why, Mrs. *Jenny Private*, through the Intrigues, Instigations and Temptations of Beau *Mixen*, is gone on board his Ship, in order to be his lawful Spouse.

Jilt. Ods my Life, my Cousin *Jenny*! If such common Strumpets as she meet with such good Luck, what must a Woman of my known Virtue and modest Conversation expect?

Crib. Why then you make Degrees in Whoring?

Jilt.

Filt. Oh ever: she that is a Bastard-bearing Whore, is the most notorious: she that lies with half the Town, and does it privately, is a prudent Whore: she that gets Money by it, is a mercenary Whore: she that does it generously, and bare-fac'd, is a Whore of Honour.

Crib. Very nice Distinctions truly.

Easy. I wonder, since you are so numerous a Body of People, you don't get a Charter: it will raise a considerable Tax to the Government; they may as well tolerate you, as wink at great Men's keeping you.

Filt. Why really Settlements are very comfortable Things; and our Gentry, how sneaking soever they are to their Creditors, are most generous to our Faculty.

Crib. Come, tofs us up a Bowl of the best, to enable us to go through with this great Work. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Arabella and Justice Scruple.

Scrup. I am somewhat troubled; your Sister is gone abroad, because I had a Business to impart to her of very great Consequence.

Ara. If you please to leave your Affairs to me, I'll acquaint her with them.

Scrup. Why, upon second Thoughts, you might do my Business as well as she.

Ara. Suppose it, Sir; what is't?

Scrup. Why, there is a Friend of mine, who is what the World calleth a fine Gentleman; he is endow'd with a plentiful Estate, and is Captain of a good Sixty-Gun Ship; has Interest enough to get a good Station, has spoke to me to recommend him to your Sister. Now I have considered, that you being of his Religion, may suit better with his Temper than your Sister.

Ara. His Name, his Name, Sir?

Scrup. Why People call him Captain *Mizen*.

Ara. Oh! I have heard of the finical Coxcomb! you have lost your Labour with me, Sir, and therefore pray keep him for my Sister.

Scrup. Verily, if her Sister answereth me so, its probable I may lose my five hundred Guineas which the
Captain

Captain has promised me, for making up the Match. I will in the Morning take her fasting; which I believe to be the best Time to try a Woman's Inclinations. [*Exit.*

Enter Arabella's Maid.

Ara. So, the old Rascal's gone: These Psalm-singing Match-makers are worse than your irreligious Bawds; for the latter only betray our Maidenheads and our Reputations, when these religious Rogues are for betraying our Fortunes, our Freedoms, our Pleasures, our every thing.

Maid. Ay, but Madam, to be settled in the World is what we all aim at, and Marriage is honourable.

Ara. So was the Knighthood formerly; but now they both grow odious.——Have you wrote those Letters I gave you to copy?

Maid. I have, Madam, and here they are.

Ara. You'll get somebody to deliver this Packet to my Sister while she's at *Belinda's*?

Maid. Yes, Madam, I have a small *Mercury* already prepar'd for it.

Ara. Well;——and this Letter in which I have so well counterfeited my Brother's Hand, that my Sister will ne'er discover it.

Maid. But can you hope, Madam, by this Intrigue to make Captain *Worthy* your's?

Ara. No, Fool; nor were he dying at my Feet would I receive him. My Design is to make my Sister hate him; nothing this World calls dear, can equal the Pleasure of seeing him ill used by her.

Maid. I fear, Madam, it will be past your Skill to break the Lover's Knot that rivets them together.

Ara. Fear not, Girl, my Sister's Zeal will overwhelm her carnal Passion; and our Story is so plausible, she can't but believe it.

Maid. I wish all may prove as you design it: I'm wholly disposed to follow whatever your Commands are pleas'd to lay upon me.

Ara.

Ara. Send the Letter to my Sister by a Hand you dare trust, and then come into my Chamber.

Maid. I'll instantly about it, Madam. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *draws, and discovers Flip, Cockswain and six Sailors.*

Flip. Sirrah, don't you flinch your Ladle; he that will do that, will run down into the Hold in an Engagement, or say his Prayers in a Storm.

1 Sailor. Why, I am married, Sir, and must lie with my Wife to-night, which I have not done this eighteen Months.

Flip. You Rogue, can't you get drunk first, and lie with her afterwards?

1 Sailor. Ay, Sir, but my ill Quality is, when I get drunk, I beat my Wife immoderately, and kick her out of Doors; which I would not willingly do the first Night.

Flip. Oh! I'll save you the trouble of that, Hell-bird, you shall go on board to-night, and shan't see your Wife these two Months.

1 Sailor. Oh! then, Sir, I'll be drunk with all my Heart.

Flip. Come; Confusion to all the Fops and Cox-combs of the Navy! when I am at the Helm, I'll root the Rogues from thence: As for you, Cockswain, I'll make you Captain, and all the Boat's Crew shall be Lieuten

2 Sailor. Look'e, I'll be no Lieutenant; I'll ants. Captain the first Stroke. be a

Flip. Why, what Pretensiveness have you to it, Sirrah?

2 Sailor. My Pretensiveness to it is, Sir, that I was rated Able, when your Worship was Ordinary.

Flip. That's no Rule, Sirrah, for at that rate I should be King of the Seas now, for I was Midshipman, when some that shall be nameless, were Swabbers of the Upper-Gun Deck.

3 Sailor. And I could say my Compass, Reef, Hand, and Splice, when ne'er a Commission-Officer in our Ship could tell Starboard from Larboard.

4 Sailor.

4 *Sailor*. I wonder your honourable Worship, being so notorious a Man with the Ambralty, don't get Captain of the *Sufferans*.

5 *Sailor*. And I likewise wonder your worshipful Honour don't get to be knighted.

6 *Sailor*. 'Tis a wonderful Thing, that, *Jack*, to have the Queen's Majesty's Honour clap a Cutlash upon a Man's Skull, and bid him rise up Sir any thing.

Flip. Look'e, Rogues, the Design is very good, and 'tis a gracious Piece of Preferment; but it has puffed up so many of our Sea-Coxcombs, that their Pride and Vanity will ruin the Credit of the Navy. But here's to you, Cockswain. (*Drinks.*) Fill it up, Sirrah.

Cockf. I am almost drunk, an like your Honour; another Cup will make me clap the Ship on board to Windward.

Flip. Why then, Sirrah, I'll clap you in the Bilboes to Leeward.

Cockf. So, now the Storm begins to rise.

2 *Sailor*. To be free with your Right Reverend Worship's Honour and Glory, I must tell you, being you and I were afore the Mast together, it would look as it were something clever of your Honourableness to throw three Things over-board.

Flip. Why, what are those Things, Sirrah?

2 *Sailor*. The Boatswain, the Purser and the Bilboes.

All Sailors. Ay, over-board with them I' faith.

Flip. What! do you mutiny, ye Dogs? Don't you know there's a Court-Martial, and that I am Presidentum?

Cockf. I was sure these Rogues would bring themselves into a Prim-in-Iron.

2 *Sailor*. Why, most worthy Captain, and my Messmate that was, look'e, we have no Design of mutinying, but only by the Way of telling our Grievances to your Grace's Honour, and so my Humbleness to you.

[*Drinks.*]

Fl. Well, well, to shew my natural Goodness to you give me good Reasons for throwing over-board the Bilboes; I begin at the latter End of your Propositions,

sitions, because I intend to ask them all gradually ; and so, Sirrah, here's to you. [*Drinks.*]

3 *Sailor.* Thank your Monsterousness: the Bilboes, an't like your Wonderfulness, is a great Stumbling-block in the way of a Sailor's Agility ; to have our Heels land-lock'd when we have Sea-room enough, is worse than to run ashore where there's no Land.

All Sailors. Oh ! worse by half.

Flip. Come, no more of your Nonsensicalness ; but get drunk as fast as you can.

Enter Indent.

Indent. Sir, a Word with you. [*They go aside.*]

Cockf. Ah ————when the Captain and Purser whisper, our Guts ought to grumble.

6 *Sailor.* Ay, Cockswain, those Whisperations are many an Ounce of Butter and Cheese out of our way.

3 *Sailor.* Ay ! and a great deal of Beer too : But my Service to you Mefs-mate.

Flip. Why, I designed to go and see her this Evening. [*To Indent.*]

Indent. As I pass'd by the Door, she told me she was impatient to see you, for you was the handsomest Man in the Navy, and the best-natur'd Captain in the whole Fleet.

Flip. Why I believe the Jade does love me, therefore you and I will go to Supper with her ; but first I'll make all the Boat's Crew drunk, according to ancient Custom : Come, Rogues, clap the Bucket to your Mouths, and don't stand sipping out of a Bowl that don't hold above a Pint.

Cockf. Well, if we must all be drunk, we must, and so down let it go. Here's to you——If every Man stows as much of it as I did in those half dozen Guips, I'll pawn my Call on't it won't come round again.

Flip. So, I am am in stout Heart enough now to venture an Engagement with this Virgin Frigate : and so come along with me. [*Exeunt Flip and Purser.*]

6 *Sailor.*

6 *Sailor*. Well, now we have got rid of the rum Duke, being in a very merry Humour, let us put it to the Vote, whether we shall beat the Mayor and Corporation, and drown the Constable; or shall we ravish all the Women we meet with, and unwindow the Houses?

5 *Sailor*. Let us ravish first.

3 *Sailor*. No, no, ravish afterwards; for I have as much Courage before Ravishment as any body; but afterwards I'm as cowardly as a *Dutchman* that has drunk no Brandy.

Cockf. Hark'e, my Lads, I'd have you take care who you ravish; for a great many Women in this Town don't love to be boarded by Force, they will fight you Broad-side and Board-side, and Yard-arm and Yard-arm, till they sink you; and you may fire a great many Guns betwixt Wind and Water, before you make any one of them leaky. Besides, I don't care to attack a Fife-ship of better Force than any Frigate in our Squadron; for if they once come to lash you fast to them, you are blow'd up in spite of the Ambralty. I will therefore lie down for an Hour or two; call me when the Captain's ready to go.

3 *Sailor*. Why, do you think to be left out of the Plot? No, no, Mr. *Cockswain*, you shall go along with us, or else we'll ravish you.

All Sailors. Ay, ay, force him along. [*They hawl him.*]

Cockf. Why, Rogues, an't I Captain of the Boat?

4 *Sailor*. If you were Captain of the Ship, we should use you as we do now; for we have no dispect of Persons.

2 *Sailor*. Ay, or if he was Ambaral we should make no difference; for all that there is between an Ambaral and a Sailor is, a stout Sailor will fire ten Guns to an Ambaral's one.

Cockf. Well, well, unhand me, if I must go, I must; but I am very much mistaken, if we are catch'd a doing a Mischief by the Justices, if they don't clap us into the wooden Bilboes.

4 *Sailor*. Why, to get the better of that Prehension of yours, the first thing we'll go about, shall be to pull
the

the Stocks up by the Roots, launch them into the Sea, and let the *Goodwin* Sand be the better for them.

All Sailors. Done, done, come away. [*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Third Act.



A C T IV.

Enter Rovewell, Worthy, Sir Charles Pleasant, Belinda and Dorcas.

Rov. I Am sorry *Arabella* comes not; 'tis a Disappointment to Sir *Charles*.

Sir Cha. Methinks I do look a little awkward amongst you billing Turtles; I am not a fit Companion for Lovers.

Bel. I can't imagine what you mean by Lovers: My Friend the Quaker here, has indeed shewn a little foolish Fondness for Captain *Worthy*, but I hope you have suspected no such thing from any Action of mine.

Dor. Why, Friend *Belinda*, art thou not ashamed to dissemble so? I must tell thee my Conscience will not let me do it; if thou do'st not shew a great deal of Kindness to *Rovewell* forthwith, I will discover what pass'd in thy Closet between us just now.

Rov. Oh! tell me but that, and I'll adore thee; give me but a Cause to laugh at her impertinent Weakness, and I shall be happy.

Bel. How dare you offer at this Insolence! have you any Pretensions to me, vain Fellow?

Rov. Yes, I have, vain Woman: If two Years constant Courtship, with an awful Respect and Adoration paid to you; if Oaths, if Vows, if Sighs and tender Expressions can give a Man Pretensions, I can justly claim them.

C

Bel.

Bel. You might have put in your foolish Presents too; your Baubles of *China*, your *Indian* Umbrella, your Hair-Ring, and your own Picture.

Rov. By Heavens! I'd give the World I could hate thee now: But, *Belinda*, there's something so bewitching in your Form, that I still must love you, though ne'er so ill used; like a Spaniel, I must fawn upon you.

Sir Cha. Now, faith, *Belinda*, had I admired you an Age, nay, had I thought you an Angel, and been as much enamour'd of you as 'twas possible for a Coxcomb to be; I would, at this Usage, marry your Chamber-maid, that she might take Place of you: I'd ridicule you in all Companies, quarrel with, and cut the Throat of any body that pretended Courtship to you, and would make you die a Maid in spite of your Teeth.

Rov. Whilst I, like a good-natur'd Fool, hug my Chains, and think of no Heaven but my *Belinda*.

Wor. For shame, proud Creature, let not your vain Folly get the better of your Sense and Reason; take to your Arms the Man you love: Come, I see Good-nature in your Eyes: Thus I seize your Hand, and am resolv'd to give it him who has your Heart.

Bel. Pshaw, what Insolence is this! do you think I am to be forced?

Dor. No, no, there can be no Force in the Case; thou art a Dissembler.

Sir Cha. In short, if she refuses, we'll swear a Contract, and make a forc'd Marriage on't.

Bel. Had I not some Inclination, your Force and Threats should never do. Here, *Roverwell*, take my Hand; I hope for better Usage from you, than you have received from me.

Rov. O my *Belinda*! one pleasing Look makes amends for all my Pains and Agonies.

Dor. Ay, now it is as it should be.

Bel. I know, *Roverwell*, you'll forgive the Folly of my Sex, and put a favourable Construction on what I've done.

Wor.

Wor. There, there, kiss her Hand eagerly ; turn up the Whites of your Eyes, and fetch your Breath very short, and leave her to imagine what you ought to say. To-morrow one Priest will join both Couples : Now let us spend the Night in Mirth ; by this Time *Mizen* has link'd with our sham Quaker. With your Leave, *Belinda*, we'll invite them hither.

Rove. 'Tis ten to one but the Vanity of his imaginary Conquest will bring him without an Invitation.

Bel. Pray make my House your own.

Wor. Pardon, my dear Creature, the Freedom we have taken in using your Name ; but this Coxcomb might have offered a Violence we should have wish'd undone.

Rov. *Belinda*, I'll take the Freedom of sending for our Noble Commodore and his Lady too, who are by this Time noosed ; we'll first dance, then raise them to the Height of Mirth, and discover the Plot.

Sir Cha. It will be a most pleasant Comedy.

Wor. Faith, I fear it will prove a Tragedy to poor *Mizen*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, This Packet was left for you by a Sailor. [Gives it to *Dorcas*.

Dor. Ha! — To Mrs. *Dorcas Zeal*, and one inclosed to *Worthy* ! who can this be from ? [Reads.

“ I doubt not but you'll wonder at the Villainies of
“ Mankind, when I tell you that *Worthy*, whom you
“ have Thoughts of making your Husband, is already
“ married to me. I have two Children by him : Give
“ him the inclosed ; if after reading on't he dares deny
“ it, the next Post shall bring to his Sight his much in-
“ jur'd
“ *Elizabeth Worthy.*”

[*Dorcas swoons away.*

Wor. Oh Heavens, what ails my Charmer ! she's cold as Clay ! run for some Water, quick !

Bel. Surprizing ! [They all hold her.

Dor. Oh false Man ! oh cruel *Worthy* !

[She swoons again.

Bel.

Bel. Bless me, she faints again, and mutters something about you!

Wor. I am amazed!

Rov. So, she comes to herself again.

[They set her in a Chair.]

Dor. Oh read these Lines, thou perjur'd Man!

[Worthy reads the Letter, and drops it again in a great Surprise.]

What's here, another, and directed to me! *[Reads.]*

“ ‘Tho’ you have been guilty of many Villainies, and
“ used me ill, I never thought you would have dared
“ to have marry’d another Wife; but since I know
“ you so well, I’ll appear at *Deal*, and tear your Idol
“ Quaker’s Heart out. I am your much injur’d
“ *Elizabeth Worthy.*”

Sir Charles, feel me, have I Life, am I awake, or do I dream? a Dizziness overwhelms my Brain, and Darkness draws its sable Curtains o’er my Eyes!

Rov. What a Plague means all this romantick Stuff! have we got the Method of poisoning by Letter come into *England* at last!

Sir Cha. Faith, I am afraid to take the Letter up, for Fear I should be transmogrified.

Bel. This sudden Change is most surprizing; help, lead her to my Chamber, a little Sleep may bring her to herself again.

Dor. Lead me to Death most willingly: Horror and Despair will end my Days.

[Exeunt Dorcas, Belinda, and Servants.]

Wor. Go, charming Fair! I can’t blame thee for this great Concern. Death, Hell, and Devils! am I then at last become a Villain! a despicable Husband! a Betrayer of weak Virgins Hearts! — Am I, from a Man of Honour, sunk to a degenerate Slave! — By Heaven, I’m raging mad! What ill-boding Spirit could owe me such a Spite, and cross at once my full-blown Joys!

Rov. *Worthy*, is the Frolick to go round? are we to be all mad? or must only you and the Quaker carry on the Jest?

Wor.

Wor. Oh *Roverwell*, you have known me long, but never saw me in such Agonies of Grief before: Read these, the Cause of all my Woes.

Row (*Takes up the Letter, reads, and Sir Charles over his Shoulder.*) "Guilty——Villainies——another Wife——at Deal——Quaker's Heart out. *Eliz. Worby.*" An Intrigue well carried on I'faith.

[*Reads the other Letter.*

"I doubt not——wonder——of Men——*Worby*
"——your Husband——two Children——the inclosed
"——next Post——to his Sight. *Eliz. Worby.*"

Sir Cha. Why, this Lady of your's writes very prettily, Captain.

Row. The Woman has a pretty Knack, faith; prithe, *Worby*, are these two Children of yours Boys or Girls? ha! ha! ha!

Wor. Hell and Furies! am I become your Scorn? do you laugh at me?

Row. Ay, faith, do we. Canst thou be concerned at the Stratagem of a Woman who loves thee? Look once more upon the Scrawl, canst thou not guess whose Hand it is?

Wor. Ha!——By this Light it looks somewhat like *Arabella's*! It must be her's. Fool that I was, not to perceive it before; 'twas cunningly performed I swear: I wonder my charming Quaker discover'd it not! I'll in, and undeceive her. [*Meets Belinda.*

Belin. Make no Noise, she's in a Slumber, which I hope will compose her.

Wor. Oh *Belinda*! this is a Trick of *Arabella's*; behold, see here, the cunning penning of her envious Fingers.

Bel. I wish the worst Effects on't are past; for she has vow'd never to see you more: I'll watch her Slumbers, and when she wakes, I'll tell her the Story before her Fits return.——*Roverwell*, you may now see when once our Sex resolve to love, 'tis dangerous to disappoint us.

Row. But 'tis hard, *Belinda*, that you should so soon believe that Men are false; ten thousand Letters

ne'er could make me alter the rooted Passion I have for you.

Bel. Oh! should you be told I am married to a Man, who has had two Children by me; you'd fly back from Promises and Vows, and cry, Pox take her, she's a Jilt.

Row. So far from that, my Soul, that I'd stab the Inventor of such a Story.

Bel. That would be very heroick indeed; but come, let's comfort the poor Captain here, who looks more dejected than a discarded Minister.

Sir Cha. Oh, worse than that, Madam, he puts me in mind of an *English* Captain taken by a *French* Privateer.

Row. 'Tis a dismal Thing to be first boarded, then stript, and afterwards clapt into a *French* Goal.

Bel. In short, he looks as if he was married.

Sir Cha. Right, Madam, and his Countenance shews full of a Family Concern.

Wor. How can you blame my Surprise? — — Were you to see the fair *Belinda*, whom I know you love the best of any one on Earth; were you, I say, to see her in Tears and Agonies for something you had done, nay, for something you had not done, some villainous Imputation charg'd upon you, 'twou'd touch your Heart as much as mine.

Row. Why, faith, I have so good an Opinion of *Belinda*, that I fancy she would give herself none of those Airs, if she heard I had twenty Children.

Bel. Nay, more than that, had you twenty Wives, I should keep my Temper: Care shall be taken in drawing the Writings, so as I may not be the worse for you in my Fortune; and if you will love a great many of my Sex, it's probable I shall find out a Way of making Reprisals.

Sir Cha. What's all this to my Happiness? how am I to come by my *Arabella*?

Bel. Why, she's as easily come at as the rest of her Sex.

Sir

Sir Cha. But, Madam, if she doats on my Captain, how can I expect she'll ever smile on me?

Wor. Oh! her Love to me is vanish'd, if e'er she had any; this Action of her's plainly shews her Malice.

Bel. Come, I'll write her Word what an heroick Passion she has put *Worthy* into, and the fainting Condition poor *Dorcas* lies in; I'll praise her for her well-invented Stratagem, and then let her know *Sir Charles* is here.

Sir Cha. Why, Madam, do you think that will bring her?

Bel. *Sir Charles*, I have heard her say Abundance of handsome Things of you; I know she likes the Word Quality much, and would not care, if on any Terms she could be called her Ladyship; for she is pleased with taking Place: That, you must know, is the darling Vanity of our Sex.

Row. You may set your Heart at rest; you have a fairer Prospect of marrying *Arabella*, than poor *Worthy* has for marrying her Sister.

Bel. Come, teaze him no more: I'll steal up to her, and convince her of the Error she's in. Go into the Parlour, there's Cards. [Exit.

Row. Come, what think you of *Ombre*, or a Pool at *Picquet*.

Wor. I can do nothing with Pleasure till I know how I am to be received by my dear Charmer.

Sir Cha. Come, pray divert these melancholy Whimsies.

Row. Why, if you don't go to Cards, *Sir Charles* and I shall be very satirical upon you.

Wor. Nay, rather than you should play that Game with me, I'll go to Cards. [Exeunt.

Enter Flip [drunk] Indent, and Jiltup.

Jilt. This was kind indeed, my dear Dog, to make me the first Visit, when so many Ladies in Town die for you.

Flip. Why, you little Hussy you, I think all the Women in Town look like Swabs to you.

Indent. Indeed, Madam, the Commodore does often launch out in your Praises.

Flip. Ay, and Commendations too: Why, I love you so well, that I could be your Confort and your Mefs-Mate for ever. When I die 'tis all your own; my Houses, my Land, my Part in Ships, and my every thing else come to you by Will and Deed.

Jilt. Poor good-natur'd Thing, how is it possible for me to return thy Kindnesses? I have no Land but my own Body; take that into thy Custody, and make the most on't.

Enter Cribidge in a Priest's Habit.

Flip. What have we here? A Priest!

Jilt. Oh dear Cousin *Homily*, I'm glad to see you.

Flip. Is this your Cousin, my Dear? You're welcome, as I may say.

Crib. Sir, I thank you. Cousin, I'm glad to see you; I come to stay with you some Time; your Doctor being gone to make Interest for a Bishoprick, I am to officiate for him until his Return.

Indent. Rarely acted I'faith, he looks much modefter than most of our Sea-Chaplains.

Crib. Well, Cousin, may I joy you, have you enter'd into the holy State of Matrimony yet?

Jilt. No, Cousin, I am willing to see a little more of the World first.

Crib. A Parishioner of mine, that has seen you, seems to have a great Mind to make you his Wife: He has a plentiful Estate, with a fine House, in a pleasant Part of *Kent*; he is of a very good Family, and is a personal handsome Man.

Flip. Heark'e, Sir, none of your Match-making Stories here: This Lady is dispos'd of, and her Inclinations are moor'd to my Affections; and he that claps her Aboard, must expect to be rak'd Fore and Aft with my Partridge double and round.

Crib. Sir, I beg your Pardon, if you are the Lady's Husband, I have done, Sir.

Flip.

Flip. Look'e, Sir, I am not at present the Lady's Husband; but if you understand that Part of your Trade, and will splice us together, I have a Couple of Guineas at your Service.

Crib. Sir, if all Parties are consenting, I shall not be a great while performing that Ceremony.

Flip. Why all Parties are consented, Reverendissimo.

Crib. Sir, if I have that from the Lady's Mouth, and you can get her a Father to give her away, I shall proceed.

Flip. Oh, as to a Father, here's the Purser shall stand that Part of the Story: Tell him, my Dear, how you love and adore me.

Jilt. I must say, I have an unalterable Affection for the Commodore; but if I should marry him, and he should not love me after it, I should be the miserablest Creature Nature ever form'd.

Flip. Not love you, my Dear! why I'll stick as close to you as carv'd Work to a Ship's Stern; nothing shall be done by me without thy Consent; you shall have the Working of my Vessel, and stand at the Helm in all Weathers.

Indent. Well, Madam, since I am chose for your Father, give me Leave to know what's best for you; I'll engage the Commodore proves the tenderest Husband in the Navy.

Crib. Truly the Gentleman hath the Aspect of a Man of Parts.

Flip. Reverendissimo, I thank you for your good Opinion of my Outelects; and if you'll give yourself the Trouble of coming on board my Ship, you shall have your Skull and Guts fill'd so full of Brandy and Salt-Beef, and your Ears so alarm'd with Drums, Trumpets, Huzza's and Guns, that you'll be as drunk in half an Hour, as you were at the wetting your Commission.

Crib. Sir, People of my Cloth never launch out beyond the Rules of Modesty.

Flip. I can't say any thing to your Shore-Folks ; but I am certain our Sea-Chaplains (generally speaking) are drunk as often as our Sea-Captains.

Crib. The more's the Pity, that Religion should be so abused by such Profligates.

Indent. Why, indeed, the Sailors are apt enough to be wicked of themselves, and such Examples from their Guides, may be one great Reason of so much Immorality in the Navy.

Flip. Come, my Dear, let the Doctor do his Office, and belay our Affair.

Filt. Well, you have overcome me.

Flip. So, very well ; then begin Mr. *Homily*.

Filt. Oh no, we shall be disturb'd here, the next Room is more private.

Flip. March away then, I am all over Storeship and Transport with thy dear Person ; come, I'll give you a Tow, you are my Prize now.

The End of the Fourth ACT.



A C T V.

Enter Arabella dress'd like a Quaker, in Men's Cloaths.

Ara. **S**O, my Plot succeeds as I could wish, *Belinda's* Letter tells me all. Now must I take care to give my Saint-like Sister these Credentials when she 'wakes. I think I look as like one of the pious Brethren, as if I had been educated by *George Fox*. [*Knocks.*

Enter Advocate.

Is Dorcas Zeal within this Dwelling-Place ?

Adv.

Adv. Yes, she is.

Ara. Wilt thou go and tell unto her, that I would speak with her instantaneously ?

Adv. If you'll walk in, I'll let my Mistress know your Message ; but the Lady is asleep.

Ara. Go, I'll follow thee. [Exeunt.

Enter again in the Parlour.

Adv. Sit down, while I acquaint my Lady. [Exit.

Ara. Now for a disguising Look, that she may not know me.

Enter Belinda,

Bel. My Servant tells me you would speak with *Dorcas Zeal*.

Ara. Yea verily, she hath told thee the Truth.

Bel. She is laid down and indispos'd, I am loth to disturb her.

Ara. Verily I could wish thou could'st dispense with giving her some small Disturbance, my Business is very urgent ; for behold my Errand is from her Brother, and concerneth her much, and we must be in private.

Bel. Then follow me.

Ara. So I will. [Exeunt.

SCENE draws, and discovers Dorcas on a Couch. Re-enter Belinda and Arabella.

Dor. How dreadful are the Dreams of Souls disturb'd ! Why was I so void of Grace to trust to such a Monster !

Bel. How does my Dear ? I fear'd we should have disturb'd your Rest ; but this young Man being very urgent to speak with you, I ventur'd to bring him up.

Dor. I am much better ; but still troubled in Mind.

Bel. Oh, as soon as you have dispatch'd your Business, I'll set your Mind to rights I'll warrant you. [Exit.

Ara.

Ara. May be not ——— [Aside.
 Friend, thy Brother did send this unto thee; when
 thou hast overlook'd the Contents thereof, thou wilt
 know my Business here.

Dor. May be it contains something of that Traitor
Worthy. [Reads.

“ Beloved Sister;

“ The Bearer hereof, being the Son of *Ananias*;
 “ who was an upright Member of the Cause, I
 “ recommend unto thee for a Help-mate. He hath two
 “ Thousand Pounds a Year, and stiffly adherent to our
 “ Ways of Going; and I send him to thee in good
 “ Season, that thou may'st be deliver'd from the wicked
 “ Designs of the seducing married Man *Worthy.*

“ Thine, in Truth and Sincerity,

“ *Shadrach Zeal.*”

Dor. A comely Youth, well worthy my good liking.
 Besides, how blest an Occasion offereth to be reveng'd
 of an ungrateful Man! (*Aside.*) Art thou, young Man,
 the Subject of this Paper?

Ara. Yea, lovely Maiden, I am the chosen Man, se-
 lected by my Friend and thy good Brother to greet thee
 with a holy Kiss, and tell thee I love thee, Fair One.

Dor. Love me at first Sight! ——— Have a care thou
 talk not in the Language of the World, and play the
 Deceiver; if thou dost, assure thyself I shall rebuke
 thee for it.

Ara. I have seen thee often before, verily.

Dor. Where did'st thou see me?

Ara. In the great London City.

Dor. When there saw'st thou me?

Ara. At the last general Assembly of the Faithful, met
 at that Season, worldly Men call *Whitsuntide.*

Dor. Yea truly, our good Brother *Shadrach* carry'd
 me up to that noisy Town of Pride and Vanity, to
 greet our Brethren Friends at the last Meeting. But if
 thou

thou saw'st me there, how chanceth it, that in so long a Silence thou hast stifled up the Breathings of thy Heart, from the Fifth Month even to the Ninth?

Ara. Oh! *Dorcas, Dorcas,*——ah—— I saw and lov'd thee, but alas, I check'd the moving Spirit within. With my green Years, methought I was too young to lead a Sister.

Dor. Too young! oh fy! was that the Fault! the younger the sporting Lambs, they play more harmlessly: Verily, the outward Man thou bearest, looketh with an honest Face,

Ara. My inward Man bears the same honest Face too. (*Kisses Dorcas's Hand.*) Deny me not thine Hand.

Dor. Some such like Agonies as these, I felt from the first Touches of the false *Worthy*.——

Ara. False indeed!——He is one of the Profane, Alien to our purer Flock; and who can tell, were he thy chosen Yoke-mate, but he'd force thee to one of his own Steeple-Houses; nay, and perhaps lead thee in vain Toppings, to a carnal Seat in one of the sad Play-houses?

Dor. (*Sighs*) Ah!——

Ara. But I am, thou know'st, a Lamb of thy own Fold; me thou may'st mould to what thy own Heart liketh: Then let us not, like the vain babbling worldly ones, thus lose the precious Time in foolish Courtship; but let me forthwith wriggle myself into thy inward Affections.

Dor. Yea, I do take thee, and like a Back-slider, who repenteth, I will, with pure Zeal and Fervency, turn unto thee.

Enter Worthy, Rovewell, Sir Charles, and Belinda.

Wor. Oh, my dear Creature, do I hold thee fast!

Ara. Friend, hast thou any Pretensions to this Woman, who is the Wife of my Bosom?

Dor. Stand off, vile Man, thou with thy flattering Tongue hadst almost betray'd me; but now I defy thee. Go to thy Wife and Children.

Wor.

Wor. Furies and Fire, I shall run distracted.

Ara. Friend, swear not at all.

Wor. What canting Coxcomb's this, that dares usurp my Right?

Ara. Thou may'st bluster as much as thou pleasest! but I tell unto thee, this Woman is Bone of my Bone, and Flesh of my Flesh.

Dor. Thou hast said the Truth, and nothing but the Truth; I say again and again, be gone to thy own Wife.

Ara. Ay, go unto thy Wife.

Wor. *Roverwell*, Sir *Charles*, *Belinda*, must I bear all this? Let me but keep my Senses!

Bel. I am surpriz'd at you!

Rov. Behold, the Letters you receiv'd were written by *Arabella*: See here, her very Hand.

Ara. Friend, listen not to them, they are Deceivers; let us depart from amongst them.

Sir Cha. Look'e, young Fellow, none of your impertinent Cant here: This Lady shall not stir till we have undeceiv'd her.

Rov. And when we have done that, good Sir, you may troop to the *Bull* and *Mouth* again, without this She-Friend's Money.

Dor. What Power hast thou to hinder our departing hence?

Ara. Ay Friend, tell us that.

Rov. How can you be so cruel to a Man, whose Life's sole Happiness is plac'd in you?

Dor. How can I be cruel enough to one, who would have for ever made me miserable?

Wor. Oh! wou'd you but hear me justify myself, I soon wou'd answer all this villainous Forgery, and clear my wounded Innocence and Honour.

Ara. Friend, hear him not, he hath a vile deluding Tongue.

Sir Cha. Hark'e, young Fellow, I have something to tell you.

Ara. Friend, I have nothing to say to thee; therefore touch me not, I say.

Dor.

Dor. Pray use no Rudeness, but let us be gone quietly.

Sir Cha. No struggling, good, sweet, diminutive Coxcomb; if thou dost, I shall use the carnal Weapon upon thee.

Ara. Be gone, Fellow.

[*In struggling her Hat and Wig fall off.*]

Bel. How! *Arabella!*—Then the Plot's discover'd!

Dor. (*Sbrieks.*) How's this! my holy Brother in the Spirit, turn'd to an arrant Sister in the Flesh!

Wor. Ha!—my old Friend, this was a well-acted Tragi-Comedy.

Dor. I am in so much Confusion and Surprize, I know not what to say,

Ara. Now, Sir, I suppose you'll let me go; I have no more Business here.

Sir Cha. This Discovery will make me hold you faster than before.

Rov. Ay, Madam, there's no retreating now; we'll be even with you for all your Usage.

Dor. Friend *Worthy*, canst thou forgive me, and once more take my Hand?

Wor. Can I live! not without thee I'm sure! Oh had you but once o'erlook'd these Lines, how had you sav'd me all this wild Distraction!

Sir Cha. Look'e, Madam, no struggling, you are now my Prisoner; I shall not release you but upon very advantageous Terms to myself.

Bel. Those Terms, *Sir Charles*, let me have Leave to make. I know the Gentlewoman's Mind so well, that I dare give you her Hand.

Ara. Upon what Account, *Belinda*?

Bel. Why, upon the Account of being my Lady *Pleasant*. Prithee don't put on a dissembling Look; consent forthwith, or you shall die a Maid. But first I'll reconcile you to this Couple.

Dor. I forgive thee, Sister, what Excess of Passion moved thee to; but if thou valuest me, accept of the Man *Pleasant* for thy Husband.

Ara. I am a little confounded; let me retire till I have recovered myself, I'll wait on you again. [*Is going.*]

Dor,

64 *The Fair Quaker of Deal: Or,*

Dor. Stay, Sister Husband, that would'st have been : one serious Word before thou goest.

Ara. Ay, and two merry ones if you please.

Dor. If I had taken thee Hand in Hand to the Steeple-house Yoke-Maker, would'st thou have had the Impudence to have said after him ; I, a false Brother *Ananias*, take thee a true Sister *Dorcas*, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish ? — Thou love and cherish me ! when thou knowest thyself a Woman, and hadst it not in thee, naughty Creature.

Ara. No faith, Sister, I should never have push'd the Jest so far neither.

Dor. Go, go thy ways ; thou art a sad facetious Girl. [Exit Arabella.]

Rov. Follow, Sir *Charles*, follow her, never let her go beyond thy Reach, till thou hast her safe ; and we'll all go along with thee, to be ready for Auxiliaries upon Occasion.

Bel. Well, I'll take care the Breeches shall be delivered Sir *Charles* ; this shall be the last Hour of your wearing those masculine Trophies of Tyranny.

[Exeunt all but Worthy and Dorcas.]

Dor. Well, this malicious Sister of ours had a strange Plot against us ; but I hope, kind *Worthy*, thou canst heartily forgive her.

Wor. Ay, and thank the very Hand that snatch'd thee from me, because it brings me the transporting Joys of this blest Restauration.

Enter Flip, pulling in Mizen, who holds Jenny Private in his other Hand, dress'd like a Quaker, exactly like Dorcas.

Flip. Now Pox on thee, come forwards with thy fair Spouse ; as thou hast snapt his rich Galleon, and got the Ten Thousand Pound Cargo, never be asham'd of thy good Fortune, but bear up full Sail to him, and lay him athwart with her.

Miz. By my Bowspit, and so I will. Oh the sweet Pleasure of the Mortification I shall give him — Come forward.

forward Sweeting. [*Entering with her farther upon the Stage*] My dear Brother *Worthy*, thou seest I have made bold. We have sign'd and seal'd, noble Captain.

Wor. I see you have.

Flip. Ay, *Bully Tar*, they are twin'd together as strong as a First-rate Cable.

Miz. Ha! ——— What's yonder! [*Spying the true Dorcas.*] Is that beautiful Quaker a Relation of thine?

Jen. Yea, my dear Sister and Friend, I greet thee lovingly.

Dor. My Sister! pray who art thou?

Jen. In my single Estate I was called *Dorcas Zeal*; but in my Wedlock Bonds my Name is *Dorcas Mizen*.

Dor. *Dorcas* and *Zeal*! ——— Who gave thee those Names!

Jen. None of the vain Ceremonies of Godfathers and Godmothers; no verily, it is a Name I borrow'd to myself, to make this dear Man happy in a Yoke-Mate.

Miz. Borrow'd! in the Name of *Lucifer*.

Dor. Nay, in my Cloathing too! my very Likeness.

Wor. I wish you Joy, my happy Rival!

Flip. Ay, Joy, Sir, Joy in your Ten Thousand Pound Quaker.

Miz. Ten Thousand Torments! Joy! never was Man so cheated, so betray'd and ruin'd ——— Spouse, Monster, Fury, *Jezabel*, who art thou?

Jen. Shall I answer thee in the Language of the Sanctify'd?

Miz. No, answer me in thine own infernal Dialect; and tell me Friend, whence camest thou?

Jen. From *London*, an't shall please you.

Miz. A Woman of the Town, I suppose; a walking Night-Bird, in or about *Drury-Lane* Wards.

Jen. Yes truly, one of that cloudy Generation. But Heavens be thank'd, those dark Days are over with me, I shall shine out a Captain's Lady now.

Miz. Shine out a Firebrand, Brimstone and Smoke! Whore, a common Strumpet!

Flip.

Flip. O fy Brother *Mizen*, no more hard Words, but take her to thy Bosom.

Miz. Take her to the Devil.

Flip. I tell thee, *Mizen*, thou couldst not have pick'd out a Wife so fit for thee, out of a whole Regiment of Doxies: Does she not own herself a Piece of brittle Ware? and will so sweetly set off thy Cabbin with the rest of thy China!

Wor. Ay, *Mizen*, take the Commodore's good Counsel, and bear it all with Patience; thou art as quarrelsome as a Game-Cock at a Looking-glass, and with as little Reason for thy Passion.

Miz. Not Reason for my Passion, when I'm ty'd to such a Limb of Hell!

Wor. No, not when thou hast deserved to be so ty'd!

Miz. Deserved!

Wor. Ay, Sir, deserved. Didst not thou know my Claim to this fair Creature? And with thy treacherous Designs to play so poor a Game, to invade my sacred Right? Art thou not justly punish'd?

Dor. Yea, naughty Man, thou hast thy just Reward.

Miz. Ay, noble *Worthy*, I own myself a Villain, and the Hand of Heaven has reach'd me for't.

Flip. Hang thee, who pities thee? You wanted a Ten Thousand Pounder, and must set up downright Buccaneer, and pirate for a Wife; no Prize but *Worthy's Dorcas*! now I have married a Girl —

Wor. Thou married!

Flip. Ay, this very Morning. But my Fubbs-Yacht pretends to no Thousands; a Pox of Portions, I have Yellow-Boys enow (Thanks to a Harvest in her Majesty's Service) to make the White and Red in the fair Cheeks of an honest smiling Bedfellow look lovely, with neither Paint nor Patch.

Wor. Where is this White and Red, with neither Paint nor Patch? Troth, *Flip*, thou keep'st thy rustick Humour still; to have taken a young Bride, and be seen thus long out of her Company, on the very Nuptial Morning, is not over modish, let me tell you.

Flip.

Flip. Hang Ceremonies. Look you, Sir, the Wench I have taken is a plain Country Pinnace, with no gay Gildings, either at Poop or Stern; but her plain Trim so neat, that at first Sight, as she sail'd by me, a Puff of Love sprung up so brisk a Gale, that I immediately tack'd round, and boarded her.

Wor. That is to say you wedded her.

Flip. Right, Sir; and when the Jobb was done, I was oblig'd to put her in a little more modish Rigging fit for the She-Mate of a Commodore; my Landlady and she are gone together to the Milliner's and the Sempstress's, and so forth——but I expect 'em——see here they are! Oh my sweet Spouse!

Enter Jiltup and Cribidge.

Wor. Joy, happy Sir.

Miz. The like to you, fair Bride!

Jilt. I thank you, Gentlemen and Ladies: Thanks to the whole fair Company. Ha! —— my sweet Cousin here! dear *Jenny* —— [*Embracing her.*]

Flip. Her Cousin, say you!

Jilt. Ay, my best Dear, tho' I have the Honour to be a Commodore's Lady, I must not grow proud, and forget my old Friends and Acquaintance. This young Lady and I were bred up Play-fellows together.

Flip. Not at her Game, I hope.

Jilt. Oh! yes, Sir; we were two such Intimates, two such sworn Friends, that our Delights, our Joys, our very Lives were all wound up together.

Flip. Where, where, my pretty Lady-Bird, was thy Acquaintance with that Play-fellow?

Jilt. At London, Sir.

Flip. What Part of London?

Jilt. The Neighbourhood of Covent-Garden.

Flip. Sink and Sodom!

Jilt. Both Lodgers in one House: Nay, and when either of us had Room for a She-Bedfellow, we were those loving Fools, we always slept together.

Flip. Oh ——

Jilt.

Jilt. This frank Confession is, I hope, my Virtue, not my Fault : I have liv'd in a bad World, and play'd the Hypocrite so long. that I am now quite weary on't; besides, you're a plain-dealing honest Gentleman, and 'twould be barbarous to tell you Lyes upon your Wedding Day. You frankly married me for better for worse, perform your Vow then, and take me as you find me.

Flip. Take a Succubus ;—— Diseases, Poxes, Leprosy ! Oh Fool ! Sot ! Dotard, Lunatick !—— Death ! I'll run mad ; turn the Muzzle of a Gun down in the Powder-Room, and blow myself up to the Devil.

Wor. Hold, *Flip*, no Treason !—— Blow up her Majesty's Ship !

Flip. Blow the World up !

Miz. Ay, Brother Sufferer, married to two such Miscreants, so harden'd in their Shame, they make it even their Glory to proclaim it.—— Oh *Worthy*, if thou bearest a human Soul, as basely as I plotted to betray thee, even thou thyself must pity me.

Wor. I do pity thee, pity both of you ; and to prove I do so, what will you say to me, if I release you, knock off your Chains, and free you both from Slavery ?

Miz. What will we say !—— We'll kneel to thee.

Flip. Worship thee.

Miz. Thou shalt command our Lives, we'll fight for thee.

Flip. Hang for thee.

Miz. Drown for thee. [*Kneeling.*

Wor. No more of this romantick Stuff. What will you do for these poor Creatures ?

Flip. Do for 'em !—— Why, Friend, I'll give a Leg or an Arm for Composition.

Wor. A Leg or an Arm !—— A Haunch of common Swine's Flesh would do them twice the Service. What Bread will you give 'em, to take them off from their lewd Lives, and make two honest Women of 'em ?

Flip. Troth I'll give my Boatswain's Pay, settled for Life upon her.

Wor.

Wor. That shall satisfy. Say, Girl, art thou contented?

Filt. So well contented, Sir, that on my Knees I'll thank you.

Flip. Say'st thou so, Girl? then Faith I'll throw thee in one twenty Brace of Pounds to rig an honest House up of thy own, and roost no more in Whores Nests.

Wor. Well, sign this Parchment, which entitles her to Fifty Pounds a Year for Life, and I'll release you. — And what says *Mizen*?

Miz. Faith, I'll treat my *Jenny* (*pulls out a large rich Purse*) with this Purse of Gold, the weighty Stowage of a fair hundred Guineas, and give her the same Settlement into the Bargain.

Wor. Come, come, sign, sign then. — Now Gentlemen, in order to your Deliverance, first I must tell you both, these sweet Wedlock-Nooses were my handy Work, your Friend and Servant *Worthy*, the head Match-maker.

Flip and Miz. Thou!

Wor. Not to ruin you, but reform you! And now for a safe Cure to all Fears and Dangers, the Reverend Man in Black that link'd you both, was only an honest Tar, your good Friend *Cribidge* in pious Masquerade; and since there has been neither lawful Matrimony nor Consummation, the Knot will soon be loosed.

Crib. You see, noble Captain, I'm ready to serve you in all Capacities.

Flip. I thought indeed the Canonical Rascal had a hanging Look, somewhat like my Lieutenant.

Miz. Ay, hang him Rogue, a Halter would better become his Neck for a Collar, than a Surcingle his whoreson Hide for a Girdle.

Wor. No Murmurs, thou know'st how thou deserv'st it.

Miz. Touch my past Shame no more, I'm a true Penitent.

Wor. And for thee, *Flip*, I knew thee such a Rake, that the least mad drunken Fit would run thee headlong into irrevocable Shame and Ruin; and therefore, even for thy mere Preservation, I put this innocent Cheat upon

upon thee, only to stand a warning Sea-mark to thee, against all future Shipwrecks on this Quick-Sand.

Flip. By *Neptune*, and by *Mars*, you are a brave Fellow.

Wor. And, Gentlemen, to sign your full Redemption, these Ladies shall seal Articles of Release.

Jilt. The strongest you can ask, or Law can bind ; and since you have provided so handsomely for us, we are resolv'd to change our Course of Lives, and live honestly for the future. What thousand of wretched Creatures, like ourselves, would willingly —

*The Follies of their ill-spent Lives recal,
Turn, and live honest, could they live at all.*

Jen. Yes, Female Frailty first made 'em Sinners, but from Necessity they live and die so.

*To their dark Cells and Midnight Revels led,
Not from their Thirst to Man, but Hunger for his
Bread.*

Wor. Well, tho' I have made your Purfes smart a little, you see I have made you do some good in your Generation, put a helping Hand to two poor Sinners Conversion.

Flip. Ay, and my own Conversion too. Henceforward I'll keep such honest Fellows as thee Company, cast off my old dull rascally Conversation, and learn good Sense and Manners.

Mix. Nay, dear *Worthy*, take one new Convert more ; for from this Hour I'll play the effeminate Fool no more, but bear the Face of a Man like thee, strip my Fop-Cabbin of all my *China* Baubles, Toys for Girls, and shew myself a true Hero for my glorious Queen.

Wor. Nay now, dear Gentlemen, you'll make me proud of this Day's happy Work.

Enter

Enter Sir Charles, and Arabella in her own Dress, Rowewell and Belinda.

Wor. Well, dear Sir Charles, how stand the Affairs of Love?

Sir Cha. Faith, very well: Generous Arabella has hung out her white Flag, and given her Promise she'll seal the speedy Articles of Surrender.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, we shall see you shine a Conqueror.

Sir Cha. When this fair Hand has crown'd me one.

Ara. Yes, *Worthy*, no more of my wild Airs, no more mad Frolicks; as I have study'd to plague thee, I'll play a soberer Part, and study now (*Giving her Hand to Sir Charles*)

Sir Cha. To bless the happiest of Mankind.

Wor. But what says *Rowewell*?

Row. What I am proud to say; *Belinda's* kind at last, and crowns my Love.

Belind. Yes, *Worthy*, I have at last play'd the true Woman, not always able to hold out invincible.

Wor. Well, Ladies, since the whole Preliminaries of the soft Peace of Love are all adjusted, what if, according to old laudable Custom, we have a little Musick and a Dance.

Sir Cha. Nothing more *a propos*.

Row. Madam, you are my Partner.

Dor. Oh, fie, Friend *Rowewell*, the Females of our Congregation, think it Vanity of Vanities

Row. Yes, in the Country they may do't; but your London Friends have all the Gayety imaginable; they sing, they dance, wear Patches, and keep visiting Days.

Dor. Well, rather than spoil your Mirth, I will walk about.

A D A N C E.

After the Country Dance, enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Cockswain and Boats Crew, hearing you had got the Musick, desire they may present you with a little of their Agility.

A D A N C E of Sailors.

Dor. Well, dear *Worthy*, since I have heard the affected Sanctity and friendly Cant, not only from my Sister *Arabella*, but even from that carnal Vessel of Pollution ; to make our Marriage-yoke more chearful still, from this bless'd Hour I'll join thy holy Worship.

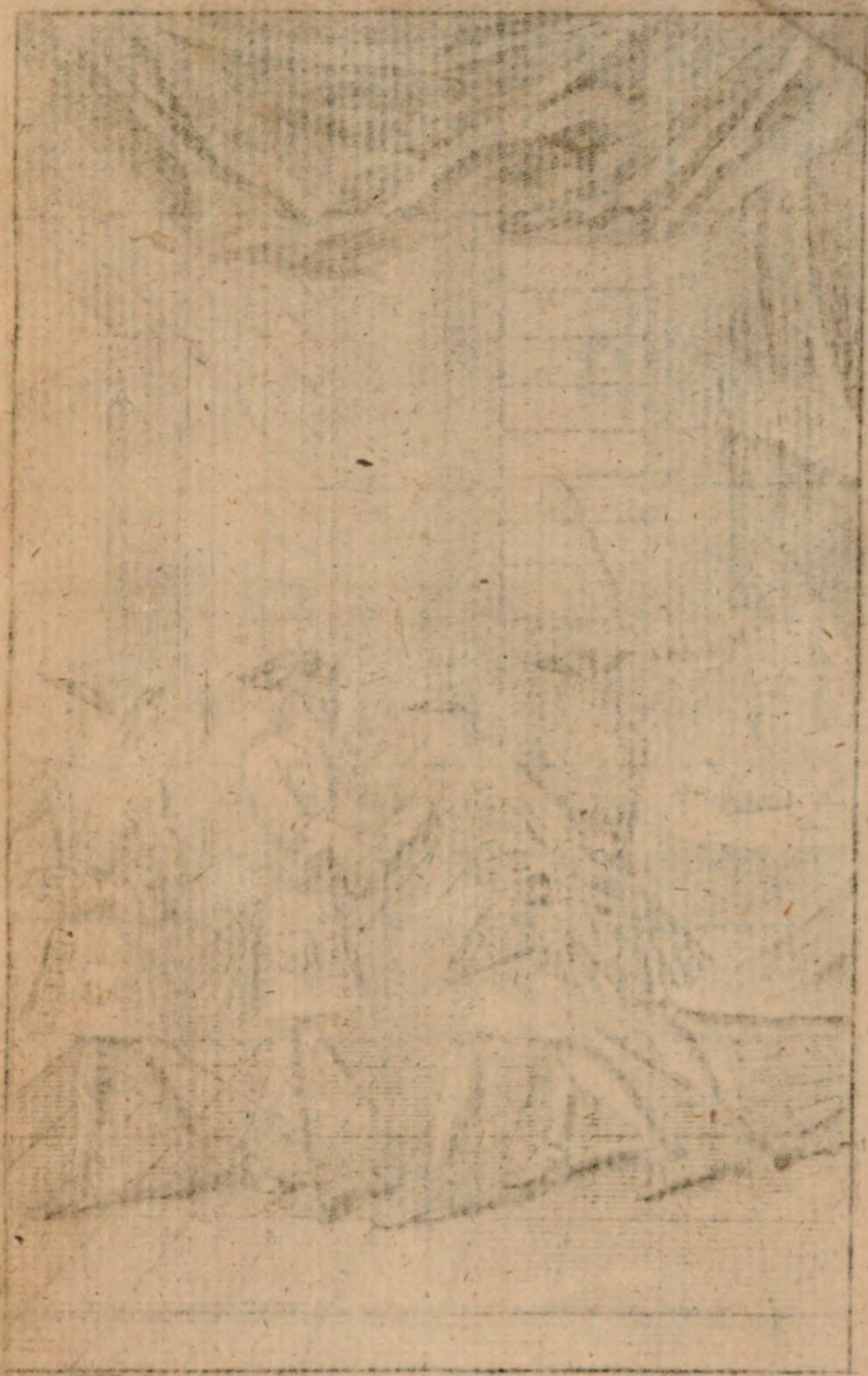
Wor. Now I have all my utmost Wish could ask.

Miz. Hold, *Worthy*, do not boast too proud a Triumph in making this fair Profelyte. *Flip* and I have there outdone you, you have only made a Sister Convert from one Faith to another, but we have converted a fair Brace of Infidels, a Work of Reformation far beyond you.

Wor. Ay, there you have outdone me : And I think, Gentlemen, you have set a good Example for the World in general to follow :

“ Oh ! what a happy Change this Age wou'd find,
 “ In all the looser Part of Womankind,
 “ Wou'd all their Cullies do as you have done,
 “ And every Fool, like you, reform but one.”

F I N I S.



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P. LaVergne del.

M. F. Gache scul.

THE
GAMESTER;

A
COMEDY:

As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by Mrs. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

The FIFTH EDITION.



L O N D O N,
Printed for T. LOWNDES, W. BATHOE, and
R. HORSFIELD.

MDCCLXVII.

PROLOGUE.

Written by N. ROWE, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

*I F humble Wives that drag the Marriage Chain
With cursed dogged Husbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
They may, at least, for Alimony sue.
Now, we resolve to make the Case our own,
Between the Plaintiff-Stage, and the Defendant-Town.
When first you took us from our Father's House,
And lovingly our Interest did espouse;
You kept us fine, caress'd, and lodg'd us here,
And Honey-Moon held out above Three Year;
At length, for Pleasures known do seldom last,
Frequent Enjoyments pall'd your sprightly Taste;
And though at first you did not quite neglect,
We found your Love was dwindled to Respect;
Sometimes, indeed, as in your Way it fell,
You stopp'd, and call'd to see if we were well.
Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched Place you shun,
Like bad Wine, Business, Duels, or a Dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's Race?
Been often pregnant with your Wit's Embrace?
And borne you many chopping Babes of Grace?
Some ugly Toads we had, and that's the Curse,
They were so like you that they far'd the worse;
For this To-night we are not much in Pain,
Look on't, and, if you like it, Entertain;
If all the Midwife says of it be true,
There are some Features, too, like some of you;
For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
We mean to run away, and let the Parish take it.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir <i>Thomas Valere</i> , Father to <i>Valere</i> , the Gamester,	}	Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
<i>Dorante</i> , his Brother, in Love with <i>Angelica</i> ,		Mr. <i>Corey</i> .
Young <i>Valere</i> , a Gentleman much in Love with <i>Angelica</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
Mr. <i>Lovewell</i> , in Love with Lady <i>Wealthy</i> ,		Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
Marquis of <i>Hazard</i> , a supposed <i>French</i> Marquis,	}	Mr. <i>Fieldhouse</i> .
<i>Hector</i> , Valet to <i>Valere</i> ,		Mr. <i>Pack</i> .
Mr. <i>Galoon</i> , a Taylor,		Mr. <i>Smeaton</i> .
Count <i>Cogdie</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Dickens</i> .
1st Gentleman,		Mr. <i>Weller</i> .
2d Gentleman,		Mr. <i>Knap</i> .
Boxkeeper,		Mr. <i>Francis Lee</i> .

W O M E N.

Lady <i>Wealthy</i> , a very vain coquet- tish Widow, very rich, Sister to <i>Angelica</i> ,	}	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Angelica</i> , in Love with <i>Valere</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Betty</i> , Woman to Lady <i>Wealthy</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Parsons</i> .
<i>Favourite</i> , Woman to <i>Angelica</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Hunt</i> .
Mrs. <i>Security</i> , one that lends Money upon Pawns,	}	Mrs. <i>Wallis</i> .
Mrs. <i>Topknot</i> , a Milaner,		Mrs. <i>Fieldhouse</i> .



THE GAMESTER.

ACT I.

The Curtain draws up, and discovers Hector in an Elbow-Chair, just waking, yawning.

Hector.  LESS me! 'Tis broad Day-light; who the Devil would serve a GAMESTER! 'Tis a cursed Life, this that I lead. O, my dear Bed, how seldom do I visit thee! When shall I be lapt in the Fold of thy Embraces, and snore forth my Thanks? I, that could enjoy thee Four and Twenty Hours together, am grown a perfect Stranger to thy Charms. O! my precious Master! Now, Ten to One, will he come home with an empty Pocket; and then will he be confoundedly out of Humour: Then shan't I dare ask him for any Dinner. Thus am I robb'd of the two chiefest Pleasures of my Life, *Eating and Sleeping.*

Enter Mrs. Favourite.

Fav. Good-morrow, Monsieur *Hector*: Where is your sweet Master?

Hect. Asleep.

Fav. I must see him.

Hect. My Master sees no Body when he's asleep.

Fav. I must speak with him.

Hect. Indeed, sweet Mrs. *Favourite*, but you cannot.

Fav. P'shaw, I tell you I must, and will speak with him.

Hect. With who, Child?

Fav. With who? Why, with *Valere*.

Hect. Hearn'e, would you speak with my Master in *propria Personâ*, or with his Picture?

3 The G A M E S T E R.

Fav. Leave Fooling, for I come not upon so merry a Message as you imagine.

Hecl. Why then, to be serious, my Master is not come in: He's a Man of Business, Child, and neglects his Ease to follow that.

Fav. Yes, yes, I guess the Business; he is at shaking his Elbows over a Table, saying his Prayers backwards, courting the Dice like a Mistress, and cursing them when he is disappointed. Between you and I, *Angelica* knows his Extravagance; and finding he breaks all the Oaths he made against Play, resolves to see him no more.

Hecl. If he has lost his Money, this News will break his Heart.

Fav. Tell him, that I say he has deceiv'd more Women than he has play'd Games at Hazard; and —

Hecl. You say — Ay, I find *Dorante*, my Master's Uncle, has given you a retaining Fee: What should she do with that old Fellow?

Fav. Oh! He's a Lover ripe with Discretion.

Hecl. Ay, but Women generally love green Fruit best: besides, my Master's handsome.

Fav. He handsome! Behold his Picture just as he'll appear this Morning, with Arms across, down-cast Eyes, no Powder in his Perriwig, a Steenkirk tuck'd in to hide the Dirt, Sword-knot untied, no Gloves, and Hands and Face as dirty as a Tinker. This is the very Figure of your beautiful Master.

Hecl. The Jade has hit it.

Fav. And Pocket as empty as a *Capuchin's*.

Hecl. Hold, hold, this is Spite, mere Spite and burning Envy.

Fav. Ay, 'tis no Matter for that; I'll take care he shan't deceive my Mistress: For she that marries a Gamester that plays upon the Square, as the Fool your Master does, can expect Nothing but an Alms-House for a Jointure. Once more I tell you, that *Dorante* has both Reason and *Favourite* of his Side.

Hecl. And we have Love on our Side; and Love never fails to conquer Reason: For your Part, you are like the *Swiss*, take any Side for Pay.

Fav. Is not *Valere* ashamed, the only Son of such a Family, to leave his Father's House, and sneak up and down in Lodgings.

Hecl.

Hect. You're mistaken, Mrs. *Favourite*; he did not leave his Father's House: But his Father, who is as obstinate as the Devil, and as ill-natur'd as a *Dutchman*, turn'd him out.

Fav. He was a dutiful Child, in the mean Time. Well, you may take my Word, he will have small Welcome at our House: I shall let my Lady know he is a Gaming; so, sweet Mr. *Hector*, adieu. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Farewell, Mrs. *Frippery*; I am glad I know my Master's Enemy, however. Oh! here he comes.

Enter Valere, in Disorder.

Val. Sirrah, what's a Clock?

Hect. It is—in Troth, Sir, I have been up so long I have forgot.

Val. Away, I am weary of your Fooleries. My Night-Gown, quick, quick. The Devil, the Devil.

Hect. Ah! I find whereabouts he is, he swears between his Teeth.

Val. So, hey! What, must I wait all Day? My Gown here! [*Valere still walks about, and Hector still following him with the Gown.*]

Hect. 'Tis ready, Sir.

Val. What a Dog am I? I know I have no Luck, yet can't forbear playing. Oh, Fortune, Fortune! But why do I exclaim against her? I'll be even with her, I warrant her; she has made me lose, but I defy her to make me pay, for the Devil a Souse have I.

Hect. Sir, Sir, please to put on your Gown, Sir.

Val. Get you to Bed, you Dog, and don't trouble me.

Hect. With all my Heart, Sir. [*Exit.*]

[*Valere sits down in the Arm'd Chair.*]

Val. I think I am sleepy. Death! 'Tis impossible to sleep; (*rises,*) for I can no sooner shut my Eyes, but methinks my evil Genius flings Am's Ace before me. Why, *Hector*, Sirrah; that Rogue sleeps happy: Why, *Hector*.

Hect. Sir—[*From the Bottom of the Stage, unbutton'd.*]

Val. Sir—you Sot, are you never tir'd with sleeping?

Hect. Tir'd—Why, Sir, I han't had Time to unbutton my Coat yet.

Val. Was any Body here to ask for me?

Heet. Yes, Sir, here was your Musick-Master, and your Dancing-Master.

Val. Ay, they want their Quarteridge, I suppose.

Heet. They'll call again, Sir.

Val. Then I'm not at home, Sir.

Heet. Oh! I know that, Sir. But, Sir, here was a kind of a — kind of a shabby-look'd Fellow — He said his Name was *Cogdie*: He'll call again, too.

Val. I know him not. None else?

Heet. Yes, Sir, a Back-Friend of yours. Sir, may I be so bold as to ask you one Question? Do you love the charming *Angelica*?

Val. Love her! I adore her!

Heet. Ah! That's an ill Sign. Now do I know he has not a Penny in his Pocket. Ah, Sir, your Fob, like a Barometer, shews the Temper of your Heart, as that does the Weather.

Val. Don't you imagine, whatever Passion I have for Play, that I have Power to forget that amiable Creature!

Heet. Ah, Sir, but if that amiable Creature should have banish'd you——

Val. Impossible!

Heet. Talk not of Impossibilities, good Sir, for pert Mrs. *Favourite* is just gone; who, I find, hates you, and swears her Lady has declared for your Uncle. Ah, Sir—what she says is not altogether false; (*shaking his Head,*) for notwithstanding you have sworn heartily to *Angelica* never to play again, you do throw away a merry Main; or see, Sir—

Val. Cease your Impertinence; I give you Leave to jest upon my Losses, but my Mistress touches my Heart, Sirrah.

Heet. (*Aside.*) Ah! Love's Fever is always highest when the Cash is at an Ebb. But, Sir, be not cast down, I have heard them say, a new Passion is the only Thing to cure an old one. There's the charming Widow of my Lord *Wealthy*, her Sister, richer than *Angelica*—Ah, Sir! Had you but made your Addresses there.

Val. There! she is the only Woman I would avoid. She's a Coquet of the first Rate; addresses all, and cares for none. How did she tyrannize over my Friend *Love-well* before she married my Lord, though he is a Gentleman

Gentleman without Exception? and now she's playing the same Game over again; for the good-natur'd Fellow is in Love still.

Heñ. Truly, Sir, I believe the *French* Marquis will carry it.

Val. No, he's too much of her Temper. Heark! Who's there?

Heñ. A Dun, I warrant.

Val. I am not within, Sirrah.

Heñ. Oh, Sir! Your Father.

Val. Ah! That's worfe; now will he rail as heartily against *Gaming*, as the *Fanaticks* against *Plays*.

Enter Sir Thomas Valere.

Sir Tho. What, what are you up? This is not a *Gamester's* Hour; or have you not been in Bed all Night? That's most likely.

Heñ. (*Aside.*) He's the Devil of a Gueſſer. Indeed my Master keeps as early Hours as any Man, I'll ſay that for him.

Sir Tho. Hold your Tongue, Sirrah, or I ſhall break your Head; your Freedom will not paſs on me.

Heñ. Your moſt humble Servant, Sir; I've done, Sir, I've done.

Sir Tho. I am come to make the laſt Tryal of you, Sir. Your Courſe of Life is ſo very ſcandalous, that unleſs I ſee a ſpeedy and ſincere Reformation, I have reſolv'd to diſinherit you; then try if what has ruin'd you, will maintain you: But, do you hear, quit the Name of your Anceſtors, who never yet produc'd ſuch a Profligate. The Eſtate has not been reſerv'd ſo long in the Family to be thrown away at Hazard.

Heñ. Short and pithy: We are in a hopeful Way.

[*Aside.*

Val. Sir, I have been revolving in my Mind all my Acts of Folly, and am aſham'd that I harbour'd them ſo long, and now am arm'd with manly Reſolutions; forgive my paſt Faults, and try my future Conduct.

Sir Tho. If I could believe thee real, my Joys would be compleat.

Heñ. Ah! I ſmoak the Deſign; a little Money is wanting.

[*Aside.*

Val. My cruel Uncle, who never was a Friend to you, now endeavours to supplant me in *Angelica's* Heart; you know I live but in her.

Sir Tho. I know your Love, and the only thing I like in you: She's a virtuous Lady, and her Fortune's large; 'tis base, and most unfit my Brother's Years, to become your Rival.

Heet. Ah, Sir, if my Master loses her, I dare swear it will break his Heart. In my Conscience, I believe it is Love keeps him awake, and puts Gaming into his Head.

Sir Tho. Well, Son, if you obtain her, I'll forgive your Fault, and pay your Debts once more.

Val. Sir, I don't doubt it; but I'm a little out of Money at present.

Heet. Humph!

Val. Money, Sir, is an Ingredient absolutely necessary in a Lover: A hundred Guineas would accomplish my Design.

Heet. As I guess'd.

Sir Tho. At your old Trick, again—No, no; I have been too often couzen'd with your fair Promises.

Val. Try me this Time; lend me but Fifty.

Sir Tho. No.

Val. Twenty.

Sir Tho. No.

Val. Ten.

Sir Tho. No.

Heet. Hard-hearted Jew. [Aside.]

Val. Five, Sir; for I can't go without some Money.

Sir Tho. Not a Souse from me.

Heet. One, Sir, that we may dine; for I am sure my Master has not got a Groat, by his Humility.

Sir Tho. No; if you are hungry, go sling a merry Main for your Dinner.

Heet. Ah, Sir, I never was so well bred: Besides, I hate trusting to Chance for my Food.

Sir Tho. I admire you have liv'd so long with your Master, then. Look ye, *Valere*, get you to *Angelica*; out with your Uncle, and you shan't want Money. In the mean Time, Sirrah, do you get me a List of his Debts.

Heet.

Hect. Yes, Sir.—There's some Hopes I may come in for my Wages. [*Aside.*]

Val. Sir, I obey you in every thing — and fly to *Angelica*. Heark ye, Rascal, get me some Money, or I will cut your Ears off. (*Aside to Hector.*) [*Exit.*]

Hect. Money! Mercy on me; where shall I get it? Well, I think I am bewitch'd to him. [*Exit.*]

Sir Tho. If I can but reclaim my Child, and match him to *Angelica*, I shall date the happiest Part of my Life from this Moment.

Enter Cogdie.

Cog. Sir, your most humble Servant; is not your Name *Valere*?

Sir Tho. It is, Sir.

Cog. Sir, I come to offer you my best Service.

Sir Tho. In what, pray Sir?

Cog. Sir, I am Master of all Sorts of Games, and live by that noble Art. My Name is *Cogdie*, call'd by some Count *Cogdie*.

Sir Tho. He takes me for my Son! I'll humour it, and hear what the Rogue has to say. (*Aside.*) Well, Sir, what then?

Cog. Hearing of your ill Fortune at Play, I came, out of pure Generosity, to teach you the Management of the Die.

Sir Tho. The Management of the Die! Why, is that to be taught?

Cog. O! Ay, Sir; to learn to cog a Die nicely, requires as good a Genius as the Study of the Mathematics. Now, Sir, here is your true Dice, a Man seldom gets any thing by them: Here is your false, Sir; hey, how they run. Now, Sir, those we generally call Doctors.

Sir Tho. The Consumption rather. Mercy upon me! What is our World come to! [*Aside.*]

Cog. Come, throw a Main, Sir, then I'll instruct you how to nick it; he is very dull. I tell you, Sir, in this Age, 'tis necessary that Children learn to play before they learn to read.

Sir Tho. I tell you, Sir, that I am amaz'd the Government never prefer'd you to the Pillory for your wondrous Skill.

Cog.

Cog. I find his ill Fortune has put him horribly out of Humour: I say again, that learning to play is of more Use, than *Fa, La, Mi, Sol*, or cutting a Caper.

Sir Tho. I'll *Fa, La*, Caper, you Dog; know I am his Father, and hate Gaming, and all such Rascals as you are. But stay, I'll pay you your Wages for the Care you took of my Son.

Cog. Sir, your humble Servant, Sir, not a Penny, Sir.

Sir Tho. No, Sir, a Cane.

Cog. Not in the least, Sir: I, I, I would not give you the Trouble by no means, Sir. What a Sot was I, to mistake the Father for the Son. [*Exit running.*]

Enter Hector running.

Hect. O, Sir! Undone! Undone! Undone!!

Sir Tho. Undone! when wert thou otherwise?

Hect. Ah, Sir, but my Master, my Master—

Sir Tho. What of him? Surely he was given me for a Curse.

Hect. Ah, Sir! As my Master was just stepping into *Angelica's* Lodging, so nicely drest; his Wig, I believe, had a Pound of Hair, and two Pound of Powder in it; he look'd so pretty, that had she but seen him, she must have lov'd him, tho' her Heart had been made of Brass: But just as he was stepping in——

Sir Tho. She ordered her Footman to shut the Door upon him, I suppose, hearing of his continued Extravagance.

Hect. No, no, Sir, worse than that; a slovenly filthy Fellow whipt his Sword from his Side, whilst another, as bluff as a Midnight Constable, flapt him on the Back with an Action of Forty Pounds.

Sir Tho. Ha! And did *Angelica* see it?

Hect. No, no, Sir, we being cunning, wheedled 'em to the Tavern; and 'tis but giving 'em a lusty Bottle, Sir, and I warrant we get it off for Ten Guineas.

Sir Tho. How's this, an Action of Forty Pounds got off for Ten Guineas? I suspect a Trick—Come, shew me the Way to this Tavern.

Hect. What shall I do now? Sir, I, I, I came in such Haste that I never thought to look up at the Sign.

Sir

Sir Tho. Then you are likely to carry the Money, Sirrah; Sirrah, this Sham won't take; the next Time, Rafeal, lay your Lies clofer, Rogue. (*Slaps him.*) [*Exit.*

Hect. Ah *Hector*, *Hector*! Thou art no good Plotter. Well, I draw this Comfort from it, however, I shall never dread the Gallows for Plotting.

Enter Valere.

Val. Well, I have over-heard all; I thought what your Projects would come to.

Hect. Why, Sir, the wisest Men sometimes fail; and you must own, that I study as hard as a starving Poet for your Interest: But if my Plots, like their Poetry, miscarry, 'tis no Fault of mine.

Val. You'll still be witty out of Season; but prithee what's to be done now?

Hect. Oh, Sir! Yonder goes Mrs. *Security*, who lent you once a Hundred Guineas upon your Diamond Ring that you lost at Play.

Val. I remember I gave her Fifty for the Use of it: But, however, call her in this Extremity, and bring up a Bottle of Sack with you. (*Exit Hector.*) Now for the Art of Persuasion to squeeze this old Sponge of Fifty Guineas, that may make me Master of a Thousand before Night.

Enter Hector and Mrs. Security.

Val. Mrs. *Security*, good-morrow.

Mrs. *Sec.* Mr. *Valere*, your very humble Servant.

Val. A Chair there, quickly. Mrs. *Security*, let us renew our old Acquaintance, and cement it with a Glass of Sack.

Mrs. *Sec.* Oh, dear Mr. *Valere*! I never drink in a Morning.

Val. What, not a Glass of Sack? Come, *Hector*, fill. My Service to you.

Mrs. *Sec.* Pray, young Man, give me but a little.

Val. Fill it up, I say.

Mrs. *Sec.* Oh, dear Sir! Your Health. (*Drinks half.*

Val. What, my Health by Halves? I'll not bate you a Drop.

Mrs. *Sec.* Well, I profess it will be too strong for me.

Val.

Val. *Hector*, does not *Mrs. Security* look very handsome?

Hect. Truly, Sir, I think she grows younger and younger.

Mrs. Sec. Away, you make me blush.

Hect. Ah! She'll have another Husband, I see by those roguish Eyes.

Mrs. Sec. Fie, fie, Mr. *Hector*; these Eyes have done nothing but wept since my good Husband *Zekiel Security* died; and the more, because he died suddenly. (*Weeps.*)

Hect. Suddenly! Good lack! Good lack! It e'en makes me weep to think on't.

Mrs. Sec. He died in his Vocation, just sealing a Bond.

Val. Ah! Would thou wert with him, so I had a little of thy Money. (*Aside.*) *Hector*, fill t'other Glass to *Mrs. Security* to wash away Sorrow.

Mrs. Sec. O, dear Sir, I thank you for your Civility; and you shall find me always ready to serve you.

Val. I do believe you, *Mrs. Security*, and have Occasion to try your Kindness.

Hect. Ay, my Master pitch'd upon you.

Mrs. Sec. He knows he may command me.

Val. I would borrow Fifty Guineas, *Mrs. Security*, which shall be repaid—

Mrs. Sec. I don't doubt it, Sir, in the least; for you know my Way—A Pledge—If it be not quite double the Value, I won't stand with a Friend: And it shall be as safe as my Eyes, that I assure you.

Val. Humph!

Hect. Ah, Deuce on't, here's the Sack lost.

Mrs. Sec. You have your Ring again, Mr. *Valere*: And I hope you don't mistrust me now.

Val. Mistrust you? No, no, Madam. *Hector*, fetch *Mrs. Security* a Pledge.

Hect. A Pledge, Sir? Bless me! What does he mean now? A Pen and Ink, Sir?

Val. Ay, ay, *Mrs. Security* shall have my Note.

Hect. As good as any Pledge in England.

Mrs. Sec. It may be so—But I promised good *Zekiel* to be wary of the Money he left me: Yea, and I will be very wary.

Hect. And very wicked—

Val.

Val. Refuse my Note! I scorn your Money.

Hea. I'd have you to know, my Master's Note is as good as a Banker's—sometimes, when the Dice run well. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Sec. Nay, if you are angry for my fair Dealing, good morrow to you.

Hea. O, Impudence! She calls *Cent. per Cent.* fair Dealing—Gothy Ways, but take my Curse along with thee. May some Town Sharper persuade that sanctify'd Face into Matrimony, and in one Night empty all thy Bags at Hazard.

Mrs. Sec. Your Wishes hurt not me, ill-manner'd Fellow! I'd have you to know, if I would marry again, I could have a —

Val. Nay, nay, Mistrefs, if we must have none of your Money, let's have none of your Impertinence.

Hea. Be gone, be gone, Woman, be gone. [*Pushes her off.*]

Val. Oh! Deep Reflection—would I could avoid thee? To become the Scoff of mercenary Wretches—And through my own Mismanagement, reduc'd to base Necessity. Oh, *Angelica*! I'll cast a real Penitent beneath thy Feet;

*And if once more thy Pardon I obtain,
Love in my Heart shall the sole Monarch reign.*

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT



A C T II.

Enter Angelica and Favourite.

Ang. **A**FTER all his solemn Promises to quit that scandalous Vice, when he can hold my Love upon no other Terms, does he still pursue that certain Ruin to his Fame and Fortune? But I resolve to banish him my Heart, which he has justly lost by his perfidious Dealing. I feel, I feel my Liberty return; and I charge thee, *Favourite*, speak of him no more.

Fav. No, no, Madam, fear not me; I hate him for your Sake, Madam: Was he like his Uncle; there's the Man for my Money.

Ang. Because you have a large Share of his, I suppose: Old Men must bribe high. Name neither to me, I hate Mankind. [*Exit Favourite.*]

Enter Lady Wealthy.

L. Weal. Well said, Sister; I hate Mankind too, and yet the Fellows will follow me; but who is the Man that has put you out of Conceit with the whole Sex, *Valere*?

Ang. The same; no other had every Power to shock my Quiet—Nor shall he; for this Moment I'll raze him from my Thoughts.

L. Weal. If she holds her Resolution I am happy. [*Aside.*] That Task may prove more difficult than you imagine, Sister. Come, come, this is a Flight of sudden Passion, that would fall upon the Sight of *Valere*.

Ang. You mistake, Sister, my Resentment is grounded upon Reason.

L. Weal. I know he has given you Cause enough: But Love is blind. Had a Man used me so, I should have suspected his Reality sooner.

Ang. Why, do you think he loves me not?

L. Weal. It looks with such a Face—

Ang. Why then did he take Pains to be reconciled?

L. Weal. Gallantry, mere Gallantry; and she that cannot distinguish, often mistakes it for a real Amour. Ah, *Angelica*! you are but a Novice yet, and don't understand:

derstand the *Beau Monde*. A Woman should always speak more than she thinks, and think more than she writes, or she'll ne'er be upon the Square with Men.

Ang. I shall neither write nor speak to any of 'em for the future, I assure you.

L. Weal. And do you positively think you could resist *Valere*, if he should come in this Minute?

Ang. I do, positively.

L. Weal. What, in his most moving Air? For you know he is Master of a false insinuating Tongue. Should he, I say, throw himself at your Feet in a 'Tone of Tragedy; cry, Forgive me, *Angelica*, or kill me, if you please; I'll not oppose the Blow, nor strive to save my Life by one poor Word—I love you, and only you: Does not your Soul tell you so in my Behalf? Will you not answer me?—Then rising from his Knees, Will then, says he, nothing but my Death wipe out my Fault? Give it me, then, cruel Fair; for now to live is Pain. If I have lost you, I have lost all that's worth my Care. Then offers to draw his Sword;—at Sight of which you are melted into Pity, and once again betray'd. Is not this true, *Angelica*? Ha, ha, ha.

Ang. I confess I have too often been deceiv'd—but now he shall find I am upon my Guard—and were he the only one remaining of his Sex, I would not—if I know my Heart—marry him.

L. Weal. I'm pleas'd to hear your Resolution; and doubly pleas'd to find you Mistress of your Passion—'Tis a Point of Wisdom to cashier such Follies as blind our Sense, and make our Judgment err.

Ang. 'Tis very true.

L. Weal. Believe me, Sister, I had rather see you married to Age, Avarice, or a Fool, than to *Valere*—for can there be a greater Misfortune than to marry a Gamester?

Ang. I know 'tis the high Road to Beggary.

L. Weal. And your Fortune, being all ready Money, will be thrown off with Expedition—Were it as mine is, indeed—But are you sure your Heart is disengaged?

Ang. Why, do you doubt it?

L. Weal. I have a Reason, Sister, that, when you have satisfied me, you shall know.

Ang.

Ang. Then be satisfy'd—I will never see him more—
Now the Secret.

L. Weal. Why, then, know I love him.

Ang. How! You!

L. Weal. Yes, I; where's the Wonder?

Ang. You that advis'd against the Gamester.

L. Weal. That was for your Good, Sister—Our Circumstances are different—My Estate's intail'd enough to supply his Riots, and why should I not bestow it upon the Man I like?

Ang. What, in that Mourning Weed resolv'd on Matrimony, and is your Lord forgot already—Did I take such Pains in rubbing your Temples, whilst *Favourite* apply'd the Harts-horn to your Nose, when the fainting Fits came thicker and thicker; and was it all but Affectation—And does your dead Husband's Picture, that dangles at your Watch there, serve only to put you in Mind of another?

L. Weal. And where's the Crime?—I lov'd him living as much as any Wife, or rather more; and did what Decency requir'd when he died—But being free, I'm free to chuse.

Ang. Then who so fit as *Love-well* for your Choice, whose honourable Love has long pursu'd you.

L. Weal. You are not to direct my Inclination.

Ang. Nor you mine.—*Favourite*, (*Enter Favourite*,) if *Valere* comes, I will see him—That Good you have done, Sister.

Fav. See him, Madam!

Ang. Yes, Impertinence.

} *Exeunt Ang. and Fav.*

L. Weal. Ay, see him, if thou wilt, but to little Purpose—I doubt not his Return, when once he finds Encouragement; 'tis his Awe has kept him silent; not that I care much for him neither; but it is the greatest Mortification in Nature to see a handsome Fellow make Love to another before one's Face. [*Enter Footman.*

Footm. Madam, the Marquis of Hazard to wait on your Honour.

L. Weal. Pugh, that Fool.

[*Enter Marquis.*

Marq. Hey, let my three Footmen wait with my Chair there—the Rascals have come such a high Trot—they've jolted me worse than a Hackney Coach—and
I'm

I'm in as much Disorder—as if I had not been dress'd To-day—Pardon me, Madam, I took the Liberty to adjust myself, e'er I approach'd you.

L. Weal. You are the exact Mode of Dress—but Monsieur Marquis, methinks you are grown perfect in our Tongue.

Marq. The Value I have for the *English* Ladies, made me take particular Pains in the Study—Deuce on't, I shall be discover'd, if I forget my *French* Tone—*Ah, Madam, Vous parlez François mieux que je parle l'Anglois.*

L. Weal. *Ah, Point de tout, Monsieur.*

Marq. But there's no Language like the Eyes, Madam—and Yours would set the World on Fire.

L. Weal. O, Gallant.

Marquis sings to the Widow.

IN vain you sable Weeds put on,
Clouds cannot long eclipse the Sun;
Nature has plac'd you in a Sphere,
To give us Day-light all the Year;
'Tis well for those
Of Cupid's Foes,
That your Beauties thus shrouded lie;
For when that Night
Puts on the Light,
What Crouds of martyr'd Slaves will die!

Sings to the Gamester, when he has won Money.

FAIR Celia, she is nice and coy,
While she holds the lucky Lure;
Her Repartees are Pish and Fie,
And you in vain pursue her.

Stay but till her Hand is out,
And she become your Debtor,
Address her then, and without Doubt,
You'll speed a great deal better.

It is the only Way
When she has lost at Play,
To purchase the courted Favour,
Forgive her the Score,
And offer her more,
I'll lay my Life you have her.

Marq.

Marq. I had like to have fought last Night, for asserting your Privilege of Beauty.

L. Weal. With whom, pray?

Marq. With *Valere*, whose continual Toast was your Sister; I must confess it has given me a passionate Desire of seeing her, that I may hereafter with greater Assurance maintain your Cause.

L. Weal. What! would the Fellow have me introduce him?—My Cause don't want your Sword.

Marq. She's jealous already; if my Footmen observe my Orders, she'll secure me here for Fear of losing the Prize. [*Aside.*]

L. Weal. This Fool's doubly my Aversion—now he has nam'd my Sister. Would I were rid of him.

Marq. Has your Ladyship play'd at Court this Winter?

L. Weal. In my Weeds?

Marq. I ask your Pardon, Madam, but that Beauty and Gaiety nothing can eclipse. Who can look on you, and mind your Dress?

L. Weal. That's well enough express'd—But nothing that he says can please me now.

[*Enter Footman, gives a Letter.*]

Footm. A Footman in Green, *Monsieur*, waits for an Answer. [*Exit Footman.*]

Marq. Is this a Time? Let him wait at the Chocolate-House at St. James's an Hour hence—Oh, Madam, did you know how I languish for you!

L. Weal. When did I give you leave to make a Declaration of your Love—*Monsieur*, pray, read your Letter, and give the Lady an Answer.

Marq. I confess it comes from a Lady—but if—

[*Enter another Footman.*]

Footm. My Lady *Game-well* has sent three Times for you, and will not begin to play till you come.

Marq. *Allez vous en Coquin*——Let her stay.

[*Exit Footman.*]

L. Weal. Insolence! what does the Fellow mean?

Marq. 'Tis the greatest Fatigue in Nature to hold a Correspondence with Impertinence—but your Ladyship is the Reverse of—

[*Enter another Footman.*]

Footm.

Footm. Sir, the Lady *Amorous* begs the Honour of your Company this Minute; Sir *Credulous* is just gone out of Town.

Marq. *Le diable t'emporte* — out of my Sight — Am I not engag'd!

L. Weal. Engag'd! Upon my Word you are not — What House is the Place you appoint to receive your Assignations in —

Marq. No, upon my Honour, Madam — but I presume they have searched the whole Town — and seeing my Equipage at your Door, were so audacious to send in their Messages — but I'll turn away my Footmen for this Embarrassment.

L. Weal. Pray, let not my House be distinguish'd by you, nor your Equipage, for the future — I am not to be us'd so, (*angrily.*) Now for a set and grave Face to put me (*Enter Lovewell,*) more out of Humour, if possible —

Love. You seem in Disorder, Madam —

L. Weal. Who can be otherwise, when People take Liberty beyond the Bounds of good Manners —

Love. Who dares in my Lady *Wealthy's* House?

[*Looking angrily at the Marquis.*]

Marq. Upon my Soul, Sir, she takes it quite wrong — Or she's — confoundedly jealous.

Love. Sir, I am positive that Lady cannot be in the wrong; and read it in her Looks, your Absence wou'd please her —

Marq. Sir —

Love. No Words here, Sir — If you wou'd dispute it, I'll meet you when, and where you please —

Marq. Your most humble Servant — (*In a low Voice*) You shall hear from me — Hey, hey, who's there? — My Servants — Madam, as your Ladyship said, I'm not to be us'd thus — [Exit.]

L. Weal. Monsieur — He's gone, I would not lose the Fop, neither —

Love. Gone, Madam! so you would have him, I suppose.

L. Weal. You suppose! How dare you to suppose my Thoughts — and who gave you this Privilege in my House?

House? Shortly I shall be wished Joy; for this is a Prerogative above a depending Lover.

Love. I plead no Merit; and my long successful Love assures me I have no Power—but I understood—

L. Weal. You understood! Ay, you always understand wrong, Mr. *Love-well*.

Love. I do confess I wander in the Mazes——and still pursue a Brightness which I cannot fix——To please you has been my long and only Study; witness the many Years of awful Servitude I paid your Virgin-Beauty, and the Pains I felt when I beheld you wedded to another: I could not bear the Sight, but in a cruel Banishment pass'd my unluckly Hours, till Fate in Pity set you free; but all in vain, for still my Portion is Despair.

L. Weal. Nay, if you are running into that grave Stuff—I must leave you, though in my own House—for I have got the Spleen intolerably, and cannot endure it.

Love. No Madam, I'll retire—I love too much to disobey——Only when you reflect on your admiring Slaves, think on my Fidelity. [Exit.]

L. Weal. Thou art a poor constant Fool, that's the Truth on't—and thou hast Merit too, I'll say that for thee—but we Women don't always mind that——Here comes the present Ascendant of my Heart——

Enter Valere.

Val. Ha! the Widow here—Now could I make her my Friend. Now for a serious Face—and an Heroic Stile——Madam——

L. Weal. ——Sir——

Val. My Stars shed their kindest Influence To-day, and blest me with the Opportunity of finding you alone—Pity is essential to the Fair, and ought to be extended to those that sink beneath the Rigour of their Chains.

L. Weal. 'Tis the Diversion of your Sex to complain; I believe Mr. *Valere* finds few barbarous in ours—

Val. None more unfortunate in Love than I; and though my Heart is breaking, I'm forbid to tell my Pain.

L. Weal. I hope 'tis to my Wish—It may be me he means, else why this Address? (*Aside.*)—She must be
very

very cruel, that lets you fight without Return—Is it in my Power to assist you?—

Val. Oh, Madam, All, All's in your Power—You rule my Fate—

L. Weal. Then you shall be happy—'tis so—

Val. On my Knees let me receive the Confirmation of your Promise—and seal it here—

[*Kneels and kisses her Hand.*]

Enter Angelica.

Ang. Ha! kneeling to my Sister, faithless Man!—

Val. There, Madam, there's the angry Brow, that darts Distraction to my Peace: Your Aid to clear that Storm is what I sued for—

L. Weal. Insufferable ill Breeding—

Val. Oh, *Angelica*! I cast me at your Feet.

Ang. No, back to my Sister's, there I found you.

Val. Only to intercede to you—

L. Weal. False, by my Honour, he was making violent Love—I'll tease her, however.

Val. Making Love! What does that mean?

Ang. And you receiv'd it, I suppose.

L. Weal. You interrupted me, e'er I could give my Answer.—

Val. Why, Madam, my Design, you know—

L. Weal. Yes, yes, Mr. *Valere*, I know your Design—I have not had so many fighting, dying Lovers, but I can guess the Design—

Val. But mine was—

L. Weal. Oh, fie, don't declare it here—You know my Sister has a Passion for you—and I wou'd not tyrannize—

Ang. 'Tis not in your Power—

Val. Oh, the Devil—Madam, I own 'tis an Offence to a Lady of your Beauty and Merit, to make a Declaration of Love—

L. Weal. Not at all, Sir,——when one likes the Person ——I'll ——consider on't ——but, hark'e, do not deceive my Sister too far; it may be dangerous.

Ang. 'Tis not in your Power——nor his, to deceive me; I see thro' your shallow Artifice, and despise it.

B

L. Weal.

L. Weal. Those that rely upon their own Judgment are soonest caught. Sister,—Remember, I have given you fair Warning—— [Exit.

Val. I'm in amaze——

Ang. You need not—I know my Sister's Design—but that's not my Quarrel with you—Quarrel, did I say? No, I am grown to a perfect State of Indifference—Quarrels may be reconciled—but a Man that basely breaks his Word, and forfeits Faith and Honour, is not worth our Anger, but deserves to be despis'd.

Val. I do confess I am a Wretch below your Scorn; I own my Faults, and have no Refuge but your Mercy.

Fav. In the old Strain, again—— [Aside.

Val. If you abandon me, I'm lost for ever—for you, and only you, are Mistress of my Fate.

Ang. Your daily Actions contradict your Words—and shew I have no such Power in your Heart—Did you not promise, nay, swear, you'd never game again—

Val. I did, and for the perjur'd Crime merit your endless Hate; but you, in pity, may forgive me—
Oh, *Angelica*, see at your Feet an humble Penitent kneel, who, if not by your Goodness rais'd—will grow for ever to his native Soil.

Ang. You wou'd be pardon'd only to offend again.

Val. Never, never—Here on this beauteous Hand I swear, whose Touch runs thrilling thro' my Heart—and by those lovely Eyes that dart their Fire into my Soul, never to disoblige you more.

Fav. That Oath hath done the Business, I see by her Looks. [Aside.

Ang. Rise *Valere*—I differ from my Sex in this, I would not change where once I've given my Heart, if possible—therefore resolve to make this last Trial—banish your Play for Love, and rest secur'd of mine.

Val. Oh, Transport! let me kiss those soft forgiving Lips, the Memory of whose Sweetness shall arm me against Temptation.

Fav. So; now my old Man may go hang himself. [Aside.

Val. Could you but know the anxious Pains I felt, the jealous racking Cares that prey'd upon my Soul—when I heard my Uncle was allow'd to tell his Suit—you'd then have found how dear *Valere* had priz'd you.

Ang.

Ang. What I did was to revenge your Falshood—though Love's my Witness, *Dorante's* my Aversion—and let this Present shew who 'tis that reigns triumphant in my Heart.

Val. Your Piçtura! Oh, give it me, that in the Absence of the dear Original—I may feast my Eyes on that.

Ang. But mark *Valere*, the Injunction I shall lay; whilst you keep safe this Picture, my Heart is yours—but if through Avarice, Carelessness, or Falshood, you ever part with it, you lose me from that Moment.

[Gives him the Picture.]

Val. I agree; and when I do (*kissing it*) except to yourself, may all the Curses rank'd with your Disdain, pursue me—This, when I look on't, will correct my Folly, and strike a sacred Awe upon my Actions—

Fav. 'Tis worth Two Hundred Pounds, a good Moveable, when Cash runs low. [Aside.]

Ang. Well, I am convinc'd, let a Woman make what Resolutions she will, when alone—the Sight of her Lover will break 'em.

Fav. Madam, Mr. *Dorante* is coming up.

Ang. I'll not be seen, Adieu. [Exit.]

Val. My charming Love, adieu—Take Care to welcome your Benefactor, Mrs. *Favourite*; he's a Lover ripe with Discretion, ha, ha, ha. [Enter *Dorante*.]
Your Servant Uncle, ha, ha, ha—

(*Holds up the Picture to his Nose.*) [Exit.]

Dor. This young Rake's Presence bodes me no Good, I fear. Mrs. *Favourite*, your Servant—Is your Lady to be spoke with?

Fav. I doubt not, Sir.—I don't know what she is—I'm sure I'm almost wild; our Business is all spoil'd—*Valere* is reconcil'd again.

Dor. Ah, that insinuating young Dog.

Fav. She has just now given him her Picture, set round with Diamonds.

Dor. I thought, indeed, something sparkled in my Eyes—But what's to be done?

Fav. I know not—He has promis'd her to play no more; if he keeps his Word we have no Hopes; but if he breaks it, as I doubt not but he will, Pride and Re-

venge may work her to our Ends—You may be certain, Sir, I'll let slip no Opportunity to serve you.

Dor. I do believe it—and to encourage you to believe me grateful—accept of this Ring.

Fav. Oh, dear Sir, you are too generous—I don't merit it—Pray excuse me—

Dor. Nay, I will not be deny'd.

Fav. Well, Sir, since you will have it so—I'll not fail to move your Suit—I'll do my best Endeavours, I'll assure you: Write, Sir, write, and I'll deliver the Letter—then let me alone to back it.

Dor. You must urge the Largeness of my Fortune; the Steadiness of my Temper; and withal tell her, I am not above Two and Forty—I was grey at Thirty.

Fav. I warrant you, Sir—Be sure you exclaim against your Nephew's Gaming.

Dor. Ay, ay, I'll go write it this Moment—and send it presently.

Fav. I'll be in the Way to receive it.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE changes to Sir Thomas Valere's House.

Enter Sir Thomas and Hector, with Papers.

Hect. Sir, I have brought you a compleat Account of the Debts of my Master—I think I have not forgot one Farthing; for, if I mistake not, you desired to know 'em all, Sir—

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, come, read 'em over.

Hect. That I will, Sir, in two Words—A true List of the Debts of Mr. *James Valere*, which was by him contracted within the City of *London*, and Liberty of *Westminster*, which his Father, *Sir Thomas Valere*, has promised to discharge.

Sir Tho. If I discharge them, or not, is not your Business—Go on—

Hect. 'Tis my Design, Sir. In the first Place, then, —*Item*, Due to *Richard Scrape*, Fifty-five Pounds, Nine Shillings and Ten Pence Half-penny — for Five Years Wages—and Money disburs'd for Necessaries.

Sir .

Sir Tho. *Richard Scrape*, who's he?

Hect. Your most humble Servant, Sir. (*Bows.*)

Sir Tho. You, why is not your Name *Hector*?

Hect. Ay, Sir, that is my Name *de Novo*—My Master thought *Richard* sounded too clumsy for a Gentleman's Valet, and a Gamester—So, Sir, he gave me the Name of *Hector*, from the Knave of *Diamonds*.

Sir Tho. A very pretty Name—I admire he don't call his Mistress, *Pallas*, from the Queen of *Spades*—But how came you so rich, Sirrah, to be able to lend your Master Money?

Hect. Why, when the Dice have run well, my Master would now and then tip me a Guinea, Sir.

Sir Tho. And so you supply'd him, when he wanted, with his own Money: Oh, Extravagance!

Hect. 'Tis what many an honest Gentleman is drove to sometimes, Sir.

Sir Tho. More Shame for 'em—Go on—

Hect. Secondly, Sir, here is due to *Jeremy Aaron*, Usurer by Profession, and *Jew* by Religion.

Sir Tho. Never trouble yourself about that, I shall pay no Usurer's Debts, I assure you.

Hect. Then, Sir, here's Two Hundred Guineas lost to my Lord *Lovegame*, upon Honour.

Sir Tho. That's another Debt I shall not pay.

Hect. How, not pay it, Sir!—Why, Sir, among Gentlemen, that Debt is look'd upon the most just of any: You may cheat Widows, Orphans, Tradesmen, without a Blush—but a Debt of Honour, Sir, must be paid—I could name you some Noblemen that pay no Body—yet a Debt of Honour, Sir, is as sure as their ready Money.

Sir Tho. He that makes no Conscience of wronging the Man, whose Goods have been delivered for his Use, can have no Pretence to Honour—whatever Title he may wear—But to the next.

Hect. Here is the Taylor's Bill—the Milaner's, Ho-fier's, Shoemaker's, Tavern, and Eating-House, in all Three Hundred Pounds.

Sir Tho. A fine Sum, truly.

Hect. Ah, Sir, I have not nam'd the Barber, Peruke-maker, and Perfumer, which is One Hundred Pounds more—Besides, he is in Arrears to Mademoiselle Mar-

garet de la Plant, lately arriv'd from *France*, with whom he covenanted for Four Guineas a Week.

Sir Tho. For Four Guineas a Week ; for what ?

Heet. Oh, Sir, pardon me there, I never betray the Secrets of my Master.

Sir Tho. Four Guineas a Week !

Heet. Ay, Sir, and very cheap, considering he made his Bargain in the Winter—and truly I don't know but the Woman lost by it.

Sir Tho. You don't—Take that, *Sirrah*—You shan't lose by it, however—Go, *Rascal*, pay your Whores and Debts of Honour out of that.

Heet. Ay, Sir, they'll never take this Money of me ; if you please, Sir, I'll send 'em to your Levee, and you may pay 'em yourself.

Sir Tho. *Sirrah*, I shall break your Head—Go, get you to the Rake your Master ; play, hang, or starve together, I care not—Debts, with a Pox ; *Gaming*, *Drinking*, *Wenching*, rare Debts to bring into a Court of *Chancery*—You, O Lud, O Lud, O Lud—Bring me such a Bill of Debts, *Rogue* : Mercy on me, that there can be such Impudence in the World—O, I have much ado to forbear thee—Me such a Bill of Debts— [*Exit.*

Heet. So, our Affairs go backwards, I find. *Honest Richard*, Patience, I say ; go seek thy Master out :

*Fortune may change, and give a lucky Main ;
And what undid us, set us up again.*

END of the SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

Hector *solus.*

Hect. **W**HERE can my Master be, now?—I should suspect he were at Play—but that I know he has no Money—Sure this old Dad of his will open his Purse-Strings once more, if he's reconcil'd to *Angelica*: I long to know what Success he meets with.—O, here he comes—

[Enter Valere with his Hat under his Arm, full of Money, he counting it.]

I waited on your Father, according to Order, Sir, with a List of your Debts—and the generous old Gentleman—I thank him, give me more than I expected—Heyday, he minds me not—Ah, I doubt we are all untwisted—No Hopes of *Angelica*.

Val. Five Hundred Fifty-seven Guineas and a Half.

Hect. Ha! What do I see! The Plate Fleet's arriv'd—By what Miracle fell these Galleons into our Power—I hope, Sir, since Fortune has been so kind—

Val. A Curse of ill Luck—(*Stamps.*) Had I but held in the last Hand, I should have had Three Hundred Guineas more of my Lord Duke's—besides what I betted. [Walks about.]

Hect. I am overjoy'd, Sir, at your good Fortune—But as I was saying, Sir—

Val. But hold, my Lord *Lovegame* owes me Two Hundred upon Honour: 'Tis pretty well—I have not made an ill Morning's Work on't.

Hect. There's no speaking to him—

Val. Ah! there's no Musick like the Chink of Gold—By *Jove* this Sound is sweeter in my Ear—than all the *Margare'ta's* in *Europe*—Ha! Hector, where came you from, Sirrah?

Hect. Came, Sir—Why I was here before you—But Fortune's golden Mist conceal'd me from your Sight—Sir, I congratulate your good Success—But how—

Val. Ay, 'tis Success, indeed, if thou knew'st all—
Honest *Jack Sharper* lent me *Five* Guineas, to pay him
Ten if Luck run on my Side. I have discharg'd my
Promise and brought t off a *Thousand* clear.

Hect. Huzza—Why, you're a made Man!

Val. And we meet again at Five, where I design to
win a Thousand more, Boy.

Hect. Ay, but if you should lose all back, Sir.

Val. Impossible. This is a lucky Day—*Angelica* and
I are reconcil'd—my Faults forgiven, and all my
Wishes crown'd, *Hector*— [Shewing the Picture.

Hect. Bless my Eye-sight—A Picture set with Dia-
monds—Nay, then, *Hector*, cheer up—for now the bad
Times will mend. (*Sings.*) Why now a Fig for your
Father's Kindness; you are able to pay your Debts your-
self, Sir—

Val. A Pox on thee for naming 'em—Thou hast
given me the Spleen—Pay my Debts, quotha—The
bare Word is enough to turn all my Luck.

Hect. Say you so, Sir! Is paying Debts unlucky, then?

Val. Ay, certainly; the most unlucky Thing in the
World.

Hect. Humph—I now find the Reason why Quality
hate to pay their Debts—A Deuce on't, I wish I had
known as much this Morning, I would not have paid
the Cocker for Heel-piecing my Shoes—For aught I
know it may be a Guinea out of my Way; for my
Master does not use to be so slow—Sir, now you are in
Stock, Sir, if you please to put my Wages into my
Hands—it shall be very safe in Bank against you want it.

Val. The Devil's in the Fellow—Speak one Word
more of paying Debts, Sirrah, and I'll cut your Ears
off—I shall have no Occasion to borrow—and my Fa-
ther will pay your Debt among the rest.

Hect. He won't pay a Soufe, Sir—He broke my
Head at the very Sight of the List—

Val. Ay, that was in his Passion—There's a Plaster
for that Wound— [Gives him a Guinea.

Hect. Sir, your most humble Servant—I find we
middling People are out of the Quality's Latitude—
Paying Debts are only unlucky to Gentlemen—Sir,
pray, Sir, give me Leave to offer one Thing to your
serious Consideration.

Val.

Val. I bar Debts—

Hect. Not a Word of that, Sir.

Val. Out with it, then.

Hect. That you'd lay by Five Hundred Pounds of that Money against a Rainy Day.

Val. But suppose I should have more set me than I can answer?

Hect. 'Tis but sending for it at worst, Sir.

Val. So I'll risk my Hand in the mean Time—and lose the winning of a Thousand—No, no; there's nothing like ready Money to nick Fortune.

Hect. Ah, Sir, but you know she has often jilted you; and would it not be better to have a little Pocket-money secure?—Put by Two Hundred, Sir.

Val. Well, I'll consider on't—Ha! see who knocks.

Hect. A Dun, I warrant.

Val. I have not a Farthing of Money, remember that, Sirrah—
[Puts up his Money hastily.]

Hect. Lying is a thriving Vocation.

Enter Galloon a Taylor, and Mrs. Topknot a Milliner.

Val. Ha! Good-morrow to you—Good-morrow to you, Mrs. *Topknot*. Mrs. *Topknot*, you are a great Stranger; why don't you call and see me sometimes?

Mrs. *Topk.* Indeed, Sir, I call very often—though I have not had the good Fortune to see you—for you was still asleep, or gone abroad.

Val. I am sorry it fell out so. Well, have you brought your Bill?

Mrs. *Topk.* Yes, Sir, (Gives him her Bill.) I hope you lik'd your last Linen, Sir.

Val. Very well.

Gal. Sir, I beg the Favour of you—

Hect. I must not let two fasten upon him at once—Mr. *Galloon*, a Word with you—You always make my Cloaths too little for me.

Gal. I am sorry for that.

Hect. My Breeches are Seam-rent in three or four Places.

Gal. I'll take Care—

Hect. You sew most abominably tight.

Mrs. *Topk.* We are about marrying our Daughter.

Val. I hope you have provided a good Match; for she is very handsome, Faith.

Mrs. Topk. The Girl is not despicable—The Man is very well to pass in the World; but the small Fortune we design for her must be paid down upon the Nail—Therefore, Sir, I entreat you to help me to my Money, if possible.

Val. If it was possible, I would, *Mrs. Topknot*; and am heartily sorry that it is not in my Power.

Mrs. Topk. It is a Debt of a long Standing, *Mr. Valere*; and I must not be said Nay.

Val. I know it is; but, upon Honour, I can't pay you now.

Mrs. Topk. Let me have some, if you can't pay me all——Ten Guineas, at present, would do me singular Service.

Val. May I sink, if I have seen Five these Six Months.

Hect. That he has not, to my Knowledge.

Gal. Pray, Sir, consider me, if it be never so small; my Wife is ready to lie in, and Coals are very dear, and Journeymens Wages must be paid.

Hect. Why, the Devil's in the Fellow! Would you have a Man pay what he has not?—What Business had you to get Children, without you had Cabbage enough to maintain 'em?

Val. *Hector*—No Invention? [*Aside to Hector.*]

Gal. When will you be pleas'd that I shall call again, Sir?

Val. When you please.

Gal. I'll call To-morrow, Sir.

Val. With all my Heart.

Gal. Do you think, Sir, you can let me have some, if I come?

Val. Not that I know of.

Hect. No, nor I neither—Hark ye, when he has Money, I'll bring you Word.

Mrs. Topk. Don't tell me; I won't go out of the House without Money.

Val. With all my Heart—*Hector*! No Stratagem to save me from these Leaches? [*Aside to Hector.*]

Hect. Then you must e'en lie with my Master, or me; for here are no spare Beds—Let me advise you to make
no

no Noise ; you'll have your Money sooner than you think for—Your Ear—

[*Whispers.*]

Mrs. *Topk.* To be married, say you?

Gal. And to Madam *Angelica*, the great Fortune?

Heet. The same.

Mrs. *Topk.* I wish you Joy, Sir—Pray recommend me to your Lady, for Gloves, Fans, and Ribbons.

Gal. I hope, Sir, I shall have the Honour to make your Wedding Suit.

Val. That you shall, I promise you.—The Rogue has hit on't.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. *Topk.* But will this Match be speedy, Sir?

Val. I hope so.

Gal. To-morrow, Sir?

Heet. Or next Day—but we must intreat your Absence, at present—for my Master expects his Father with the Lady's Trustees, in order to settle the Affair—and if you are seen, it may spoil the Business.

Mrs. *Topk.* Well, well, well, I go, I go.—(*Runs a little Way, and turns*) You'll put your Master in Mind of me?

Heet. Ay, ay.

Gal. And me too, pray.

Heet. I'll do your Business, I'll warrant you ; go, go, go,—begone, begone, begone,—(*Pushes 'em out.*)—There, Sir, I have brought you off once more : Here's two or three Days Respite, however.

Val. Why then there's two or three Days of Peace—for these are the most disagreeable Companions a Gentleman can meet with—I dine at the *Runner*, where you'll find me, if you want me. I promis'd to visit *Angelica* again To-night, but fear I shall break my Word.

Heet. And will you prefer Play before that charming Lady?

Val. Not before her—but I have given my Parole to some Men of Quality, and I can't in Honour disappoint 'em.

Heet. Ah ! What a Juggler's Box is this Word Honour ! It is a Kind of Knight of the Post—that will swear on either Side for Interest, I find—But, Sir, had you not better make sure Work on't ; marry the Lady

whilst she's in the Mind, lest Fortune wheel about, and throw you back again?

Val. Marry her, say'st thou?—I am not resolv'd if I shall marry, or not.

Hect. Heigh-day! Why, I thought it had been what you desir'd above all Things—But I find your Pocket and your Heart run counter.

Val. No, Sirrah; I love the charming Maid as much as ever: Love her from my Soul—But then I love Liberty

Hect. And what should hinder you from enjoying it?

Val. Ah, *Hector*, if I marry her, I must forsake my dear Diversion. (*Pulling out a Box and Dice,*) which to me is the very Soul of Living:—'Tis the genteelest Way of passing one's Time, every Day produces something new—Who is happier than a Gamester? Who more respected? I mean those that make any Figure in the World. Who more caref'd by Lords and Dukes? Or whose Conversation more agreeable?—Whose Coach finer in the Ring?—Or Finger in the Side Box produces more Leisure?—Who has more Attendance from the Drawers, — or better Wine from the Master, — or nicer serv'd by the Cook? — In short, there is an Air of Magnificence in't. — A Gamester's Hand is the Philosopher's Stone, that turns all it touches into Gold.

Hect. And Gold into nothing.

Val. A Gentleman that plays is admitted every where — Women of the strictest Virtue will converse with him. — for Gaming is as much in Fashion here as 'tis in *France*; and our Ladies look upon't as the Height of ill Breeding, not to have a Passion for Play: Oh! the charming Company of half a Dozen Ladies, with each a Dish of Tea, — to behold their languishing Ogles with their Eyes, their ravishing white Hands, to hear their delicious Scandal which they vent between each Sip, just piping hot from Invention's Mint, wherein they spare none, from the Statesman to the Cit,—and damn Plays before they are acted, especially if the Author be unknown. This ended, the Cards are call'd for—

Hect. And open War proclaim'd; and every Cock-beat proves a Privateer.

Val.

Val. Our Engagements are not so terrible ; with us Revenge reaches no further than the Pocket.

Hect. No more don't a Highwayman's ; and yet the World thinks both Lives equally immoral.

Val. None of your Similes, Sirrah, do you hear ?—Where is the Immorality of Gaming ?—Now, I think there can be nothing more moral. —It unites Men of all Ranks,—the Lord and the Peasant,—the haughty Duchesses and the City Dame,—the Marquis and the Footman, all without Distinction play together.

*And sure that Life can ne'er offensive prove,
That teacheth Men such peaceful Ways of Love.*

Hect. The Marquis of Hazard, Sir.—

Val. The Marquis of Hazard, what wants he ?

Enter Marquis.

Marq. Do you hear ; do you wait with my Chair at the Corner of the Street, for I would be *incognito*.

Hect. What does he pretend to ?

Marq. I presume, Sir, your Name is *Valere*.

Val. I don't remember I ever had any other, Sir. —

Marq. Sir, I should take it as an extraordinary Favour, if you'll be pleased to command the Absence of your *Valet de Chambre*.

Val. Be gone. *[Exit Hector.]*

Marq. Now, Sir, do you know who I am ?

Val. I think, Sir, I never had the Honour of your Acquaintance.

Marq. *Allons Courage* ; push him home, he seems daunted already ; (*Aside.*) Sir, I have made the Tour of *Europe*, and have had the Respect paid to me in all Courts that became my Quality :—In *Spain* I kept Company with none but Arch-Dukes, in *France* with Princes of the Blood,—and since I have been here, I have had the Honour to sup or dine with most of the great People at Court.

Val. Why so hot, Sir ?

Marq. And, Sir, my Person is not more known than my Valour—I have fought a Hundred Duels, and never fail'd to kill or wound,—without receiving the least Hurt myself.

Val.

Val. You had very good Luck, truly, Sir—What does the Blockhead aim at? [*Aside.*]

Marq. Sir, Fortune owes my Life Protection, for Sake of the noble Race from which I sprung—my Father's Grandfather's great Grandfather was Viceroy of Naples.

Val. Oh! One may see that in your Air, Sir.

Marq. Now, Sir, there is a certain Lady that has a Passion for my Person; not that I am in Love with her: Only Gratitude,—and I am inform'd by her Woman, that you make your Addresses there; now, Sir, I suffer no Man beneath my Quality to mix his Pretensions with mine.

Val. The Lady's Name, Sir?

Marq. The Lady *Wealthy*.

Val. You are misinform'd, upon my Word, Sir; that Lady is at your Service for me.

Marq. That Declaration comes not from your Heart—your Encomiums on *Angelica* last Night serv'd only to conceal your Love from me.

Val. So far from that, I did not know you till you had left the Room.

Marq. Sir, I say you must not pretend to vie with Quality.

Val. I know the Distance Fortune has put between us, Sir.

Marq. Then pray observe it, Sir;—Don't think every Fellow we condescend to play with, fit Companions for us Men of Quality.

Val. (*Cocking his Hat.*) Fellow, Sir—

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]

Marq. Yes, Fellow, Sir.—He has a Heart, I find, I'll moderate my Passion. [*Aside.*]

Val. You will have it then, I see. [*Draws.*]

Marq. No, upon my Word, Sir, I was in Jest all the while.

Val. But I am in earnest, Sir,—and therefore draw—What, does the Courage of your Royal Ancestors, Viceroy of Naples, fail you?

Marq. Sir, I made a Vow never to kill another Man,—and therefore pray put up; you have given me as much Satisfaction as I desir'd—I thirst for no Revenge.

Val.

Val. Sir, I am not to be trifled with, the Wine is drawn, and you shall drink. [Slaps him.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Hey! what's the Matter?

[Lays hold of the Marquis, who draws.

Marq. Ha! Company! Nay, then—Sir, this is too much to bear.

Hect. Hold, hold, Sir, hold, what do you do?

Val. Ay, ay, prithee let him go, he is not so dangerous as thou imagin'st, *Hector*,—Ha, ha, ha!

Hect. Why then let him go.—There, Sir, I have done.

Marq. I shall find a Time, Sir.

Val. To be kick'd—you have been used too civilly here.

Hect. A Time! For what? What the Devil, do you come into our Nation, to crow over us—I believe we shall find a Time this Campaign to teach you better Manners—your capering Country is fitter for Dancing-Masters than Soldiers—ha, ha, ha!

Marq. It suits not with my Quality to answer the Impertinence of a Valet—*Monfieur adieu—prenez garde une autre fois.* [Exit.

Val. Coxcomb, below my Resentment.—(Looking on his Watch.) I have out-staid my Time.

Now Fortune be my Friend, I'll ask no more,

One lucky Hour may double all my Store.

Hect. Or make you Bankrupt, as you was before. [Ex.

S C E N E *changes.*

A Table, with Pen, Ink, and Paper on it.

Enter Lady Wealthy sola.

L. Weal. Which Way shall I contrive to disappoint my Sister's Wishes? Now would I give Half my Estate to feed my Vanity. Oh, that I could once bring *Valere* within my Power, I'd use him as his ill Breeding deserves; I'd teach him to be particular. He has promis'd *Angelica* to play no more: I fancy that proceeds from his Want of Money, rather than Inclination.—If I could be sure of that—I'll try, however. If my Project
takes

takes, I shall again break their Union—and if I can't serve my Pride, I shall at least disturb their Peace; and either brings me Pleasure. (*Sits down and writes.*) Now, how shall I convey this to his Hands—It is not proper to send any of my own Servants—Who's there?

Enter Mrs. Betty.

Betty. Did your Ladyship call, Madam?

L. Weal. Ay, get me a Porter.

Betty. A Porter! Madam: *Robin, John, and Nicholas*, are all within.

L. Weal. And what then? Do as I bid you.

Betty. What can she want with a Porter! — I am resolv'd to watch. [*Exit.*

L. Weal. 'Tis better being confin'd to a Desert, where one never sees the Face of Man — than not to be admir'd by all. (*Enter Porter.*) Here, carry this to Mr. *Valere*: Do you know him?

Port. Yes, an't please your Honour, very well.

L. Weal. Go, bring me an Answer, then. [*Exit Porter.*

Enter Lovewell.

Ha! *Lovewell*! I must avoid his Presence, lest he discover this Intrigue—He'll be alarm'd at the Sight of a Porter in my Lodgings. — Besides, my Soul resents the ill Treatment I have given him — He, indeed, merits better Usage — But I know not how, I cannot resolve on Matrimony. [*Exit.*

Love. Gone! Am I then shunn'd like pestilential Air — yet doom'd to doat upon her cold Indifference — Oh! Give me Patience, or I burst with Rage — There must be more than her bare Temper in't — She loves — Ay, there's the Cause — Oh! the racking Thought: By all the Powers, it fires each vital Part, and with a double Warmth strikes every active Sense.

*Hear me, ye Pow'rs—And if you e'er design
To make this dear, this scornful Beauty mine,
Grant in the Lieu—I may my Rival meet,
And throw him gasping at his Lady's Feet.*

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Angelica, and Favourite, with a Letter in her Hand.

Ang. I shall not open it, indeed—If you venture to receive Letters again, without my Leave, I shall discharge you from your Attendance, Mrs. *Favourite*.

Fav. I do it for your Good, Madam.

Ang. For my Good! Impertinence—Am I to be govern'd by those I may command?

Fav. In spite of all that I can do, I shall lose my Salary: For when he finds the Cause go backwards, he'll fee no more. [*Aside.*

Enter Dorante.

Ang. So, he's here, too; by your Appointment, I suppose.

Dor. May I venture to approach the Rays of that Divinity, which dart into my Soul an impetuous Flame?

Ang. O, dear Sir, there's a Fire in the next Room, whose Flames will warm you better than my Beauty, I believe.

Fav. Well, really, Madam, I think *Valere* could not have express'd himself finer.

Ang. Cease your odious Comparifons — Mr. *Dorante*, might I advise you, make your Addreffes to my Woman—I'm fure you'll meet a kind Reception; ha, ha, ha!

Dor. Your Woman, Madam! I thought a Person of your Rank knew how to treat a Gentleman better.

Ang. And I thought a Person of your Years might have understood better, than to make Love to one of mine.

Dor. My Years, Madam! I'm not fo old—Can I help my being in Love with you?

Ang. No more can *Favourite* being in Love with you.

Fav. You are always witty upon me, Madam — I'd have her to know I love a young Fellow as well as herself. [*Aside.*

Dor. 'Tis for my extravagant Nephew that I am de-fpis'd; that complicated Piece of Vice, whose head-strong Courses, and luxurious Life, will ruin both your Peace and Fortune. I faw him a little while ago enter one of thofe Schools of Poverty, a Gaming-house, in *St. Martin's Lane*.

Ang.

Ang. 'Tis false.

Fav. Nay, Madam, I dare say 'tis true — Yonder goes his Man; I'll call him, and convince you.

[*Exit, and re-enters with Hector.*]

Ang. He cannot be so ungrateful, after my last Favours — *Hector*, where's your Master?

Hect. Where-e'er his Person is — his Heart is with your Ladyship, Madam; I dare answer for him.

Ang. That's foreign to my Question; where is he?

Dor. Yes, yes, he's a fit Person to enquire of, truly.

Hect. So I am, Sir; for nobody knows my Master's Out-goings and his In-comings better than myself.

Ang. Come, you shall tell me — *Dorante* says he saw him go into a Gaming-house.

Hect. Discover'd! — Nay then I must bring him off — Why, that is true, Madam.

Ang. Perfidious!

Hect. But, Madam, it is to take his Leave, upon my Word — He's gone to play, with a Design to play no more.

Fav. Now, Madam, who was in the right?

Ang. Is it possible a Man can be so base!

Dor. There are Men, Madam, that ne'er were guilty of such Crimes.

Hect. But, Madam, you won't hear me — my Master is making all the Speed he can to put himself in a Condition to keep his Word with you: He is shaking his Elbows, rattling the Box, and breaking his Knuckles for Haste — He has sent me Post for his last auxiliary Guineas, which when he has thrown off, he'll lay himself at your Feet, with full Resolution never to touch Box or Dice more.

Ang. A likely Matter, truly.

Hect. So it is, Madam, for he'll put it out of his Power to offend again —

Dor. 'Till he has a new Recruit.

Hect. Madam, your Ladyship's most humble Servant; I must fly; for my Master will think every Hour Seven till I am there. [Exit.]

Dor. Now, Madam, are you convinc'd — Will you yet accept a Heart devoted only to your Charms?

Ang.

Ang. No more of your Fustian—'tis unseasonable; don't provoke me to use you worse than good Manners will allow: I respect your Age, but hate your—

Dor. Well, scornful Maid, take up with your Gamester, do: You'll be the first that repents it. And so farewell. [Exit.

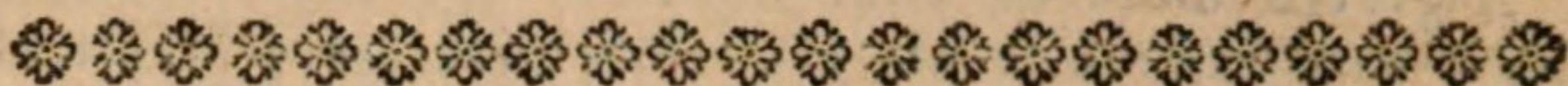
Ang. O, my too constant Heart! canst thou still hold the Image of this faithless Man—And yet methinks I'd fain reclaim him—I'll try the last Extremity.

*For when from Ill a Profelyte we gain,
The Goodness of the Act rewards the Pain:
But if my honest Arts successless prove,
To make the Vices of his Soul remove,
I'll die—or rid me from this Tyrant Love.*

}

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T



A C T IV.

Enter Valere with a Box and Dice in his Hand, as from Play to a Porter—Betty listening.

Betty. SO; thus far I have followed this Porter: Here I'll observe who he wants—I'm sure 'tis against the Interest of Mr. *Lovewell*.

Val. From a Lady, say'st thou? and must be deliver'd into my own Hand—

Betty. As I imagin'd.

Val. Prithee, Fellow, dost know what 'tis to interrupt a Gamester, when his Fortune's at Stake—Seven or Eleven have more Charms now than the brightest Lady in the Kingdom—(*Opens the Letter.*) Reads—Humph—*Pursuant to what I told you before Angelica, that a Declaration of Love would not be disagreeable, I confirm my Words in a Golden Shower—'Tis what I believe most acceptable to a Man in your Circumstances.* (Well guess'd, e'Faith.) A Bill for One Hundred Pounds payable at Sight—*Monfieur le Porter*, your very humble Servant—Tell the Lady, I am her's most obediently—It requires no other Answer, till I fly myself to return my Thanks.

Port. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit Porter.*]

Val. What must I do now? Prove a Rogue, and betray my Friend *Lovewell*—If I accept this Present, I must make my Returns in Love; for when a Widow parts with Money, 'tis easy to read the valuable Consideration she expects: But then *Angelica*, the dear, the faithful Maid—But then a Hundred Guineas, the dear tempting Sight!—Ha, *Lovewell*! thou com'st in good Time; for my Virtue's staggering.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. I have been seeking you all the Town over.

Val. And what News? Thou hast a very love-sick Countenance: The Widow has us'd thee scurvily, I know.

Lov.

Low. Beyond all bearing—*Valere*, thou ever wert my Friend; prithee instruct me—Help to find the cursed Rival out—'Tis not the Fool Marquis, I'm convinc'd; but some lurking Villain, some Wretch unworthy of her Charms—else her Vanity would ne'er conceal him.

Val. Hold, hold, Friend! You run on a little too fast—What would your Mightiness do now, supposing you discovered this detested Rival?

Low. I'd force him to renounce her; or lose my Life, and leave her free.

Val. Why then, I have such a Respect for this Gentleman, that I must preserve him from your Lion-like Fury.

Low. Ha! Do'st thou know him, then?—Oh, I charge thee, by our past Years of Friendship, and by my Peace of Mind, which this cruel Woman takes eternally away, tell me but who he is, describe him to me. Is he a Gentleman?

Val. Yes, faith.

Low. And handsome?

Val. The Ladies think so.

Low. Tell but his Name, that my Revenge may reach him. Hast thou a Friend more dear than I?—No, no; thy Companions are no Friends: Gamblers and Profligates—whom, in thy reflecting Hours, I know thou hatest—She is not fit for one of these.

Val. The Spark is a little given to Gaming, I confess—yet holds his Nose as high as your Widow; I can tell you that.

Low. Prithee, trifle no longer with me—nor jest with Pains like mine.

Val. Do you know her Hand?

Low. Death! Does she write to him?

Val. These Credentials will confirm she does.

[Gives him her Letter with the Bill.]

Low. Confusion to thee—And a Bill for Money—Away, it cannot be—By Hell, the Company thou keep'st has taught thee to be a Villain: Thou hast abus'd her Honour, which I will justify. Draw.

Val. Here's a Rogue, now—When I have withstood a Temptation would have shook a Hermit—he'd cut my

my Throat for not taking his Mistress from him — Well! these romantic Lovers are whimsical Things — Hark ye, *Charles*, I believe you know I am no Coward, and if your fighting Fit remains on you till To-morrow Morning — I'll meet you when and where you please; but I am engag'd now — as you may see. Farewell —

[*Exit, shewing him the Box, &c.*

Low. What Man, but would for ever scorn, despise this false Ingrate — But I'm a Slave to Love, and bound with such a Chain, no Injuries can break — Something must be done; but what I know not. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Betty comes forwards.

Betty. So; my Lady has brought herself into a fine Præmunire. Well! I'm glad I heard this; and hope to make it turn to Mr. *Lovewell's* Advantage — who is a generous Man, and deserves a Countess. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Lady Wealthy's Lodgings.*

Lady Wealthy sola.

L. Weal. So; thus far I'm successful: The Porter says he was transported with the Letter, and will instantly be here — Who's there? (*Enter Footman.*) Bid my Woman come hither.

Footm. She's not within, Madam.

L. Weal. How, not within!

Footm. Here she comes.

Enter Betty.

L. Weal. Hey! Where have you been to put yourself in this Heat?

Betty. Speaking to a Relation, Madam.

L. Weal. A Relation; sure 'twas a warm Conference has left such Signs on't in your Cheeks. — Set my Toilette — I'll throw these mournful Blacks away — adorn'd in chearful White, receive and charm my Hero.

Betty. Mr. *Lovewell*, Madam.

L. Weal. No, Fool: When did you ever see me dress at an old Lover? He's mine; securely mine: But *Valere*, the Gay, the Rover, the unconquer'd Rambler; he, he alone deserves my Care.

Betty.

Betty. Madam, might I presume to speak.

L. Weal. Your Nonsense freely ; I am in a good Humour, and can bear it all.

Betty. Then *Valere* is the most ungrateful—and Mr. *Love-well* the most accomplish'd of any Man breathing.

L. Weal. Ha, ha, ha ! And is this your Speech—*Love-well* is beholden to you, truly ; and Mr. *Valere* shall know his Friend.

Betty. I hate him, Madam ; and you have Reason.

L. Weal. Peace. I find I gave you too much Liberty.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Madam, a Letter for your Ladyship.

L. Weal. Humph ; from *Love-well* : I know the Hand ; some Compliment, some dismal Madrigal, or tedious Ditty, in worse Prose, I am sure. (*Opens it.*) Ha, my own Bill ! What means this—Madam—You have bestowed your Favours unworthily ; Notwithstanding this Proof, I would have fought, defended you beyond Demonstration ; but your new Choice declin'd the Sword—and that Love I so languish'd for.

Your Neglected, Injur'd, but still Faithful,

LOVEWELL.

Base Traytor ! Is this a Man of Honour ? this the Return to my Advances ?—It is impossible—He has way-laid the Porter, brib'd him, and deceiv'd me.

Betty. Indeed he has not, Madam.

L. Weal. Why, know you aught of this ?

Betty. Yes, I can tell you all—if you will promise to interpret for the Good of him who loves you truly.

L. Weal. Come in, and let me hear the Story—If *Valere* has triumph'd o'er my Weakness, and expos'd my unrequested Bounty—

Such a Repulse may fix this wand'ring Heart :

And constant Love may meet its due Desert. (Going.)

Enter the Marquis.

Marq. Turn back, bright Fair, and listen to an Action glorious as *Condé*, *Luxembourg*, or *Hesse*, or any He that ever grac'd the Field.

L. Weal. More Plagues !—I begin to grow weary of this Train of Fools—Pray make your Story short, Sir.

Marq.

Marq. I'll be as concise as the Heroick Deed—*Veni, Vidi, Vici*, as *Cæsar* said:

L. Weal. Over whom was this Conquest? Your Footman and your Taylor?

Marq. No, Madam, over my Rival, *Valere*.

L. Weal. Ha! Where met you that Report?

Marq. Every where—The World says you are in Love with him—'Tis all the Discourse at the *Chocolate-House*.

L. Weal. Confusion! Am I become so wretched—I shall be sung in Ballads, shortly.

Marq. Having a profound Respect for your Ladyship—away flew I to his Lodgings—where I had no sooner enter'd, but the Memory of your Wrongs—set the stormy Marks of Anger on my Brow—Sir, said I—Sir, said he, your most humble Servant—Sir, said I—here is a Rumour spread abroad, prejudicial to the Reputation of a Lady, whom I have honour'd with my Esteem.

L. Weal. Honour'd! Oh, audacious!

Marq. And Report says you are the Author—Who I? said he, in the meekest, humblest Tone that ever Love begg'd in—frighted out of his Wits—Her Name, I pray—which when I had told him, and bid him draw; he coolly disclaim'd his Passion, and said, I might take you with all his Heart, for he would not fight—At which I flew up to him, saying, *Savez vous, Monsieur, du Lansquenet*—that is as much as to say, in *English*, a Filipo of the Nose, Madam—at which the good Gentleman pull'd off his Hat, and made me the lowest Bow; and I, in Triumph, left—Now, my Reward—my Reward, Madam.

L. Weal. Your Reward; never to see me more: For though I love Valour, I know this Story false—and you made up of Cowardice. D'ye hear—if ever my Doors are open [*Enter three Footmen*] to this bold Intruder more, I'll have your Liveries pull'd over your Ears. [*Exit.*]

Marq. Gone! I durst have sworn she would have married me for the News—Now here's a good Invention lost—Ah poor Monsieur *Markée*, thou'lt never thrive with

with these Women of Quality—I must to some rich toothless City Dame—

On them my Courage and my Shame may pass:

These Court-end Wits discover me an Ass. [Exit.

SCENE, the Street.

Hector *solus*.

Hect. Well, I have not Patience any longer to see this Master of mine play—I find which Way he's going—Odsso, here's his Father—How shall I send him away—For if he should see his Son come out of this Gaming-house, we shall be undone again—(Enter Sir Tho. Valere.) O Sir, I have been all over the Town to look you—

Sir Tho. For what, pray? Did my last Greeting please you so well, that you've a mind to more on't?—Where's the Rake your Master?

Hect. Oh, Sir, happy, happy beyond Expression—He's with *Angelica*, who has presented him with her Picture, set round with Gems of inestimable Value.

Sir Tho. Ha! Say'st thou so, Boy? And is he likely to carry *Angelica*?

Hect. Carry her, Sir; why the Business is done, and nothing wanting but your Presence, with a Lawyer, to fit 'em for the Priest—Good Sir, make haste—

Sir Tho. I'll be there in an Instant—And shall I be a Grandfather?—Adad, I could find in my Heart to give thee Sixpence for thy News—And I will, too—There, *Hector*, drink your young Master's and Lady's Healths, Sirrah—Ah, my dear Boy, *Jemmy*, I forgive thee all—I'm so transported, I think it an Age till I embrace thee. [Exit.

Hect. 'Fore George, if this old Fellow finds me in a Lie, as he most certainly will;—for if *Angelica* hears my Master is at play again, she'll never have him, that's sure, too—I must let him know what I have done, and get him in the Mind to go this Hour to *Angelica*—or *Hector's* Bones will pay for't.

To serve my Master, I a Lie may tell,

But would not suffer, when I mean it well. [Exit.

SCENE discovers a Gaming Table, with VALERE, Count COGDIE, and other Gentlemen, at Hazard, with several Rakes and Sharpers, waiting round the Table; a Box-Keeper and Attendants.

Codg. Come—Seven—What do you set, Gentlemen?
Box-K. Seven's the Main.

1st Gent. That.

2d Gent. Ten Pieces.

Val. The Devil's in the Dice—There, Sir, an Hundred Guineas. [Angrily.]

[Cogdie rattling the Box, and considering where to throw.]

Box-K. Knock where you are, Sir.

Cogd. I am at the fairest only. (Throws out the Dice.)
Come, and that little Silver, too.

Box-K. Four to Seven.

1st Rake. Mr. Cogdie, to three a Crown, shall I?

2d Rake. To three and eleven Guineas, if you please.

1st Sharp. Here's three Crowns to eleven, and if I lose, by all that's good I know not where to eat.

Cog. (To 1st Rake) You go to three a Crown; (to 2d Rake,) you to three and eleven Guineas; (to Sharper,) you shall go yours to eleven, Jack.

Box-K. Pray, Sir, throw away, don't hold the Box all Night.

Cog. There. (Shakes the Box and throws three.)
You're in once, Gentlemen.

Both Rakes. We go again.

Cogd. With all my Heart. [Shakes the Box again and throws four.]

Box-K. Four, Trey-Ace,

Cogd. There, Gentlemen, I have brought you off again. [To the Rakes.]

Val. You did not throw out your Dice fair, and I'll not yield it.

Cogd. Judgment, Gentlemen.

1st Gent. I think 'twas fair enough.

2d Gent. Ay, ay, a Man may throw his Dice how he pleases.

Val. Sir, I say this Hat's white. [In a Passion.]

Cogd.

Cogd. I say so, too.

Val. 'Tis false, 'tis black.

Cogd. As you say, I think it is black.

Val. No, Sir, 'tis neither black nor white.

Cogd. Nay, very likely, Sir.—He has lost his Money and now he grows mutinous.

Box-K. Come, pray Gentlemen don't quarrel, and I'll ask it round.

Cogd. Ask what, you Blockhead? whether his Hat's black or white? [*Tosses a Pair of Dice in his Face.*]

Box-K. No, Master, whether you won the Money or not.

2d Gent. He won it fairly. Come *Valere*, I'll lend thee ten Pieces; set boldly, set boldly, I warrant thee Luck, Boy.

1st Gent. Ay, ay; come, whose is the Box?

Cogd. 'Tis mine—

2d Gent. Throw a Main, then.

Cogd. Five.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. There—take all.

1st Gent. That—

2d Gent. That—

Cogd. Where I was last. Now, little Dice.

Val. Shake your Dice.

Cogd. There, Sir. (*Shakes the Dice and throws Deuce Ace.*) Oh, burn 'em.

Box-K. Deuce Ace.

Val. Out—Give me the Box—Six.

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Cogd. There, Sir, if you dare throw at it.

1st Gent. That—

2d Gent. That—

Val. At you all — [*Shakes the Box and throws Quatre Deuce.*]

Box-K. Six. Quarter Deuce, you've won it, Sir.

Cogd. Um! [*Seems disordered.*]

Val. Come, Seven. [*Throws.*]

Cogd. An Hundred Guineas.

Val. Now little Dice.

Cogd. Not another Nick, sure. [*Speaks as Valere is going to throw the Dice.*]

Val. Nick, by *Juno*—

Box-K. Cinque Deuce.

Cogd. Oh! Blood! and Death, and Fire! [*Rises and walks about in a Passion.*]

Val. Nine. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Nine's the Main.

Cogd. There, Sir, I'll set you Two Hundred Guineas upon that Note.

Val. Note, Sir! Whose Note is it, pray?

Cogd. Why, 'tis very good, Sir, 'tis upon Sir *F—s* *Ch—d.*

Val. At it, Egad. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Nine, Cinque and Quatre, the Box is due.

Cogd. Um! [*Throws away the Dice, breaks the Box.*]
Sir, I bar that Throw.

Val. Sir, I did not see you,—and I won it fairly.

Cogd. The Devil! I that understand Play so well, to be bubbled of my Money—Sir, I say this Hat's white—Who dare say the contrary?

Val. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Cogd. I say 'tis black.

Val. Why, as you say, I think 'tis black.

Cogd. I say, Sir, 'tis neither black nor white.

Val. Then it shall be green, blue, red, or yellow, or what you please, Sir. I have more Manners than to quarrel now I'm on the winning Side, ha! ha! ha!

1st Gent. Prithee, don't quarrel with him, you'll get nothing by it. *Valere* will fight, you know.

Cogd. And so will I, Sir. You're all a Parcel of—If ever I play upon the Square again—I'll give 'em Leave to make Dice of my Bones.

Val. Ha! ha! ha! Hold, let me pay my Debts. There, Sir—[*to 2d Gent.*]

Box-K. You owe a Box, Sir, an't please you.

Val. There—[*Gives a Shilling.*]

Box-K. You owe me a Teaster for a Back-hand Tip, a little while ago, Master.

Val. There, you Dog. [*Gives him Six-pence.*]

Box-K. Thank you, Master—I'll thank any Gentleman that will put that Shilling in the Box.

Enter Angelica in Man's Cloaths.

Ang. Ay, here he is.

Val. Come, Seven.

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

1st Gent. That—

2d Gent. That—

Val. 'Tis mine.

Box-K. Eleven.

2d Gent. I never saw such Fortune.

1st Gent. Here's the last of a Hundred, if Luck turn not, I'm broke.

Ang. Save you, Gentlemen — may one fling off a Guinea or two with you? [*This while Cogdie sits disordered, and plays by himself at another Table.*]

Val. Ay, a Hundred, if you please; a pert young Bubble this; flung Six.

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Ang. Fifty Pieces, Sir.

Val. Well said, Stripling—Down with 'em—Six or a Dozen Dice—Deuce Ace—Ah split it—
[*Throws down the Box.*]

Box-K. Deuce Ace.

Ang. Out, Sir, give me Fifty Guineas, Sir.

Val. There 'tis, Sir. [*Cogdie rises and comes to Angelica.*]

Cogd. [*To Angelica.*] Sir, will you do me the Favour to let me go two Pieces with you? I am just stript.

Ang. With all my Heart, Sir. Come, Gentlemen, [*Throws*] set boldly.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. A Hundred Guineas.

Ang. Along, [*throws,*] 'tis mine. [*Sweeps the Money.*]

Box-K. Five, Trey, Deuce.

Ang. [*To Cogdie.*] There's your two Pieces, Sir.

Cogd. I go the four, Sir, if you please.

Ang. By and by, Sir, you shall.

1st Gent. I'm broke; but I'll be here again instantly.
[*Exit.*]

2d Gent. I'll throw off this Stake—If Luck turn not, I must home for Recruits, too.

Ang. Come on, then, Sir, Six. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Val. In my Conscience, I believe this young Dog will strip us all. There, Sir.

Ang. And there, Sir. [Sweeps the Money.]

Box-K. A Dozen.

2d Gent. I hope you'll stay till my Return. [Exit.]

Ang. If these Gentlemen can hold me Play.

Box-K. I hope, Gentlemen, you won't stay late, for fear of the Press-masters; here were two Gangs last Night before Twelve o'Clock.

[All the Sharpers sneak off, and leave Angelica and Valere together.]

Ang. Pshaw, hang the Press-masters; come, Sir, Five.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. That upon Five.

Ang. Nick——

Box-K. Five, Quatre Ace; you owe me a Box, Sir.

Val. Confusion! Did ever Man see the like? That Watch at Twenty Guineas. [Sets a Gold Watch.]

Ang. Done, Sir, Nine. [Throws.]

Box-K. Nine's the Main.

Ang. 'Tis mine. [Throws.]

Box-K. Nine, Six, and Three, a Main above a Box.

Val. Furies and Hell—That Ring at Ten Guineas.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha! with all my Heart, Sir; Six, again. [Throws.]

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Ang. Nick again, ha, ha, ha!

Box-K. Six, Cinque Ace, two Mains above a Box.

Val. The Devil—I'll set you a Hundred Guineas upon Honour, Sir.

Ang. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I never play upon Honour with Strangers—If you have nothing else to set, your humble Servant.

Val. Death—shall he carry off my Money thus—Hold, Sir, Friends will be here presently, I'll borrow some of them.

Ang. That's baulking my Hand—I can't stay, Sir; have you nothing else?

Val. Yes, one Thing, but that is dearer to me than my Life. [Takes out the Picture.]

Ang. What can that be, pray?

Val. 'Tis a Picture, the Original of which is nearest to my Soul.

Ang.

Ang. Pish — a Trifle — (Oh! my Heart) — Yet you shan't say I'm ungenerous—whate'er you value it at, I'll answer it.

Val. Value it at—It is not to be valued.

Ang. Then you'll not set it; Sir, your Servant.

Val. Stay, Sir—Luck may turn—I'll set the Diamonds at two Hundred Guineas.

Ang. Oh, Villain—Well, Sir, Seven—

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

[*Angelica throws at the Picture.*]

Box-K. Four or Seven.

Val. I bar the first Throw.

Box-K. Bar.

[*Angelica throws two or three Times and then wins it.*]

Ang. 'Tis mine, Sir.

Box-K. Four, Trey Ace; you owe me three Boxes, Sir.

Val. Eternal Furies—lost—He shall restore it, or I'll cut his Throat—Well, Sir, take the Diamonds, but I must have the Picture.

Ang. The Picture, Sir.

Val. Aye, the Picture, Sir.

Ang. I won it, Sir, and I shan't restore it, I assure you.

Val. But you shall restore it, Sir, e'er you and I part.

Ang. If I should draw a Duel upon my Hands here, I'm in a fine Condition — (*Aside.*) Nay, Sir, if you are angry, good b'ye—

Val. Nay, nay, nay, [*runs between her and the Door.*] you shan't carry off the Picture, by *Hercules*—Look'e, Sir, either take my Bond, or fight me for't. [*Draws.*]

Ang. Sir—[*Trembling*] What shall I do? I must be oblig'd to discover myself— [*Aside.*]

Enter 1st and 2d Gentlemen.

1st Gent. Hold, *Valere*.

2d Gent. What's the Meaning of this?

[*Lays hold of Valere.*]

Ang. Ha! A lucky Escape— [*Runs off.*]

Val. Away; stand off; or I shall make my Passage through you, Traytor, Dog—Oh, I could tear my Flesh—Cut off these Hands that laid the Jewel down, and stab my Heart for having once consented—

[*Walks about raving.*]

1st Gent. What can be the Cause of this Passion?

2^d Gent. O, he has lost his Money—Prithee don't let that trouble thee, I'll lend thee more—Come, let's throw for the Box.

Val. Throw for the Devil—No, henceforth a Gamester is my Foe; nor should the *Indies* bribe me even to touch a Die; nor, after this Moment, will I e'er set Foot in such a House again.

1st Gent. The Man is mad.

2^d Gent. Prithee let's go seek out better Company.

[*Exeunt.*]

Val. Now I behold what a Monster this darling Sin has made me, and loath myself for my long Race of Folly.

*Now I repent, but O it comes too late,
And 'tis but Justice now that she should hate:
He that flies Virtue still to follow Vice,
'Tis fit, like me, he lose his Paradise.*

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T



A C T V.

S C E N E, Valere's Lodgings.

Valere solus.

Val. **W**HAT shall I do? There's no going near *Angelica*. The Action I have done carries such a Face, that she can ne'er forgive me.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Another 'scape, Sir, another 'scape. Your Father was just at the Gaming-House Door upon the hunt for you,—but thanks to my Wit, I found a Way to send him packing. He's gone to *Angelica's* with a Lawyer. Follow him, follow him, Sir—If he gets there before you, the old Gentleman will believe me no more—for I told him you staid for him there—Ha! he minds me not. Sir, Sir! don't you hear me?

Val. No: I'll neither hear, nor see, nor eat, nor drink, nor ever rest again.

Hect. Ah, the Devil! I shall be as slender as a Hazel-Switch in a little Time, then; for I suppose I must keep you Company in that thin Diet—Ah! what I dreaded is come to pass—What, then, is all the Money lost?

Val. Money! My Life, my Soul is lost.

Hect. Heyday! What's the Matter now?

Val. The Picture.

Hect. The Picture, Sir—*(with a frightful Look.)* Mercy on us; shake your Pockets, shake your Pockets, Sir. *[Runs to Valere and shakes his Coat Pockets.]*

Val. Hold off: I tell thee I've lost it at Play.

Hect. Why then you have play'd fair—Why what will you do now, Sir?

Val. Cut your Throat, Sirrah, and then my own.

[Clapping hold of Hector.]

Hect. 'Twas none of my Fault, Sir. *[Half weeping.]*

Val. O, no! It was my own: For had I taken thy Counsel, this Curse had been prevented.

Hect. Ay, Sir, but a Gamester's Life was the most genteel of any—their Fob was a Fund, and their Hands Philosophers Stones. Ay, Sir.

Val. No more—go fetch me a Book— [*sits down.*

Hect. What Book, Sir?

Val. The first that comes to your Hand, no Matter which. [*Exit Hector, returns with a Book.*

Hect. Here's *Seneca*, Sir?

Val. Well, read—Was ever Man so unfortunate!

[*Walking about in a thinking Posture.*

Hect. Who, I read *Seneca*, Sir?

Val. Why not?

Hect. I seldom read any thing, Sir, but Almanacks.

Val. Oh read, read at a Venture.—To lose upon Seven, when the Chance was Four! Confusion! [*stamps.*

Hect. reads—"Be not taken with the glittering Dreams of Riches, their Possession brings Trouble: Tranquillity is a certain Equality of Mind, which no Condition of Fortune can either exalt or depress. If his Fortune be good, he tempers it; if bad, he masters it."

Val. The Devil was in me, that I could not leave off when I was a Winner.

Hect. "What is the End of Ambition and Avarice? We are but Stewards of what we falsely call our own. All those things which we pursue with so much Hazard, for which we break Faith and Friendship, what are they but the mere Depositor of Fortune, and not ours, but already inclining towards a new Master."—Now will I be hang'd, if *Seneca* himself was not given to Gaming.—Sir, don't you think this looks like a moral Reflection after a Loss.—In my Conscience, I'm half in the Mind that he play'd away a Mistress's Picture, too—

Val. Ha! Name it not, for if thou dost, I'll shake thee into Atoms.— [*Shaking him.*

Hect. Ah, Sir, I've done, I've done—But, Sir, this *Seneca* was a wondrous Man—Was he ever in *London*, Sir?

Val. No, he liv'd at *Rome*.—Not one in ten! Oh, wretched Luck!

Hect. That's a long Way off—I thought indeed 'twas something made his Morals so little minded.—Come, Sir, Courage.

Val. Yes, I'll to the Camp, there, in the Service of my Country, expiate my Follies. *Hect.*

Heſt. To the Camp, Sir, what do you mean? Ods-bud, Sir, go to *Angelica* this Minute, and marry her out of Hand, ſhe does not know you have loſt the Picture, and when once ſhe's ſecure, if ſhe aſks for it, ſtop her Mouth with Kiſſes, Sir.

Val. Well, I will go, if but to take my Leave of her—For I much fear ſhe'll read Guilt in my Face—

*This I reſolve, whatever Fate's in ſtore,
To touch the curſt infectious Dice no more.*

Heſt. Ay, ſtick you but there, and I warrant we proſper.

S C E N E, *the Lady Wealthy's Houſe.*

Enter Lady Wealthy, Mrs. Betty to her.

Betty. Madam, Mr. *Lovewell* to wait on your Ladyſhip.

L. Weal. How ſhall I ſee him? Shame and Confuſion riſes in my Face, yet it is not in my Temper to own myſelf in the Wrong; if he upbraids me, this is his laſt Viſit; bring him up—

Enter Mr. Lovewell.

I ſuppoſe you come triumphant, but know, I give Account of my Actions to no Man. Am free, and will ſo remain.

Love. 'Tis my hard Fortune ſtill to be miſtaken; my Love's too blind to think you do amiſs.—I have ſince been with *Valere*, ſworn to him the Letter was a Plot of mine, the Hand and Bill all counterfeit, to ſatisfy my jealous Scruple if there were Affairs between ye; he believed it, and your Honour's free from all ill Tongues—And the Wretch doom'd to be hated ſtill—Am come to take my everlaſting Leave.

L. Weal. This Generoſity ſhocks me—[*Aſide.*] Farewell, you have clear'd me to your Rival, but to yourſelf can ſay ſhe was ungrateful and deſpised me; Love without Eſteem is a forc'd Plant and wants its Root, therefore my ill Conduct parts us, and thank your generous Carriage for this Confefſion—Great Spirits hardly yield themſelves to blame.

Love. Nor are you ; I have not watch'd so many Years your Temper, each Turn and Sally of your Mind, but I can judge it right ; Honour is centered in your Soul, nor would you wrong it in an essential Part. All your little Affectations are but the Effects your Glass produces, which tells you, Beauty like yours, may take ten thousand Liberties.

L. Weal. You have chose a cunning Way to move my Heart, when I was arm'd with Accusations to extenuate my Faults. And if I could persuade myself to trust a Man, I think it would be you.

Love. Oh cherish that kind Opinion, and if ever you do repent it, proclaim me to the World a Villain.

L. Weal. This I resolve in Favour of your noble Usage, to banish from my House that senseless Train of Fop Admirers, which I always laugh at, and only kept to feed my Vanity.

Love. On my Knees I thank you ; but do not, do not dash my Transports by Delay.—Your Year of Widowhood is just expir'd—reward my constant Love, and make me happy. A Husband will fright the Fool Pretenders from approaching, and these fond Arms secure you ever mine.

L. Weal. Bless me, is the Man mad ? Here would be a strange Leap, indeed, from mortal Odds into Matrimony. No, no ; a little longer Time must try you first.

Love. If Time be now required, you may defer my Joys till Age has strew'd my Head with hoary Hairs ; for from my very Infancy I have ador'd you—'Tis but a Month ago when my auspicious Stars inclin'd you to a Fit of Mercy.—I flew, got a Licence, came with eager Hopes, and you deny'd to see me. The same Authority will do now.—Nor will I leave you, till your Hand is mine.

Enter Betty.

L. Weal. *Betty*, come to my Aid ; here's an audacious Man will marry me, in Spite of my Teeth, this very Instant.

Betty. O, Madam, the luckiest Moment in the World. I have been just looking on *Erra Pater*, and there's the happiest Conjunction—And the Chaplain sauntering about the Gardens ready for Employment.

Love.

Love. Nay, look not back, your Eyes consent, and I'll have no Denial.

L. Weal. Well, this is the maddest Thing—

Love. The happiest Thing—Thus—

*The wand'ring Fair are by long Courtships kind,
And constant Love does luckiest Minutes find.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Angelica.

Ang. *Love-well* and my Sister; happy Pair! —I am only curst in a loose Reprobate, whom no Chance, no Obligations can fix. I must resolve to blot him from my Soul—but how hard 'tis to efface the first Impression—*Valere*, if I can part with thee, Mankind will be upon the Square. Thy Uncle may succeed; old or young: For I shall never look with loving Eyes again—Let me think—To lose my Picture—O unpardonable Fault!

Enter Dorante and Mrs. Favourite, at a distance.

Fav. Now, Sir, is your Time; she is horridly out of Humour. I know 'tis with *Valere*; for nothing else makes her so.

Dor. Madam, I hope you will pardon my Intrusion, when 'tis to warn you of approaching Danger. I can prove to you my Nephew has broke all his Oaths, and played with the veriest Rakes the Town affords, in a publick Gaming-House.

Ang. Malice, Malice all.

Dor. As this is true or false, may I your Love enjoy.

Ang. Suppose it true, am I confin'd to make my Choice in your Family—or, indeed, to choose at all—Perhaps I'll never marry—

Dor. O, say not so; let not so much Beauty lose the End of its Creation—You should bless the World with your Increase.

Ang. Methinks you are too much in the Wain to think of Increase—However, I am yet resolv'd on nothing—and desire to be freed from Importunity—'Tis well you

Enter Valere and Hector.

are come: Your Uncle has been using all his Rhetorick to supplant you.

Hect.

Hea. The Day's our own : She's in a pure Humour. [*Aside.*

Val. No clandestine Dealings, Uncle, I beseech you :
Give me fair Play, and let the Lady choose—

Ang. With what Assurance he approaches. [*Aside.*

Dor. However her Choice may go, I know who deserves her most—I'm no Gamester, Sir—Her peaceful Hours of Rest shall ne'er be broke by me.

Hea. That I dare swear. [*Aside.*

Val. No Reflections, Sir, on former Follies. You in your Youth doubtless had your Share—though now you are past 'em, and only rail at what you can't enjoy—But I in my full Strength and Vigour give 'em over, resolving never to indulge the tempting Vice again.

Dor. This you have often swore, and as often broke your Vows.

Val. I have : But 'tis not in the Power of Fate to make me do't again ; and what's past this Lady has forgiven.

Ang. To end your Disputes, Mr. *Dorante*, I'll now own to you, that my Heart has been long since given to *Valere*—and this Morning I renew'd my Vows.

Val. O Transport ! Now, Uncle, I hope you are satisfied.

Dor. No, Sir, I am not satisfied—nor can I believe what she says real, without condemning her Judgment.

Ang. A strange positive old Man this—*Valere*, pray clear his Understanding — Shew him the Present I made you To-day ; then let him judge who I design my Heart for.

Val. Ha ! What shall I say ? [*Aside.*

Hea. O, I'm thunder-struck ! [*Aside.*

Val. O spare his Age, Madam, I forgive him. He is my Uncle, and I would not triumph—'T would make him mad, should I produce the Picture.

Ang. No, no, fear not ; 'tis rather Charity : For since he refuses to believe my Words, 'tis but Reason he should have ocular Demonstration.

Val. He that doubts what's utter'd by that Tongue, is unworthy of your farther Care—Therefore pardon me, Madam ; a Thing so sacred as your Image, never shall convince him.

Hea.

Hecl. Well hinted, I faith. [Aside.

Ang. But when I desire it, methinks you should not refuse. Obedience becomes a Lover.

Hecl. Lost again. [Aside.

Val. You ever shall command me—

[Feeling first in one Pocket, then in t'other.

Ha! Where did I put it?

Hecl. Humph. [Lifting up his Eyes.

Ang. I'am amaz'd at his Impudence. [Aside.

Val. Bless me! sure I did not leave it in the Bed.—

Which Way shall I come off?—(Aside.) Heclor.

Hecl. Sir— [Looking very simply.

Val. Did you not see a Picture any where to Day?

Hecl. A Picture, Sir— [In a Kind of Fright.

Val. Ay, a Picture. What makes you look so, Sirrah? Ha! I suspect your Rogueship has done something with it.

Hecl. O dear, Sir— [Trembling.

Val. Where is it? Speak, Rascal, or I'll cut your Ears off. [Draws.

Hecl. O Sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole Truth. [Falls on his Knees.

Ang. What means the Fellow? [Aside.

Val. What will you tell me, Sirrah?

Hecl. Why, Sir, fearing that your Pocket might be pick'd, or your Lodgings robb'd, and you might lose the Picture, and that I thought would break your Heart, knowing how much you did esteem the Piece, I took it, Sir, to a famous Painter of my Acquaintance to have it copied, Sir; that's all.

Ang. A well-invented Tale. [Aside.

Val. Fly, Sirrah, and fetch it. [Slaps him on the Back.

Hecl. Yes, Sir. [Going.

Ang. Oh you may spare your Pains, Sir—the Picture is already here—(pulls it out;) now, Sir, do you blush.

Val. I am amaz'd to think how she came by it. [Aside.

Hecl. Ruin'd past Redemption—Oh, oh, oh!—that such a complete Lie should turn to no Account. [Aside.

Ang. Ungrateful Man!

Dor. How, how's this?

Ang. Is this the Price you set upon my Favours—
The Sight of this would mind you of your Duty—If I
remember,

remember, those were your Words—But I presume you meant it should remind you of a last Stake—How have I been deceived.—Is it possible thou couldst be so base to expose my Picture at a common Board, amongst a Crew of Revellers.

Val. Madam—

Ang. Be dumb, and make no impudent Excuses.

Dor. Dol, dol, dery, dol, dery, dol. [Sings.

Val. No, Madam, I shall not study to excuse myself, only this, I am not guilty of all your Charge, for there was none in Presence when I lost it, but the Youth that won it. Who had not liv'd to have brought it you, had not an unlucky Chance prevented me.

Ang. Then to conceal your Treachery, you would have committed Murder—Excellent Moralist!—But, Sir, the Privacy of the Act you boast of—does not in the least extenuate your Crime; I told you, whilst you kept that Picture, my Heart was yours, but you grew weary of the Trifle, and restor'd it back; and now I have Liberty to give it to whom I please.

Dor. I hope you are satisfied now, Nephew, ha, ha, ha!

Val. I am with every Thing this Lady is pleased to inflict; I know she can use me no worse than I deserve.—I own the Foulness of my Guilt, and will not hope for Pardon.

Enter Sir Thomas Valere with a Lawyer.

Hect. Nay, then, we are friendless indeed.—Sir, Sir, shall I see what *Seneca* says upon this Head?

[*Aside to Valere.*

Val. Away, and plague me not—Ha! my Father.—

Sir Tho. I'm blest, beyond Expression blest.—Madam, I wish you Joy: My Son, I have brought Mr. *Demurr*, the Lawyer,—I'll reserve but Five Hundred a Year for myself—the Rest is thine, Boy,—full Two Thousand Pounds *per Annum*.

Ang. Sir *Thomas*, your Words carry a Meaning in 'em, which I am a Stranger to.

Sir Tho. Meaning, Madam,—I hope my Son and you understand one another's Meaning,—and I understand it too, Madam.—Come, Mr. *Demurr*, where are the Writings

Writings of my Estate?—He shall make thee a swinging Jointure, my Girl.—

Ang. You must pardon me, Sir *Thomas*,—my Mind's alter'd.—

Sir *Tho.* How! Did you not promise?

Ang. Suppose I did. When a Man breaks all his Oaths to me, I know no Reason I should keep my Word with him.

Hect. Ah, *Hector*, *Hector*, what will become of thee? [Aside.]

Sir *Tho.* Why I understood these Quarrels were made up—and as a Token of your being reconcil'd, you made him a Present of your Picture.—

Ang. True,—and that's the thing that parts us.

Sir *Tho.* What do you mean?

Dor. He gam'd it away, Brother; now do you understand her?

Sir *Tho.* Malice and Marriage, Brother, ill become your Years.—She does not mean it so.

Ang. Indeed but I do.—

Sir *Tho.* Say you so, Madam,—then I'll do you Justice immediately. (*Draws.*) Sirrah, I'll save the Hangman a Labour—I will, you Bastard.

Val. Do, kill me, Sir; you shall find I will not vent one Groan,—for my Soul has ta'en its Flight already,—My base Ingratitude has deeper stabb'd my Heart, than now your Sword can do.—

Sir *Tho.* Say you so, Sirrah,—then I hope you'll live to want Nothing, for I'll take Care you shall have Nothing to support your Extravagance.—Mr. *Demurr*, I desire you to make my Will this Minute,—and put the ungracious Rogue down a Shilling.—Sirrah, I charge you never to come in Sight of me or my Habitation more; nor, do you hear, dare to own me for your Father.—Go, troop, Sirrah, I shall hear of your going up *Holbourn Hill* in a little Time.—

Hect. So, there's all my Wages lost.— [Aside.]

Ang. Ha! This Usage shocks me. [Aside.]

Val. Sir, I promise you to obey you to a Tittle,—and this undutiful Child shall ne'er offend you with his Presence more.—You but enjoin, but I before had chose, for *England* now would be the worst of Fates.

Ang.

Ang. My Heart beats as if the Strings were breaking. [*Aside.*

Val. Madam, there is but one Request that I will make—then take my Leave for ever; and if you grant it not, I shall be so much more unhappy.—My being disinherited weighs not a Hair, compar'd with what I've lost in losing you, whom my Soul prefers before all Wealth, Friends, or Family.—Then, where should I ask Pardon but where I most have injur'd?—Thus on my Knees, I beg you not to hate my Memory, nor suffer the Follies which I have now cashier'd for ever from my Breast,—(but oh, too late) to drive my Name as distant as my Body from you,—sometimes vouchsafe to think on lost *Valere*.

Ang. There is Nothing so indifferent but we think of it sometimes.

Sir Tho. Sirrah—begone, I say. [*Pushes him.*

Val. I have done.—Now, Madam, eternally adieu.

Ang. Shall I see him ruin'd?—no—that would be barbarous beyond Example.—*Valere*, come back. Should I forgive you all—Would my Generosity oblige you to a sober Life?—Can you, upon Honour, (for you shall swear no more,) forsake that Vice that brought you to this low Ebb of Fortune?

Val. Ha! Oh let me fold thee in my repenting Arms—and whisper to thy Soul, that I'm intirely chang'd—(*Embraces her.*) Yes, my Love, I swear the Course of Life that I've run hitherto—is grown more hateful to me than Toads or Adders; and I would as soon keep those Animals in my Bosom, whose Sting I know would kill me, as once indulge my former Follies.

Ang. Then I am happy—Know I was the Youth that won the Picture, and you parted with it to myself.

Hec. I shall die with Joy, that's certain— [*Aside.*

Val. Then I did not break my Oath entirely; you were excepted, Madam.

Sir Tho. How lucky a Turn is this! Madam, your Example is too good not to be followed.—*Valere*, I forgive thee, and confirm my first Design:—Bless you both.—Now Brother, I hope you'll believe you can't get my Boy's Mistress from him. Ha, ha, ha!

Dor.

Dor. Nor he shan't get a Penny of my Estate, Brother, remember that—

Sir Tho. He wants it not. — Ha! Who have we here?—my Lady *Wealthy*, and her old Lover.

Enter Lovewell and Lady Wealthy.

Love. Wish me Joy, Friends, wish me Joy.

Sir Tho. With all my Heart, for, in my Conscience, thou deserv'st her—

Ang. I wish you Joy, Sister; here let all Quarrels cease. [Salutes her.]

L. Weal. I over-heard your Reconciliation,—and I wish you the same.

Love. Oh, my Friend! Sure never Man was blest like me. [To Valere.]

Val. Yes, I can boast a Happiness beyond thee — I that merited her endless Scorn, am, by her sweet forgiving Temper, rais'd to lasting Joy—

Enter Marquis of Hazard.

Marq. I understand you are married, Madam; and come to wish you Joy—I do it with a *bon cœur, le Diable m'en porte.*—

L. Weal. O Monsieur *Marqué*, I'm infinitely oblig'd to you e'er since your Knight Errantry with *Valere* in Defence of my Honour.

Marq. A Deuce of that unlucky Story—No Words on't now, Madam, I beseech you.

Val. How's that?

Marq. By the Honour of *France*, I shall be discover'd.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, Mrs. *Security* has brought a Pair of very fine Diamond Ear-rings to shew you; they were lost in Pawn, she says,—and, therefore, she can afford them an extraordinary good Pennyworth.

L. Weal. Bring her in—

Enter Mrs. Security.

Well, Mrs. *Security*, are they very fine ones?

Mrs. Sec. As fine a Pair as ever your Ladyship saw in all your Life, Madam. — [Gives her the Ear-rings.]
Bless

Bless me,—What do I see, my Cousin *Robin Skipp*? I'm glad to see thee with all my Heart— [To the Marquis.

L. Weal. Do you know what you say, Mrs. *Security*?
—That is a *French* Nobleman.

Mrs. Sec. A Nobleman!—What! Do you think I don't know my Brother's Son?—

Marq. A Pox of such Kindred—Now all will out—

Mrs. Sec. Why, how long hast thou been in *England*, *Robert*?—I hear thou wert Footman to the Prince of *Conti*—Thy old Master, Sir *William*, asks mightily how thou dost.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Val. How's this, the Marquis of *Hazard* a Footman? Ha, ha, ha!

Hect. Brother, give me thy Hand—Hold, now I think on't, keep your Distance, Friend—for a *Valet de Chambre* is above a Footman— [Struts.

L. Weal. My Footmen, Sir, will shew you into the Buttery; a Horn of Small Beer may quench your Thirst of Honour. Ha, ha, ha!

Val. This Morning he boasted of his Royal Blood at my Lodgings,—but his Cowardice confirm'd me what he is—

L. Weal. He told me he was at your Lodgings, and presented you with a Tweague by the Nose—

Val. How, Scoundrel, beneath my Sword, and therefore take this— [Kicks him.

Marq. Very fine, very fine Breeding, Gentlemen, truly—Well, this is my Maxim still—

Who once by Policy a Title gains,

Merits above the Fool that's born to Means.

[Exit.

Mrs. Sec. 'Tis dirtily done of you, Mr. *Valere*, so it is, to kick a Man for Nothing;—His Father, though I say it, was as honest a Man as ever broke Bread, and I could find in my Heart to—

L. Weal. No more of your Noise—Wait without there— [Exit Mrs. Security.

Sir Tho. Come, come, enough of this Nonsense—Let's have a Dance.

A Country Dance.

Val. Now *Virtue's* pleasing *Prospect's* in my *View*,
With double *Care* I'll all her *Paths* pursue ;
And proud to think I owe this *Change* to you. [To Ang.]
Virtue that gives more solid *Peace of Mind*,
Than Men in all their vicious *Pleasures* find ;
Then each with me the *Libertine* reclaim,
And shun what sinks his *Fortune*, and his *Fame*. }

EPI-

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. SANTLOW.

AS one condemn'd, and ready to become
For his Offences past, a Pendulum,
Does, e'er he dies, bespeak the learned Throng,
Then, like the Swan, expires in a Song.
So I, (though doubtful long which Knot to choose,
Whether the Hangman's, or the Marriage Noose,)
Condemn'd good People, as you see, for Life,
To play that tedious, juggling Game, a Wife,
Have but one Word of good Advice to say,
Before the doleful Cart draws quite away.

You roaring Boys, who know the Midnight Cares
Of rattling Tatts, ye Sons of Hopes and Fears :
Who labour hard to bring your Ruin on,
And diligently toil to be unaone ;
You're Fortune's sporting Footballs at the best,
Few are his Joys, and small the Gamester's Rest :
Suppose then Fortune only rules the Dice,
And on the Square you play ; yet, who that's wise,
Would to the Credit of a faithless Main,
Trust his good Dad's hard-gotten boarded Gain ?
But then such Vulturs round a Table wait,
And hov'ring watch the Bubble's sickly State ;
The young fond Gambler covetous of more,
Like *Æsop's* Dog, loses his certain Store.
Then the Spunge squeez'd by all, grows dry—And now
Compleatly wretched turns a Sharper too ;
These Fools, for Want of Bubbles to play fair,
And lose to one another on the Square ;
So Whores the Wealth from numerous Culls they glean,
Still spend on Bullies, and grow poor again.

This Itch for Play has likewise fatal been,
And more than Cupid, drawn the Ladies in,
A Thousand Guineas for Bassiet prevails,
A Bait, when Cash runs low, that seldom fails ;

And

EPILOGUE.

*And when the Fair One can't the Debt defray
In Sterling Coin, does Sterling Beauty pay.*

*In vain we labour to divert your Care,
Nor Song nor Dance can bribe your presence here,
You fly this Place like an infectious Air ;
To yonder happy Quarter of the Town,
You croud ; and your own fav'rite Stage disown ;
We'er like old Mistresses, you love the Vice,
And hate us only 'cause we once did please.
Nor can we find how else 'tis we deserve,
Like Tantalus, 'midst Plenty thus to starve.*

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